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Henry saw

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.
Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to't a right bath better,
A *wight*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore of old *black-letter*.
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they're not bound in *calf*!
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it;
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to "*dog's-eat*" it!
And o'er my books when book-worms "*grub*," I'd have them understand,
No marks the margins must de-face from any busy "*hand*!"
Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e're some critic spy leaves,
It always him so *wasp*-ish makes, though they're but on the *fly*-leaves!
Yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-fer to *deal* a fate most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a *sheet*!
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deemed a *bore*—his candid mind revealing,
Declares, to beg "*a copy*," now's a mere pre-text for stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,
I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such "*fry*" should *dish* me!
—But hold,—though I again declare writt-holding I'll not *brook*,
And "*a sea* of trouble," still shall take to bring book-worms "*to book*!"

1877

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T H E

LADY's Drawing Room.

BEING A

FAITHFUL PICTURE

OF THE

GREAT WORLD.

In which the various Humours of both
Sexes are display'd.

Drawn from the LIFE :

A N D

Interspers'd with entertaining and
affecting Novels.

D U B L I N :

Printed for GEORGE and ALEXANDER EWING,
at the *Angel and Bible*, in *Dame-street*, Bookfellers.

M,DCC,XLVI.

LADY'S DRESSING ROOM

BEING A
FACSIMILE OF THE PICTURE

OF THE
GREAT WORLD



Drawn from the Picture

A. N. D.

Interpreted with a view to
showing the

DUBLIN

Printed for GEORGE and ALFRED SWING
at the Sign of the Lion in Fleet Street, London.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Have ever been an Enemy to making Speeches to the Publick, and consider'd Prefaces to Books in the same Light with the Harangues of Mountebanks; equally calculated to ensnare People into a high Opinion of what they are to receive from their Hands: But I am told it is absolutely necessary I should now say something, or that my Title should have been more explicit; because by promising a Picture of the Great World, it will be expected I should give a Characteristick of Kings and Princes, they being undoubtedly the Heads of the Great World, and if omitted, it might be alledg'd, the Picture wou'd be imperfect, as wanting the most material Part. In Compliance therefore with this Opinion, and to avoid the Imputation of endeavouring to impose upon my Readers, I beg Leave to acquaint them that I meddle not with those Rulers of the Earth; for tho' I deny not but a King is the Head of that Body which is call'd the Great World, yet as I remember to have somewhere seen a Woman painted without a Head, and under-written a good Woman; so I conceive, that the Great World may be properly enough delineated

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lineated, and make a very agreeable Figure without a King at the Head.

And now, kind Reader, since I have candidly inform'd you, what you are not to expect, I think, it will not be amiss to let you know, what you really may expect, without being disappointed; be assur'd therefore, that the Piece before you will serve as a kind of Mirrour, and reflect a strong Likeness of all who look into it; and what perhaps will be more pleasing to most of you; it will also shew the Foibles, or Blind-sides, of those of their Acquaintance, who are at the greatest Distance; but tho' the Ground-work is Satyr, it is not without some Touches of Panegyrick, —a great deal of Love,—some few Sprinklings of Morality, and a small, very small, Dash of Philosophy, all blended together, I will not say with an equal Proportion of Wit, but with as much as Nature has bestow'd upon me.

But to be serious, as my sole Aim in this little Work was to expose such Errors in Conduct, or Humour, as deprive those Persons guilty of them, of the Admiration their other good Qualities wou'd attract, I shall think myself happy, if I succeed so far as to influence one single Person to an Amendment, and if I fail, have yet this Comfort, that it is less my Fault, than their Misfortune, who have Eyes, and will not see, have Ears, and will not hear.

Farewel.

T H E

T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the F I R S T.

T H E R E is no Place whatever, in which the Ladies have so much the Opportunity of shewing themselves to Advantage, as in their own *Drawing Rooms*.—Beauty, indeed, will force its Way to Admiration, in the Park, the Opera, or Play-house; but then the handsome *Idiot*, and the *Woman of Wit*, are on the same Foot: It is thro' the *Ear* alone the Soul can judge of *real Merit*, and the Man who permits his *Eye* to be the Disposer of his *Heart*, will often have Cause to be ashamed of his Want of Penetration. But when a Lady embellishes her Charms with an agreeable Manner of Conversation and good Humour, the Conquest she makes will not only be lasting, but the Lover, tho' he shou'd even happen to be rejected, will glory in his Chains.

It is not, however, every Lady that has the Happiness to think this Way.—Beauty is apt to depend too much on itself, and she who is possess'd of any great Share of it, or imagines she is so, too often thinks it beneath her Care, to display those more truly valuable Talents she has receiv'd from Nature, and hence

it is, not from Want of Ability, but Want of Consideration, that we are ordinarily entertain'd with Subjects so little worthy of Attention, in the Circles of the Fair. A new Mode in Dress,—the Improvements made in it by some, and the Disadvantage it is to others to follow it too closely, shall perhaps take up a whole Evening in one *Drawing Room*; while in another, Cards engross the Assembly: Scarce a Word is to be heard, but in the Faces of those that Play, there are frequently such Passions delineated as are little to their Advantage;—in a third, you find more Speakers than Hearers.—Some new-broach'd Scandal is on foot, and all are eager to give the first Information. Here the Curious have a full Opportunity of gratifying their favourite Passion, with a Detail of the Intrigues of the whole Town. The love-sick Maid, the wanton Wife, or amorous Widow, cannot be guilty of the least false Step, which falls not under the Observance of those Criticks in Fame.—The seemingly uxorious Husband, who in all Company extols the Merit of his Wife, and talks of nothing but their mutual Fondness, cannot keep his Amour with her Chambermaid undiscover'd, by the prying Eyes of this Cabal.—The new-wedded Bride, cover'd with Blushes, and who seems to tremble at the Approach of Night, cannot prevent, with all her Care, these inquisitive Fleeers from examining her past Conduct.—Nor the Beau, with a splendid Equipage, and no Estate, pass here without the most strict Scrutiny, into the Means by which his Grandeur is supported. — Is the false Hair, fine Cosmetick, or any other Assistant to Beauty laid on with so much Art, that the rival Belle cannot distinguish it from natural?—In fine, is there any Irregularity in Conduct,—any Indecorum in Behaviour or Dress,—any Defect in Beauty, which is not here fully expatiated upon? Scandal and Ridicule seem here to reign with uncontested Sway, and but rarely suffer the Intrusion of any other Topick of Conversation.

Thus,

The Lady's Drawing Room.

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Thus, in most *Drawing Rooms*, do the Ladies either conceal their Wit, or prostitute it to Subjects utterly unworthy of it.

Not so at the incomparable *Ethelinda's*. — *Ethelinda*, endued by Heaven and Nature with Beauty to command all Hearts, and who of all her Sex stands least in Need of Language to make known the Perfections of her Mind; — her Eyes alone are sufficient Testimonies of that everlasting Spring of Wit which feeds their radiant Fires; — the sweet Composure which sits on every fine turn'd Feature speaks the angelick Harmony that reigns within her Breast, and that Majesty which is inseparable from her whole Person, declares the Dignity of her Sentiments, without the Aid of Words; yet does not this great and amiable Lady disdain to improve her Charms by an elegant Conversation with those she permits to see her; for tho' once the Pride and Darling of a Court she was born to ornament, she now avoids all Courts, and from the giddy Pomp so dazzling to little Minds, and Noise and Hurry of a tumultuous titled Throng, retires to indulge true Happiness among a selected Few in her own *Drawing Room*.

All idle Ceremonies, — all Cards, — all Scandal, are banish'd hence. — Wit and good Humour are the only Things in Fashion here: The fine Sense of *Ethelinda* is too well known for any one, not utterly lost in his own Vanity, to utter before her those Impertinencies which pass well enough, nay, and are sometimes applauded in other *Drawing Rooms*, and the Sweetness of her Disposition too conspicuous, for any one to hold an Argument in her Company, to the Prejudice of an absent Person. — None can be possess'd of a Virtue, which her harmonious Tongue does not magnify; or a Fault which she does not shadow over, by enhancing the Value of some good Quality in the Person guilty of it. — She excuses the Whims of the *Virtuoso*, on account of his *Philosophy*. — The *Vanity* of the *Poet*, for the sake of his good *Verses*. — The *Austerity* of the *Prude*, in respect to the *Virtue* she assumes; and even the *Affectation* of the

Coquet, for the *Diversion* she affords the *Company*. Rarely indeed do any of these find Place in her Circle; but when, by Chance, they do in a manner force themselves into it, they are treated by her, while present, with a Sweetness, and Affability, which hinders them from seeing how displeasing their Foibles are to her, and after they are gone, she either not mentions them at all, or with the Lenity I have said.

I had the Honour some Time ago to be introduced, by a particular Friend, into this Theatre of Politeness, and was received by the charming *Ethelinda*, with that enchanting Condescension she always behaves with to her Inferiors, in order, to remove that Constraint her high Birth might otherwise lay them under, and deprive them of that Freedom of Speech, which is the Life of Conversation.

We went too early to find much Company there; except the *Sopha*, on which the admirable *Ethelinda* was seated, there were but three Places taken up. The one by *Philetas*, a Gentleman, than whom, there is scarce to be found a Person more accomplish'd, that has a greater Capacity, or a Taste more refin'd. He was then, just arriv'd at those Years which look back, with Shame, on the Inadvertencies of a green Youth, and far from those, which threaten a Decay of Vigour or Understanding: He can be grave without Austerity, a plain Speaker without Bluntness, Gay without derogating from that Dignity of Sentiment and Behaviour, so necessary to give Weight to Words, and to command Respect. — The second was filled by *Dorinus*, a Man of Quality, but infinitely more distinguish'd for the Excellency of his Morals, and fine Breeding, than for his Rank. — The Third of this amiable Company was *Bellimante*, by some call'd the *Lovely*, by others the *Witty*: 'Tis certain, indeed, she so well deserves both these Appellations, that it is difficult to determine, in which, of them, she most outshines the Generality of her Sex. That Friend, to whose Interest I was indebted for my Admission, is call'd *Aristo*; and the Deference I found here paid him, convinced me, that he was no less deserving than

than I had always believed him to be. As soon as the first Compliments were over, and we had seated ourselves; *Aristo*, said *Ethelinda* to him, with a Smile, we were entering into a Discourse of the Passions:—Pray, favour us with your Opinion, which of them it is that renders a Person most obnoxious to Society; and consequently, which it is, a generous Mind ought chiefly to guard itself against?

As I know not, Madam, answer'd he, on what Occasion this Argument was first started, it will be very difficult for me to draw any Conclusion.—Much may be said, both for and against all the Passions, if we consider the good and bad Consequences each of them sometimes produces; but for my Part, I am so far from being an Enemy to those Emotions of the Soul, which are call'd the Passions, that I think, without them, we should be dull, spiritless, Creatures, and incapable of every social Virtue.

Aristo is in the right, rejoin'd *Philetas*, it is to the Instigations of the Passions, that we owe all the great and generous Actions that have been done in the World. Even Virtue would be cold, and we should act but faintly in her Cause, were we not animated by somewhat more than barely the Performance of a Duty. The Stoicks, who boast of subduing all the Motions incident to Humanity, are but a sour, ill-natur'd, Set of Mortals, neither happy in themselves, nor capable of making others so:—They content themselves with doing no Mischief in the World, without ever attempting any Action which might be of Service, either to Mankind in general, or the Commonwealth in particular, of which they are unworthy Members.

It must be a bad Cause indeed, said *Bellimante* laughing, that so much Wit cannot defend; but all you can alledge will never convince me, that even that Inactivity you mention is not to be preferr'd to those Disorders, and Irregularities, which are excited by the Passions.

Doubtless, Madam, reply'd *Dorinthus*, as it is better not to be at all, than to be wicked, so it is better to

have no Passions, than such as in their Effect, are pernicious to Society; but this I do not look upon to be the Fault of the Passions themselves, but of the Extravagance or Corruption of the Heart that harbours them.—Every *Virtue*, when carried beyond a certain Limit, becomes a *Vice*.—Those strong Propensities, those Desires, which are born with us, are certainly implanted in our Minds, in order to invigorate the Prosecution of praise-worthy Aims; so that it is not the Passions, but the Bent we give them, which occasions all the Mischief complain'd of.—What is *Ambition*, but a noble Thirst of Glory, and a Wish to attain the Reward due to the great Action it inspires us to attempt?—Without this, what General would expose his Blood? What Statesman waste his Labours for his Country's Service? But when the Point in view is gain'd, and the still restless Mind wants something more, and flies to unwarrantable Means to satisfy its Cravings; then does *Ambition* become dangerous, and often involves, not only the Person thus actuated, but, whole Kingdoms in Confusion. The same may be said of all the Passions.—Even *Envy*, the worst and basest Emotion of the Mind, has its Rise from *Emulation*, than which, there cannot be a greater Incentive to laudable Actions: So that, in fine, all Passions regulated by *Virtue*, become so many Ornaments to it, as those under the Direction of a vicious Inclination, are so many Engines of Ruin, Confusion, and Destruction.

What *Dorinthus* has said on this Head, reply'd *Ethelinda*, carries a Self-conviction with it, and one cannot, without being wholly ignorant of what passes in one's own Mind, deny the Truth of it. But, since all the Passions, tho' ever so laudable in themselves, are liable to bring us into Inconveniencies, by being too much indulg'd; I must return to my former Question, which of them it most behoves us to keep within its due Bounds?

Tho' the least qualified of this Company, said *Aristo*, to give the Illustrious *Ethelinda* the Satisfaction she desires, yet as the Question was first put to me, I will
take

The Lady's Drawing Room.

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take upon me to answer, that in this Case, no definitive Rule can be admitted; Circumstances and Constitution make a wide Difference. For Example, the Man, *cold* and *phlegmatick* by Nature, would find little Advantage, in mortifying those *transient* and *faint Inclinations*, which now and then seize him, on the Sight of a *beautiful Woman*.—Nor wou'd the World be a Whit the happier, should the Wretch, born to *command* only *his Dog*, endeavour to moderate some Desires he may possibly feel within himself, to *lord it* over his fellow Subjects.—To the *Princes*, and the *great Ones*, of the Earth, and in fine, to all who have the *Power to oppress*, it belongs to quell those Seeds of *Tyranny*, which else, might render those beneath them miserable.—To the *warm* and *sanguine Complexion*, it belongs to curb those violent Emotions, which are call'd *Love*.—In the same Manner you may reason on all the Passions.—Every one knows best to what his Nature is most prone, and how far he has the Means of *prejudicing others*, by *pleasing himself*; and it is that *favourite Inclination*, to whatsoever Object it tends, that we are most to guard against; for even *Devotion* may become a *Crime*, when the Excess degenerates into *Superstition* or *Enthusiasm*.

You have answer'd in the Manner I expected, returned *Ethelinda*, and am glad to find a Person, of *Aristo's* allow'd good Understanding, of the same Way of thinking with myself. But, continued she, tho' I agree with you in the main Point, methinks you ascribe rather too much to Constitution, and thereby diminish the Merit of *good Actions*, as well as soften that *Aversion* we ought always to conceive for *ill Ones*.

Pardon me, Madam, resumed he hastily; I only said that Constitution may incline us strongly, but not compel us, to any Thing.—We have Reason given us to discover the weak Part in our Minds, and to call in the Assistance of Virtue to fortify it. So that the Errors our Inadvertency plunges us into, finds no Shadow of Excuse from my Argument.

This is clearing yourself but by Halves, of the Injustice *Ethelinda* has charg'd you with, said *Bellimante*.

for if Errors find no Excuse from Constitution, the Good arising from it loses also its Merit,—and to have regular and innocent Inclinations is rather a Blessing than a Virtue.—Indeed, *Aristo*, human Nature is little obliged to you, for pretending to assert, it must have a corrupt, and vicious, Propensity, in order to deserve the Name of virtuous.

O Madam, cryed *Philetes*, you refine too much on the Argument; I dare undertake to answer for *Aristo*, that he never meant, true Virtue cou'd alone be proved, by subduing a Propensity to vile Actions.—There is no Necessity a Man shou'd be born with the Inclinations of *Socrates*, to merit the Praises given to that Philosopher for his Virtue. Perfection is not the Portion of Flesh and Blood; and as we all have some things in us to correct, whoever is capable of doing that, wants nothing of consummate Virtue.—Of this, Madam, continued he, bowing to *Bellimante*, I need go no farther than Yourself for a Proof.—I am certain you never look in your Glass without beholding Charms, which might in a manner, authorise your Contempt of every thing you can see out of it; yet with what Sweetness, what Affability, do you treat all the World!—And shall any one presume to say, this is not Virtue in you!—A Self-denial, which, it must be own'd, equals all that can be said of the Temperance of *Scipio*, or that other great Conqueror, who, tho' perishing for Thirst, refused the profer'd Cup, because it contain'd not sufficient for his whole Army to participate.

Bellimante blush'd excessively, and the whole Company laugh'd at the Turn *Philetes* had given to this Dispute. *Aristo*, who began to think he had gone too far, and was possibly a little perplex'd how to bring himself handsomly off, thank'd him for this seasonable Relief; and the Conversation had doubtless continu'd longer on this Head, if a titted Coxcomb had not that Moment roll'd into the Room, and with an Inundation of Impertinence, interrupted the Current of good Sense.—He had been that Morning at the Rehearsal of a New Play, and we were teiz'd for near three quarters

quarters of an Hour with his ridiculous Remarks on the Scenery, the Plot, and Diction. The Poet, it seems, had not consulted him in the Affair, and he was resolv'd to damn it, at least in the Opinion of those to whom his Quality gave a Sanction to his Judgment. Had any one been inclin'd to take the Part of either the Work or Author, it had been impossible, without being possess'd of an equal Share both of Assurance and Volubility, to introduce one single Word of Contradiction; and 'tis probable his unwearied Tongue wou'd have run on, for a considerable Time, in the same Manner it had begun, if we had not been reliev'd by the Entrance of a Gentleman whom *Ethelinda*, not having seen for a great While, receiv'd with extraordinary Marks of Satisfaction; on which his Lordship, who possibly came more out of respect to her Quality than Merit, took his Leave.

The Person to whom we were indebted for this Ease, was of an advanc'd Age, but had all the Sprightliness of Youth, without its Levity; of a most graceful Appearance, and as I afterwards heard, was not only possess'd of one of the greatest Estates in the Kingdom, but also of a Disposition to make the best use of it.

This it was which gain'd him so much the Esteem of the excellent *Ethelinda*, that there were few, if any of her Acquaintance, for whom she had a greater Value.

After chiding him, in the most obliging Manner, for his long Absence, she told him there was no other Way to expiate his Offence, than by a faithful Confession of the Motives which had render'd him guilty of it.

How infinitely agreeable are all the Tasks impos'd by the amiable *Ethelinda*, cry'd he! What I have to say will not only be a Pleasure to myself in the Repetition, but also, for its Singularity, afford some Entertainment to those who hear me.

The History of *R O D O M O N D*,
 A N D T H E
 B E A U T I F U L *I N D I A N*.

YOU may remember, Madam, said this worthy Person, addressing himself to *Ethelinda*, that I have sometimes made Mention of a Friend, who was very dear to me. He was the Companion of my Youth; and when both arriv'd at Maturity, were as seldom apart as our different Avocations wou'd permit. He was once Master of a competent Estate; but vexatious Law-suits, with some other Misfortunes in the Family, deprived him of it; and some Years before his Death, his only Dependence was a Post he held about the King's Person. Those Agonies, which Nature feels at an approaching Dissolution, were greatly heighten'd by the Reflection, that he must leave three Sons, the eldest of whom had not then seen seven Years, entirely unprovided for: I was so unhappy as to be out of the Kingdom when he died, and at my Return, found those poor Orphans destitute indeed.—Relations they had, and some in whose Power it was to have protected them; but Friendship does not always follow Blood, and had not my Assistance seasonably interpos'd between them and Misery, I know not to what Extremes their helpless Infancy might have been reduced.—In fine, I took them under my Care; dispos'd of them in a proper Manner, and did for them what I shou'd have expected their Father would have done to Children of mine, if in the same Situation. As they grew up, I made it my Business to observe their different Inclinations, and what Profession each of them wou'd best become, and be most likely to succeed in.—The Eldest discover'd a martial Genius; so I procur'd him a Pair of Colours, and he is since promoted to be a Captain. His next Brother, being of a grave and sedentary Nature, I sent to the University, where he

he soon made a great Progress in the Study of Physick. —The Third had Talents more adapted to Business than either of the others, and I found took an extreme Delight in reading, and talking of mercantile Affairs; I used my Interests with some of the Directors of the *East-India Company*, and got him sent over to one of their Factories. —The Recommendations he carry'd with him, and the genteel Manner in which I took Care he shou'd appear, engag'd a very obliging Reception from the Governor, and all the Gentlemen on the Coast, which I was glad to hear his own Behaviour afterwards improv'd into a more than ordinary Regard. As he went extreamly young, he became what they call a junior Merchant before he was One and Twenty; and from the Time that he began to trade for himself, was successful beyond Expectation. —Every Ship that arriv'd from those Parts brought me Intelligence of some new Accession of good Fortune; and it is certain that in less than six Years, he found himself Master of Twenty Thousand Pounds: It was however his Interest to stay some Time longer in a Place he found so advantageous to him, and I expected nothing less than to see him, when last Week I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Deal*. —As it was extreamly short, I believe my Memory will serve me to repeat it. —I think it contain'd these Lines.

S I R,

The most Extraordinary Accident in the World returns me to my Native Country some Years sooner than I design'd. —I am but this Moment arriv'd, and find the Stage just setting out for London, so must defer an Explanation of my Affairs 'till I have the Honour and Happiness of throwing myself at your Feet, to beg the Continuance of that Goodness to which I owe all that I am, and which I shall never cease to acknowledge, by all Acts of Gratitude, Duty, and Veneration, till I cease to be.

*RODOMOND.**The*

The Surprise this Letter gave me on first Reading, and the Impatience that succeeded it, were more strong than is usual in a Man of my Years; but I must own, that tho' I took an equal Care of all the Children of my deceas'd Friend, yet this *Rodmond* more particularly shared my Tendernefs. — He had discover'd in his Infant Years such a Sweetnefs of Disposition, as had always interested my Affections in his Behalf, and I know not if I were happy enough to have such a Son, whether it were possible for me to love him more.

At length he came, and receiv'd the Embraces I gave him with a Politenefs which one might rather have expected from a young Man bred up in a Court, than in a Factory of Merchants; but indeed we, who happen to be born to Estates, and have nothing to do but to improve our Minds, are apt to be a little too tenacious on that Advantage, and imagine that *Commerce* and *Good Manners* are Things incompatible; whereas nothing can be more unjust. — Most Merchants are the younger Sons of good Families, — often have Relations in the highest Rank, with whom they converse, and I see no Reason why, being employ'd in a Business, which is in itself the Strength and Glory of this Kingdom, should make them derogate from that genteel Turn of Behaviour inculcated in their Childhood. — We have many present Instances that a Merchant may be a fine Gentleman, and of those who act in a Manner which it were to be wish'd some in a superior Sphere wou'd endeavour to imitate. Those Gentlemen, indeed, who, like *Rodmond*, are sent Young into our Colonies abroad, cannot be said to have many Opportunities of improving themselves in the politer Studies; therefore that he is so well qualified for Conversation, is the more to be applauded in him, as he owes it merely to Nature, and that happy Propensity which directed him to make Choice of those, for the Companions of his leisure Hours, with whom he cou'd be in no Danger of losing what he had learn'd in *England*.

I have already confess'd, continued he, that this young Merchant is very dear to me, therefore you'll pardon

pardon the Overflowings of my Heart in this Digression; but I ought to consider before whom I speak, and that it is with other Matters than an old Man's Fondness I shou'd entertain this Company.

Here I cou'd perceive several Mouths were open to assure him that what he said stood in need of no Apology; but he went on, and they wou'd not interrupt him.

After the first Demonstrations, pursu'd he, of Respect and Gratitude on his Part, and Tendernefs on mine, were a little over, I began to question him on the Motives of his Return; not that I blamed him for it, as I told him, because I thought he had already acquir'd a Fortune sufficient to content any Man that was not avaricious; but as his last Letter from the *Indies* had declar'd a Resolution of continuing there some Time, I had an Impatience to know what had wrought so great a Change in his Sentiments. On which he gave me the Account I expected from him, in these or the like Words.

On my first Arrival at *Bombay*, I was too young to be made a Companion for those of riper Years; and in my Nature rather too serious to partake the Diversions of those who were nearer my own Age: So past most of those Hours I cou'd spare, from the Service of the Company, in learning the *Mulayan* Language, in which I became so great a Proficient in a short Time, that I cou'd converse with the Natives with as much Ease as if I had been born among them. I cannot say I foresaw any great Advantages wou'd accrue to me by this Study; but it afforded me, at that Time, a good deal of Pleasure to inform myself concerning the Religion, the Laws, the Customs, and the Humours, of the People I was among, in a more particular Manner than I cou'd else have been.

It prov'd however of much more Consequence than I expected; for our Interpreter dying, the Company suffer'd greatly by being oblig'd to trust to the *Indians*. This I perceived, and as the Governor, and indeed all the Gentlemen of the Factory, had been extreemly obliging to me, I was prevail'd upon, by my own Inclinations as well as their Entreaties, to take upon me
that

that Office, which I no sooner did, than I detested several Impositions, obliged those that had been guilty of them to make Allowances in the next Bargain; and I may venture to say, sav'd the Company above an Hundred Thousand Pound in two Years Time.

This, Sir, endear'd me very much to the Factory; but it render'd me so hateful to the Natives, who before lov'd me, that they resolv'd, at any Rate, to get rid of a Person who depriv'd them of making those Advantages they wou'd otherwise have done.

It was my Custom every Morning to ride out before the Heat of the Day came on, and as I suspected no Treachery, went frequently alone, and sometimes wou'd make an Excursion several Miles into the Country.

This Dependence had like to have prov'd fatal to me. In one of those Airings, as I was passing by the Side of a thick Wood, in which that Country very much abounds, the Bridle of my Horse hanging carelessly over the Pommel of the Saddle, and my Mind entirely taken up with a Book I had in my Hand; I heard the Sound of several Voices, and on a sudden found myself incompass'd by five Men, arm'd with Cutlasses, who, without speaking a Word to me, seiz'd me, drag'd me off my Horse, bound me Hand and Foot, and tyed me on one of their own Horses, while one of them mounted mine, and rode away with him. As I was entirely unarm'd, it was in vain to attempt any Resistance: All I cou'd do was to ask the Meaning of this strange Usage; what was their Design, and how I had offended their Master, for I knew two of them to be Servants to a *Banyan* with whom I had a particular Acquaintance, and who had always express'd a more than ordinary Friendship for me. But there is no trusting to the Professions of those People; they frequently seem most kind when they have most the Intention of destroying, and no liking of a Person is sufficient to prevent them from seeking his Ruin, when their own Interest comes in Place.

They made no Answer to any of my Questions, nor seem'd the least affected with the Remonstrances I made of the Injustice, and Cruelty, they were guilty of, in treating

treating an innocent Man in this Manner; and when I found they made their Way with me into the Wood, I expected nothing but immediate Death, and that this was the Place where my Tragedy must be acted; but I soon found they had other Orders, and contenting themselves with passing through one Corner of it, carried me directly to the House of the *Banyan*, where they threw me into a Hole, which had but just Light enough to shew me the Horribleness of it; and there left me bound in the same Manner I have describ'd.

It wou'd be difficult, Sir, continued he, to make you sensible of what I felt in this Situation; none but those, who have seen inevitable Death stare them in the Face, can be able to conceive it. I must confess I wanted both Fortitude and Patience. — I thought it hard to die at my Years, and in the Fulness of Strength and Vigour, and yet harder to fall a Sacrifice to the Cruelty of these Barbarians. — I accus'd myself of Cowardice and Stupidity, that I had not, by opposing the Wretches who laid hold of me, provok'd them to end me at once, rather than have suffer'd them to bring me where my Fate was to be no less certain, and perhaps more dreadful, than it cou'd have been by their Weapons. Amidst these sad Reflections, not one flattering Idea rose. — There was indeed not the least Room to hope I cou'd make my Escape, bound as I was, and under the Roof of one who, I might well judge, had not taken this Pains to have me in his Power to leave me any Possibility of getting out of it; and I was giving way to a Despair, which wou'd have been highly criminal in one who ought to have remember'd nothing is impossible to Divine Providence, when all at once I saw the Shadow of something at the Entrance of my Cavern, and heard a Voice cry, *Rodmond*. I look'd up, and perceiv'd from the horrible Depth in which I was plung'd, that it was a Woman that spoke to me. — *Rodmond*, continued she, my Heart is pierced with Shame and Sorrow, at the Cruelty of my Father. — He is determin'd to kill you. — It is, he thinks, a Service he owes his Country, and the Moment he returns from the Town, where one of the Servants is

now

now gone to acquaint him with your being taken, is design'd to be the last of your Life.

Here she ceas'd to speak, and I cou'd easily perceive, by the Sound of her Voice, that it was her Tears put a Stop to her Words. I had often seen this young Maid, and thought her extreamly amiable, but had no Acquaintance with her; and the Pity she seem'd to feel for my Distress, added to the advantageous Idea I before had of her. I was about saying something that might express my Gratitude, when she, having recover'd herself a little, resum'd her Discourse in these Terms.

I flatter myself, said she, it is in my Power to save you; but no Time is to be lost in the Attempt.—You must therefore bind yourself, by a solemn Vow, to perform three Things I shall injoin; which, if you consent to do, be assur'd I will either preserve, or perish with, you.

I then told her, That I shou'd ever look upon her as my Guardian Angel; That I wou'd bind myself eternally to her Service, and refuse no Command she shou'd lay upon me, provided Obedience was not inconsistent with my Duty to Heaven, or what I ow'd to my own Honour.

Did I think you capable of infringing either, answer'd this charming Maid, I wou'd not run the Hazard I now do to save you. But to ease you of all Apprehensions on that Score, know the Articles which I require your strict Performance of are these. First, If I am so fortunate to deliver you from my Father's Power, you shall never be publickly seen again in *Bombay*, but quit the Place with all possible Expedition; and, as I cannot hope to be forgiven what I do for you, make me the Partner of your Flight.—Secondly, That during the Voyage, and on our Arrival in your Country, or wherever you shall think fit to go, you will never make any Attempts on my Virtue, either by Persuasions or Force, but suffer me to live in the Way I shall chuse.——And Lastly, That you will make no Discovery of my Father's Treachery, in order to draw on him the Revenge of your Countrymen,

Countrymen, but keep what has pass'd an inviolable Secret.

With these Words she gave over speaking, expecting me to reply, which I did in this Manner. The two First of your Demands are too agreeable to my own Inclinations and Principles not to be readily agreed to; but the Last is more difficult: I shall however not hesitate to forgive, and bury in Silence, all the Faults of the Father, in Consideration of the Daughter's Merits, and the Obligations she lays me under; and here invoke that Power, we *Europeans* worship, to bless me as I observe, with the utmost Exactness, and Fidelity, what is now requir'd of me.

I am satisfied, said she, and now behold the Contrivance I have form'd for you; with this she struck a Flint upon a Steel, and setting a Bundle of Straw, she had brought with her for that Purpose, on fire, threw it down to me; be not alarm'd, cry'd she, but let it burn the Cords that tie your Hands, — a little Scorching will be the worst that can befall you; for when the Fire has done its Work, I have Water here to pour down, and prevent it from going farther than is necessary.

I cannot say, but the Method appear'd somewhat extraordinary, and the Blaze, in that narrow Cavern, very terrifying; but my Condition was desperate, and I roll'd myself, as well as I cou'd, towards that Part where the Fire was, and continued 'till not only the Cords, but my Cloaths, were on Fire. As soon as my Hands, and Feet, were at Liberty, I tore off my Coat, and being then able to stand upright, stamp'd upon the Blaze, 'till I intirely extinguish'd it, without the Help of the fair *Indian's* Bucket, which she however empty'd to prevent any Danger from its rekindling before I was got out, which still seem'd to me an insuperable Difficulty, considering the Height I was to clamber; but my Protectress had provided also an Expedient for this; She had brought with her a Rope of great Strength, and Thickness, in which having made several Nooses for me to put my Feet in, she fasten'd one End to the Trunk of a Tree, with so
many

22 *The Lady's Drawing Room.*

many Knots, that it was impossible for it to slip, and let the other down, telling me I must make use of it instead of a Ladder. I did so, tho' with incredible Pain, for my Hands being very much scorch'd, not only the Skin, but the Flesh in some Places came off, by grasping the thick and rough Cord.—My Feet were in the same Condition, my Shoes and Stockings having been burnt off.—At length, however, I reach'd the Top; but certainly a more lamentable Object cou'd not be seen.

Zoa, for so the *Banyan's* Daughter is call'd, clap'd her Hands together, in Token of Astonishment and Pity; but as this was not a Place for either of us to express the Passions with which we were actuated, she made a Sign to me to follow her, which I did as fast as the Soreness of my Feet wou'd permit, into the Wood, where having chose the most thick and unfrequented Part of it, she bad me lie down under the Cover of some Shrubs, which grew high, and not to move from that Place 'till her Return.

I will not trouble you, Sir, pursu'd my young Merchant, with the Particulars of my Contemplations during my waiting for *Zoa*; I shall only say, that in the Midst of that Hurry of Spirits I was in, from the Time of my first Seizure, to my strange Deliverance from that dreadful Pit, whence I had expected to rise no more, I did not forget to bless the Divine Power, which had so miraculously preserv'd me, nor to invoke the Continuance of his Goodness.

It was about two Hours, as near as I can guess, that I continued in the Posture *Zoa* had left me in, without hearing the Sound of any human Feet approaching that Way.—At last a certain Rustling in the Thicket inform'd me some living Creature was not far off; as I had some Apprehensions concerning the mischievous Animals that haunt those Woods, I ventur'd to lift my Head above my leafy Covert, in order to discover what it was, and be upon my Guard against any Attack of the Nature I imagin'd; but my Consternation very much increas'd, when I saw a *Negro* Slave with a Bundle under his Arm, come directly
where

where I was; I crouched down again with all the Haste I could, when the Person who had given me this Palpitation eas'd me of it; by calling me by my Name, in a Voice which I soon knew was that of my fair Deliverer. *Rodmond*, said she, do you think it possible even for my own Father to know me in this Disguise? I then had Courage to rise, and indeed cou'd scarce be convinc'd, that under the Form of a crooked and deform'd *Negro*, I saw the beautiful *Zoa*. The Astonishment she saw me in, forc'd a Smile from her, in spite of the Anxiety she must of Consequence be in, at what she had undertook; but finding she was sufficiently conceal'd, she open'd her Bundle, which contain'd the Habit of a Slave; this she made me put on, and afterwards rub my Face with a certain black Ointment, which made me seem as much a *Negro* as if I had been born in *Guiney*.

When she had thus provided against all Discovery, in case we had been seen by any that knew us, she told me that when she left the House, her Father was not come home, but was expected every Moment;— That no body as yet had been near the Pit, and my Escape was not dreamt of.— Therefore, said she, you must now consider what Friend you can best depend upon to conceal us, till some Ship goes off; for it will be wholly improper to go to your own House, as you are under an Obligation to keep all this a Secret.

I did not long hesitate on whom I shou'd rely; there was a Gentleman, who above all the rest had given me signal Marks of his Esteem, and who I knew was entirely free from all that Levity of Nature which occasions a Curiosity of diving into Affairs improper to be reveal'd. The Pain I was in, by that desperate Way I was oblig'd to take in order to get rid of my Bonds, would not suffer me to walk, without supporting myself with a Bough of a Tree, which I with some Difficulty tore off, and lean'd upon: Yet I know not, in the Condition I was, whether I should have been able to have reach'd the Factory, if Providence had not sent an unexpected Relief; as we were walk-

ing,

ing, or rather creeping, for my kind Companion was obliged to keep my Pace; I saw my own Horse grazing at Liberty, with the Saddle and every thing just as when I had been forc'd from his Back. I presently mounted him, and Zoa got behind me, till we arriv'd very near my Friend's House, when, by her Advice, we quitted him, and went on foot to the Door. By our good Fortune he happen'd to be at home, but under the Appearance I was, I found some Difficulty of being admitted: The Servants told me he was busy, and insisted on my telling them from whom I came, or they would not disturb him; and I was oblig'd to name my own Name, and say I was sent by myself, in an Affair of very great Importance, before they would go in to him; at last I was introduc'd, but Zoa was left in an outer Room. As soon as I found myself alone with him, I discover'd who I was, told him that a very extraordinary Occasion, which I beg'd he would dispense with my revealing, at least for some Time, render'd it absolutely necessary I shou'd quit *Bombay* with the first Ship, and that I chose not to appear any more while I continu'd there; so desir'd he would now give a Proof of that Friendship he had always profess'd, by permitting me, and a Companion I had with me, to remain privately in his House till we had an Opportunity of departing.

He was very much amaz'd, as indeed he had Reason to be, both at my Transformation and Request, but assur'd me, that I might depend on every thing in his Power to serve me; but added, that if I had had the Misfortune of doing any thing for which the Law might take hold of me, that his House would be an improper Place to take Shelter in, as it would probably be first search'd, on account of the known Intimacy between us.

This giving me to understand he imagin'd I had either kill'd a Man, or committed some very gross Misdemeanor; I thought it proper to let him know, that neither myself, nor the Person for whom I equally beg'd his Protection, had been guilty of any thing offensive; and that it was for the Crimes of others,

not

at our own, that we were oblig'd to leave *Bombay*.
I added, that I was at present under a most solemn
Engagement not to reveal the Secret; but he would
soon be convinced, when I should be mis'd in the
Factory, by what would be said concerning me, that
whatever Search wou'd be made for me, wou'd be oc-
casion'd more by Friendship than Revenge.

He then beg'd my Pardon for his Mistake, which he
justly said might well happen, on seeing me in that Dis-
guise, and order'd the other seeming *Negro* shou'd be
call'd in.

You will easily believe, Sir, my sudden absconding
caus'd a great Surprise in the Colony; but not being
able, after the most diligent Enquiry, to hear any thing
of me, and my Horse being afterwards found, it was
suppos'd I had been torn to Pieces by some wild Beast,
and I had the Satisfaction to find I was enough belov'd
to have my imaginary Death very much lamented.

My Friend all this Time labour'd under an Asso-
nishment at the Motives of my Behaviour, which with
all the Pains he took was impossible to be conceal'd;
the generous *Zoa* perceiv'd it, and also the Constraint
it was to me to hide any thing from a Friend who
so well deserv'd my Confidence; and seeing me one
Day more than ordinarily thoughtful, — *Rodmond*, said
he, I shou'd be sorry the Life I have preserved should
be attended with any Disquiet on my Score. — I con-
sent your Friend shall be made acquainted with our
whole Adventure, provided you engage his Promise
not to divulge it to any other Person, or seek any Re-
venge on my Father.

I cannot express how much this Goodness charm'd
me, or the Satisfaction I took in unbosoming myself
entirely to my Friend, who heard the Story with the
utmost Surprise: As much Horror as he conceiv'd at
the Proceeding of the treacherous and merciless *Ban-
jan*, the Virtues of his Daughter indemnified him in his
Opinion, and he repeated the Vow to her, he before
had made to me, never to mention the Affair. She
then told him that her Father had no personal Ill-will
to me; but on the Score of my taking upon me to be

an Interpreter, he thought it was doing a Service to his Nation to get rid of me.——That the Thing had been long concerted between him and some others, and Wait laid for me, and that the Pit I was thrown into was intended to be my Grave, after they had shot me. She added also, that having over-heard this Design, and detesting the Baseness of it, she had it in her Thoughts to give me some Warning of it by a Letter, but having no Person in whom she cou'd confide, on the one Part, and the Apprehensions of my discovering it on the other, and thereby drawing the Resentment of all the *English* on her Father, had deterred her; but that on hearing I was taken, the Horror of my Fate so struck her, that she immediately resolv'd to forsake Father, Fortune, Friends, and Country, and hazard every Thing, rather than not prevent it, if there was a Possibility.

My Friend understood not a Word of the *Malayan* Language, and she spoke no *English*, so I was oblig'd to interpret the little Narrative she made, and the many Praises he gave in Return, which were so great, that when I repeated them to her, her Modesty would not suffer me to go on, and I was oblig'd to stifle many of them: It is certain he spoke out of the Abundance of his Heart.—He often told me afterwards, that he had never read or heard of any Thing that affected him so much, and in his Opinion she had shewn more of the real *Heroine*, than any who had adorn'd Antiquity.

As all the Enquiry made after me by the Governor, and the Gentlemen of the Factory, could inform them nothing, it was believed by every body that I was dead; and accordingly, my Effects deposited under the Care of twelve of the Principals, as is the Custom on the Decease of any one, in order to be remitted to my Relations in *England*.——That Friend at whose House I was, was one of them, and as I inform'd him of all the Particulars of my Fortune, he was able to gather in much more than would ever have been produced, had I been dead in Reality.

Zoa all this Time would not be prevail'd upon to quit her Disguise, nor suffer me to do so, tho' we were

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both lodged in Chambers of which the Master of the House kept the Keys, and permitted no body to enter but himself, so fearful was she lest by any Accident either of us shou'd be seen, and the Mystery unravel'd, to the Prejudice of her Father.—Care was taken, however, to provide her Habits, and every thing necessary for a Person of her Sex and Condition, against we went on board, which was in about six Weeks after the Accident.

My Friend agreed with the Captain for the Passage of two Persons, whose Names were to be conceal'd; but told him he wou'd be answerable that, tho' we chose to go in private, no Crime cou'd be laid to our Charge, which shou'd occasion his being call'd to an Account for receiving us on Board.

The Day we were to embark, I dress'd myself as I had been accusom'd to do, and *Zoa* also wash'd the black Oyntment from her Hands and Face, and put on an *English* Habit, which, tho' altogether new to her, she appear'd perfectly easy and genteel in. My Friend, who had never before seen her as a Woman, was dazzled and transported when he first came into the Room.—He confess'd he had never beheld any thing so lovely, and was restrain'd from yielding his whole Soul to a Passion more tender than Admiration, only by the Imagination he always had, that there was some *Love* join'd with the *Pity* which had engag'd her to go such Lengths for my Sake. Indeed, Sir, continued *Rodmond*, with a Sigh, her Person is not less amiable than her Mind.—Her Mother, it seems, was an *European*; and she retains only so much of her Father's Colour as to render her what may be call'd a brown Woman.—Her Eyes are sparkling, and full of Fire.—All her Features regular; and there is an enchanting Sweetness about her Mouth, which no Description can come up to; but as I flatter myself you will permit me to bring her to wait on you, I shall leave the Decision of what she is to your Judgment.

Here, said this generous Person, I cou'd not forbear interrupting my young Merchant, by saying to him; perhaps, *Rodmond*, I may not see with your Eyes.

These few Words, pronounc'd in a more serious Tone than ordinary, and accompanied with a Look that I believe had somewhat in it of austere, put him into such a Confusion, that I was oblig'd to tell him I expected the Conclusion of the Narrative he had begun before he cou'd recover himself enough to pursue his Discourse.

As soon, said he, as the Approach of Night favour'd our Departure with the Secrecy we wish'd, I wrap'd myself up in my Cloak, and *Zoa* pluck'd a Hood over her Face, and thus, accompany'd by our worthy Host, went down to the Port, where the Ship was lying at Anchor. He wou'd needs see us on Board and continued with us in the Cabbin 'till we were ready to sail, then recommended us to the Care of the Captain, and went on Shoar. To comply with the Timidity of *Zoa*, who still trembled for her Father, I kept close in the Cabbin, 'till after we had weigh'd Anchor and were out at Sea; but her Apprehensions being then over, I shew'd myself to the Captain, with whom I was well acquainted. Never was Surprise greater than he was in, to find me living, after the whole Colony had bewail'd my Death, and that I quitted *Bombay* in so odd a Manner.—He ask'd me many Questions, which I evaded answering directly, and presenting *Zoa* to him, gave him Liberty to think it was for some Reasons relating to that beautiful Partner of my Voyage, that I took it either so suddenly or so privately.

This, Sir, continued *Rodamond*, is all I have to acquaint you with, except that the Friend I mention'd has order'd it so, that all my Effects will follow me the next Ship.

I then told him that I thought there was something so singular in his Escape from the *Banyan*, that it might almost be look'd upon as miraculous, and I thought all Gratitude was owing to the fair Maid that had contrived it; but, said I, willing to fathom his Inclinations, I have observ'd that thro' the Course of your Story you have spoke of her with a Warmth which makes me fear that however punctual you have

been

been in one Part of the Promise she exacted from you, you have not been able to fulfil the other, and she perhaps might not so strenuously insist on your keeping it, as she at first affected to do.—Come, *Rodemond*, pursued I, perceiving he was in an extream Perplexity, confess the Truth of this Affair.—I now, indeed, am past those Pains and Pleasures which are call'd Love, but yet am not so old as to have forgot the Desires and Impatiencies of Youth.—I know how difficult it is to preserve Moderation, when Beauty, Love, and Opportunity, invite, and in so long a Voyage.

Ah Sir! I conjure you, interrupted he, throwing himself at my Feet, entertain no Thought in prejudice of the Virtue of the admirable *Zoa*—I will lay open all my Soul to you.—'Tis true, I love her.—My Inclination goes Hand in Hand with the Gratitude I owe her, as the Preserver of my Life; and both together make up the most perfect Passion that ever was in the World.—I confess too that I have declar'd it to her, and that I have been happy enough to make an Impression on her Heart.—That she has consented to be mine by such Ways as are approv'd by Heaven, and warranted by the Laws of Man; but, Sir, I conceal'd nothing of my Affairs from her; I told her I had a Patron, a Benefactor, a more than a Father, to whom I owed my All, and without whom I cou'd do nothing.—She approv'd the duteous Respect;—prais'd my just Gratitude, and protested that in case I ever griev'd from it, the Regard she now had for me wou'd lessen'd.—This, Sir, added he, is the true State of the Affair between us.—Dear as she is to me, she never shall be mine without your Permission; but, if you think proper to refuse it, grant, I beseech you, that I may bestow on her one Half of what my Industry has acquir'd, either as a Dowry for some happier Man, or to live single, independent on the World. This is the least she ought to expect from me, after having quitted every thing for me; and you, I am certain, are too good, too just, to oppose it.

The Earnestness, with which he spoke these Words, convinced me, at once, of his Honour and the Fer-

vency of his Passion, at least I fancied so, and was very much affected by it; to maintain, however, the Gravity of my Character, and at the same Time, to be more assur'd he was not deceiv'd by his Inclination for the *Indian Maid*, into a better Opinion of her than she deserved, I reply'd to him in these Terms.

Rodmond, said I, after raising him from the Posture he was in, I do not pretend by what I have done for you, to assume any Power over you; but my Years and the Experience I have of the World, ought to give my Advice a Claim to your Attention.——I acknowledge the Obligations you have to *Zoa*.——Whatever View she might have in setting you free, the Advantage has yet been wholly yours;——therefore I wou'd be monstrous in you not to make easy the Load of a Person to whom you are indebted for your own but as to Marriage, I wou'd have you consider first what Race she sprung, and that she is of a People famous for Treachery.

Here he was about to interrupt me, but I prevented him by crying, hold, *Rodmond*, I accuse her not——she may be no less amiable in her Mind, than your fond Passion paints her Person.——I will see her, and after that give you my Sentiments.

He then told me that during the Voyage he had taught her *English*, which she now spoke tolerably well, and that he wish'd no more than that I wou'd admit her to my Presence; he said he had left her at the place where the Coach set up, till he cou'd provide a Lodging for her, and wou'd bring her immediately. To this I readily consented, and withal bad him think of seeking no other Home at present, either for her or himself, than my House.—He seemed transported at this, and took his leave; but in less than half an Hour return'd, and presented to me the Object of his Affections.

On the first Sight I found indeed his Passion had not given a flattering Description of her.—Besides the Beauty of her Features, there is something irresistibly engaging in the Air of her whole Person; and I now own that out of this Company, I never beheld any thing

thing more lovely and attractive. I received her with all the Civilities she cou'd expect, and made her the offer of an Apartment in my House, with which she seem'd extreamly pleas'd, and told me in broken, tho' very agreeable, *Englisb*, that she believ'd I was the universal Father of the Distress.

But I have already too much prolong'd my Narrative, so I will put an end to it, by assuring you, that a few Days served to convince me she was well worthy of *Rodomond*.—She seem'd desirous of being initiated into the Christian Faith, the Articles of which *Rodomond* had fully instructed her in, on which I prepar'd for the Ceremony, and was myself her Godfather. After her Baptism I gave a ready Consent to the Nuptials of two Persons who seem'd design'd by Nature for each other; they still remain with me, and it will not be with my Consent if they ever leave me.

This, Madam, continued he, to *Ethelinda*, has been the Cause of my being a kind of Truant in my Devoirs, and if it is insufficient to obtain my Pardon, I am ready to submit to any Penance you shall enjoin.

No, answer'd that charming Lady, it must be own'd you have made ample Reparation; but it is your Way by giving a seeming Offence, to confer a real Obligation; not but I must tell you that you are a little revengeful too; you foresaw the amiable Picture you gave me of *Zoa*, wou'd lay me under the Necessity of becoming your Petitioner to see the Original; but that's a Humiliation I am very well content to bear provided you gratify my Impatience.

The Person to whom these Words were address'd, was about to make some Reply, when *Bellimante* prevented him, by saying, *Zoa* has doubtless her Perfections, but *Rodomond* is my Favourite: In my Opinion she ran too great a Risk, and with a Man of less Virtue, her Pity might have prov'd fatal to her.

O Madam, cry'd *Philetas*, a truly generous Mind thinks every thing like itself.—Besides, the Character of *Rodomond* might be unknown to her, and if he shou'd have chanc'd to have fail'd in that Part of it, which indeed most Men are frail in, if we may judge of
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her

her Ingenuity by the Means she contriv'd for his Escape, we may reasonably believe she wou'd have found some Means for the Preservation of her Honour.

For my Part, rejoin'd *Etbelinda*, I find them both so worthy, that I know not which most shares my Esteem and Admiration; and when I express'd a Desire to see *Zoa*, I did not mean to exclude her Husband. Examples of Gratitude, and Constancy in Love, are so very rare in this Age, that where they are met with, they cannot be treated with too much Respect.

I am of your Opinion, Madam, said *Bellimante*; but those are Virtues which Time alone can prove, and it was for this Reason I trembled for *Zoa*, when I found she had rashly trusted herself in the Power of a Man whose Principles she was unacquainted with.

I shou'd have done the same, cry'd *Dorintbus*, if *Acasto* had not inform'd us *Rodomond* was a Man of Sense; and one who is truly so, cannot be guilty either of Levity or Ungenerosity, at least a late celebrated Poet has given it us as a Maxim:

*Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust;
Wou'd you but think how seldom Fools are just;
So many of your Sex wou'd not, in vain,
Of faithless Men, and broken Vows, complain.
Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?
Convinc'd by Reason, they your Power confess
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your Worth, can never love you less.*

The Poets, resum'd *Bellimante*, will say any thing to heighten a Character, but I think Mr. *Rowe* a little forgot himself in this, for I don't find *Lotbario*, tho' a Villain, either says or does any thing throughout the whole Play, that can make him be look'd upon as a Fool; and I shan't take his Word against that of another Author, whose Wit and Understanding was never call'd in Question, yet who, by his own Confession, was the most inconstant Creature in the World.—'Tis *Cowley* I mean.—Hear his Chronicle of Mistresses.

Margarita

I.

*Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my Breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying Ball.*

II.

*Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Katherine,
Katherine again gave Place;
Tho' loth and angry she to part,
With the Possession of my Heart,
To Eliza's conquering Face.*

III.

*Eliza 'till this Hour might reign,
Had she not evil Counsels ta'en;
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new Favourites she chose,
Till up in Arms my Passion rose,
And cast away her Yoke.*

IV.

*Mary, then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the Fair,
And sometimes Ann the Crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.*

V.

*Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous Laws impose,
A mighty Tyrant she!
Long, alas! shou'd I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd Queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.*

VI.

*When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden Time with me;
But soon those Pleasures fled;*

*For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.*

VII.

*One Month, three Days, and half an Hour,
Judith held the Sovereign Power;
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her Place.*

VIII.

*But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless Flame,
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
While she proudly march'd about,
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.*

IX.

*But in her Place I then obey'd
Black eyed Bess, her Vice-Roy Maid;
To whom ensu'd a Vacancy:
Thousand worse Passions then possess,
The Interregnum of my Breast.
Bless me from such an Anarchy!*

X.

*Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Jane, and Jone, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomafine,
And then another Katherine,
And then a long Etcætera.*

XI.

*But shou'd I now to you relate
The Strength and Riches of their State;
The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,
The Ribonds, Jewels, and the Rings,
The Lace and Paint, and war-like Things,
That make up all their Magazines.*

XII.

*If I shou'd tell the politic Arts,
To sake and keep Men's Hearts;*

The Lady's Drawing Room.

35

*The Letters, Embassys, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberless, nameless Mysteries!*

XIII.

*With all the little Lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel, the Waiting-maid;
I more voluminous shou'd grow,
(Chiefly if I, like them, shou'd tell
All Change of Weathers that befell)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.*

XIV.

*But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler Strain,
My present Empress doth claim;
Helionora, first o' th' Name,
Whom I wish long may reign.*

Now, continued this charming Lady, I will leave it to the Judgment of the Company if it is not possible for a Man of Wit to be ungrateful, perfidious, and inclined to have all the ill Qualities that make the Name of Love so justly terrible to our Sex.

Nothing, cry'd *Dorinthus* hastily, cou'd make the Author Reparation for the wrong Construction you put upon his Verses; but the enchanting Manner in which you have repeated them, since they were evidently intended rather to shew the Errors and ill Conduct of some Ladies he happen'd to be acquainted with, than the Inconstancy of his own Nature.

As to his Intentions, reply'd she, I will not dispute them with you.—A Man given to Change will always find an Excuse for it, by laying the Blame on the Person he forsakes, which in my Judgment is so far from alleviating, that it greatly aggravates, the Crime, by adding Injustice to Levity. The more Wit he has, the more capable he is of doing this, and therefore the more dangerous; and such I think *Corw-*by must have been.

Take

Take care, lovely *Bellimante*, said *Aristo*, how you pass too severe a Censure on a Man, who in his Time was the Darling of the Fair, and who in all his Works, discovers a certain Sweetness of Disposition, which cou'd never suffer him to be ungrateful or unkind. But as he is now almost forgot in the World, I must not lose Sight of the Argument, and beg leave to give my Vote for the Part *Dorinthus* has taken in it, and to add, that if a Man of Sense is guilty of Inconstancy, he will be at least ashamed of it. — He will endeavour to conceal, if he cannot vanquish, his Error; whereas a Fool takes Pride in publishing the Conquests he has made, and perhaps values them for no other Reason.

Indeed, my dear *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*, I must give it against you; whenever our Sex are weak enough to throw off the Guard of our own Honour, and trust to that of another, we certainly have less to fear from the Man of solid Sense, than the vain airy Coxcomb: The Woman deceiv'd by the one may be unhappy, but will never be expos'd; but the unthinking She who falls a Prey to the other, is undone for ever, in her Reputation as well as Peace of Mind. — But I think, continued she, enough has been said on this Subject; indeed I think too much, since it has made us neglectful of the Share *Aristo* had, in the Adventure he has related, without whose Generosity and Benevolence the Virtues of *Rodmond* might probably never have had the Opportunity of shewing themselves.

True, Madam, reply'd *Philetus*, many a Genius, who might shine forth to the Glory of his Country, is bury'd in Obscurity, for want of Encouragement to call it forth; and I know no greater, or more laudable, Instance of publick Spirit, than that of supplying, as much as in our Power, the Deficiencies of Fortune to indigent Merit. Charity, Compassion, and Generosity, indeed, are noble Virtues, tho' indiscriminately, and without Distinction, exercis'd on all who may seem proper Objects; but when our Pity is guided by Discrimerment, and the Favours, we confer, are proportion'd according to the Worth of the Receiver, we do Honour to ourselves, and Service to the Commonwealth. How
memorable,

memorable, how worthy Imitation, is that penetrating Judgment, to which we are indebted for a *Prior*! The noble Duke saw into the Value of that Diamond, through all its native Roughness, vouchsafed to lift it from the Earth; where, but for him, it might have lain for ever unregarded, gave orders for its polishing, and made it fit to adorn the Cabinet of the best of Queens.

Neither ought it ever to be forgot, said *Dorintus*, that when a Genius, not inferior to that of him you have nam'd, was under the Persecution of unjust Rage, and party Malice, he found Protection from an illustrious Person, who generously espoused the Cause of Wit and Virtue, against even the Menaces of Power.

Ethelinda had probably made some Answer to these Words, as she was very much concern'd in them, had she not been prevented by the coming in of four Ladies, who all at once encreas'd the Assembly. These were all Persons of Quality, but more distinguish'd by a Peculiarity of their Characters. *Melanthe*, the first that enter'd, had been married extremely young, to a Man of Sixty, and who, besides the Disproportion of his Age with her's, had no one good Quality to recommend him to her Affections; but as she obey'd the Dictates of her Duty to her Father, in sacrificing herself in this Manner, she was no less punctual in observing that of a Wife, and all the Time he liv'd, behaved to him as if Love had disposed her to him. Her Conduct was no less exemplary after his Decease; and tho' left a very young and rich Widow, refus'd all Offers of a second Marriage, was look'd upon as a Pattern the most worthy Imitation; she was generous, humane, affable, and charitable; had a becoming Gravity in her Dress and Deportment, nor cou'd Envy, or the most penetrating Malice, find any thing to condemn; 'till at an Age, when others begin to throw off whatever Vanities their Youth might have been guilty of, she on a sudden assum'd all those Airs which are least excusable, even in the Youngest, and most Beautiful; became a Coquet at Sixty, and forgot all those Virtues, and even that Decorum, for which

she

she had been so much fam'd. — Her Dress was fancy'd with the Gaiety of Fifteen; her whole Study was employ'd to repair the Damages of Time, by all the Aids of Art. — Her Conversation was all on Operas, Plays, Balls, and going to Court. — The Height of her Ambition was to be thought in Favour with the Princesses; her Religion consisted in paying constantly her Devoirs to them, and the Heaven she languish'd for was a *Birth Day*.

The next that enter'd was *Lamara*, a Lady to whom Nature had given Wit and Beauty enough to have commanded Veneration, had not an intolerable, and indeed ridiculous, Arrogance of Behaviour taken away all the Charms, both of the one and the other. Tho' of mean Extraction, small Fortune, and yet smaller Stock of Reputation, she was married to a Man of a vast Estate, and who was thought to have good Sense, till the strange Power she had over him made him descend to Submissions, in order to obtain a Title, which, instead of heightening the Respect he before had in the World, has render'd him contemptible, even in the Eyes of those who reap the most Advantage by his Perversion. This neither of them can be insensible of; but whatever uneasy Moments he may suffer from Reflection, she seems equally regardless of his ill Humour, as of the Censure of the World, and exulting in her new Dignity, which she imagines a Sanction for saying and doing whatever she pleases, never did Pride, Vanity, ill Manners, and ill Nature, discover themselves in so extravagant a Manner, as in her Words and Actions.

After her came *Flavia*, young and handsome, but too conscious of it, and aiming to render every Beauty more conspicuous, she quite disguis'd, and put out of Order, all the handy Work of Nature. — The lovely Mouth was stretch'd beyond its Compass, to shew the white even Teeth. — The finest Pair of Eyes in the World were roll'd so many different ways, that the agreeable Languishment of them degenerated into a Squint. — One Moment the Head hung, lolling down upon the Breast, so that the Neck made a kind of

Arch

Arch behind ; the next held so stiff and upright, that with the Force she did herself, the very Sinews of her Throat seem'd strain'd.——Sometimes one Shoulder was exalted almost to the Ears,——sometimes the other ; in fine, every Feature, every Limb, was screw'd into more Postures in the Space of a Minute, than a whole Hour wou'd be sufficient to describe. So I shall say no more of this extraordinary Lady, who is so ingenious in finding out Ways to excite Laughter in the Room of Admiration ; and proceed to *Celomia*, who was the last of this fair Troop, and no less to be pity'd for her want of Judgment, in what is truly agreeable to the Taste of Mankind.

This Lady, as I have been inform'd by those that know her well, passes four Hours at her Toilet every Day, in consulting what Look will best become her ; and having fix'd on that she thinks most engaging, never dares to smile, to speak above a Whisper, to move her Head, either to one side or the other, or even to turn her Eyes, for fear of disconcerting that particular Form in which she has set her Features, so that when she walks, or turns, or looks, let the Occasion be ever so different, she is still the same, and seems more a Piece of Clock-work, than real Flesh and Blood.

It may easily be suppos'd, that these Ladies were not extremely welcome to *Ethelinda*. She, notwithstanding, received them with the Civility their Rank demanded, and offer'd little in Opposition to what they said, so that each had a full Opportunity of verifying the Characters I had heard of them. The Conversation now took a different Turn from that it had before this Accession to our Assembly ; and having nothing in it capable of affording either much Instruction or Entertainment in the Repetition, I shall take leave of my Reader 'till next visiting Day, when *Ethelinda* was so good to honour me with an Invitation.

T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

D A Y the S E C O N D.

THE Impatience I had to re-enjoy that Satisfaction I had so lately tasted at the excellent *Ethelinda's*, made me call on *Aristo*, to go with me, soon after Dinner; but some Friends being with him, unluckily for my Desires, detain'd us 'till near six o'Clock, and when we came, the Room was full of Company. Besides all those whom I had seen before, there were *Emilia*, and *Miranda*, two Ladies of very great Merit; *Lucillus*, an accomplish'd young Nobleman, and some others of both Sexes. I am glad you are come, said *Ethelinda* to us; *Bellimante* has brought something in her Pocket, to entertain us with, and wou'd not let us have a Sight of it, 'till you two shou'd participate. Every thing that is obliging may be expected from the lovely *Bellimante*, reply'd *Aristo*. I also made that Lady some Compliments on the Occasion, which she return'd with a Smile; and, when we were seated, I don't know, said she, whether you will imagine you have any Cause to thank me, when you find the Motive that induc'd me to this seeming Complaisance, since what I have to present you with, is no way to the Advantage of your Sex, and is intended as a Warning to my own.—All, who have a true Honour for your Sex, will certainly approve of every Thing which may render them more worthy of our Adoration,

Adoration, said *Aristo*, and those, who regard you not as they ought, cannot be too much mortify'd.

Well then, resum'd she, in confidence of being forgiven by the one Part, and reveng'd on the other, I will read to you the Account of an Adventure, which happen'd while my Brother was in *Italy*, and was put down in writing, by a very ingenious Gentleman of his Acquaintance.

With these Words she took a Manuscript out of her Pocket, and, finding all the Company dispos'd to hear it, entertain'd them with the following History.

THE FAIR UNFORTUNATE,
A TRUE SECRET History.

ONE of the greatest Generals of the Empire had, by a Lady of no mean Rank, but whom, for some Reasons, he was never marry'd to, a Daughter of such exquisite Beauty, that it was almost impossible to behold her without Admiration, even in her infant Charms; but as her Years encreas'd, so did also her attractive Power, and it seem'd as if Nature had taken Pains to make her double Reparation, for the Misfortune of her Birth, in rendering her above Contempt, by the matchless Graces of her Person.—The General, her Father, on a sudden Turn in the Affairs of State, was so much reduc'd in his Fortune, that he had scarce sufficient to support himself, much less to provide for this young Beauty, in the Manner his Fondness of her made him wish. This giving him a very great Concern, one Day, in the Fulness of his Heart, he communicated it to the Duke *de Guerre*, with whom he had, for a long Time, had the most intimate Friendship. The Duke, who was himself a Father, cou'd not forbear acknowledging the Justice of his Grief, and truly pity'd both him and the young Lady. Reflecting after on the Affair, it came into his Mind to recommend

recommend her to the Service of the Queen of *Prussia*: Never was any Woman famed for more Perfections than this excellent Princess, and he knew, if *Sapphira* (for so this Fair Unfortunate was call'd) was once receiv'd into her Protection, it must be wholly her own Fault, if her Condition was not rather to be envy'd than deplor'd. As he doubted not his Interest in that Court, he soon made the General acquainted with what he had in his Head, and the other receiv'd the Offer with Transports of Gratitude: He was well acquainted with the Virtues of the Queen, and doubted not but that his *Sapphira* wou'd not only be happy under her Care, but also receive such Advantages from her Example, as might render her worthy of the Felicity she enjoy'd by her Favour.

The Duke soon let him see he had not flatter'd him with empty Promises, and, having some little Business of his own at the Court of *Berlin*, he made that a Pretence for going thither; and *Sapphira*, being equip'd in a Manner befitting the Honour she was going to receive, took leave of her Father, who parted from her with the utmost Satisfaction, as not doubting but he shou'd hear News of her agreeable to his Expectations.

The Duke was not at all deceiv'd in the Hope he had conceiv'd of being able to introduce her.—The Knowledge to whom she owed her Birth, the being presented by the Hand of a Person so deserving Regard, and her own Beauty and Accomplishments engag'd the Queen to treat her in a Manner that excited the Envy of all the Maids of Honour; some of whom, being of the best Families in the Kingdom, thought it a Disdain to be rank'd with one who, tho' highly born, was yet illegitimate, and, notwithstanding her Charms, was a Foreigner. But the Ill nature, and little Malice, of those who were her Equals in Condition, did her no Prejudice with her royal Mistress; she gave her many Marks of a distinguish'd Favour, and, as the others had only their Months of Waiting, the young *Sapphira* was kept always under her Eye, and regarded by her with a Tenderness that

made

made her sensible it was rather to the Love this good Princess had for her, than any Decorum of State, she so little suffer'd her from her Presence.

Sapphira now pass'd her Days in a sweet and undisturb'd Tranquility, which for a long Series of Time she might have enjoy'd in the Court of *Berlin*, if Love, that delicious Poison of the Mind, had not put a fatal Period to it.

Her Youth, her Beauty, and the Queen's Favour, gain'd her a great Number of Adorers; but none pretended to be more ardently so than *Adolpho*, a Gentleman of small Fortune, but possess'd of so many personal Charms, that, had his Virtues but half answer'd his exterior Accomplishments, she wou'd never have had Cause to lament the Tenderness she too soon felt for him. But, alas! there was not the least Agreement between his Mind and Form.—All his Softness, all his Sincerity, were mere Words: His Heart disavow'd the Professions of his Tongue; he was changeable, arrogant, unaffected with any gentle, generous, Ideas, and, when disappointed or controul'd in any of its Aims, most cruel and malicious.

Poor *Sapphira*, not yet fifteen Years of Age, and altogether ignorant of the World, and the Arts practis'd by Mankind upon her Sex, was charm'd with his Person, and gave an easy Credit to the Vows he made her of the most perfect Passion that ever was: It never enter'd into her Head, that a Man, who look'd and talk'd as he did, cou'd ever bring himself to act with Neglect or Cruelty towards a Person, he had seem'd to love with so much Fondness. The Confidence she had in him made her as little careful in concealing her own Passion, as she was in searching into the Validity of his.—She confess'd, without Reserve the Tenderness she had for him; indulg'd him in all the Liberties that Modesty wou'd allow; and at last (as what will not a violent Passion, and the incessant Importunities of the darling Object, transport one to in an unguarded Hour?) permitted him to transgress all the Bounds his Wishes had to fear.—He obtain'd of the believing Maid all she had to bestow:

flow: Triumph'd in those Joys, which ought only to have been the Reward of the most honourable Affection, and which wou'd have made a real Lover blest. —But *Adolpho*, a Rover by Nature, having gain'd the Victory, despis'd it. —Her Innocence, her Beauty, her Tenderness, serv'd only to make him place the greater Value on himself, for the Influence he had over her. His Vanity, join'd with that little Regard, Love, when it is vehement, especially in a young Heart, leaves for Reputation, soon made the Affair between them the Talk of the Town; and, as she was greatly envy'd at Court, there wanted not Tongues to represent her late Conduct, in the worst Colours they cou'd put upon it, to the Queen, who, tho' she did not immediately give Credit to all that was told her concerning this too faulty Fair, cou'd not help condemning her Mismanagement, in doing any thing that might give her Enemies an Opportunity of censuring her. On inquiring into the Affair, she was very much concern'd to find it was past doubt, that she had encourag'd the Addressee of *Adolpho*, who, setting aside the known Dissoluteness of his Character, was not in Circumstances to make a Woman, who had no Fortune herself, happy in a marry'd State; and, not suspecting she had listen'd to him on any other Score, was resolv'd, by her Authority, to break the Neck of any such Design.

Her Majesty therefore order'd *Sapphira* shou'd attend her in her Closet, and, having prepar'd her by some gracious Expressions for what she had to say, represented to her, tho' in the mildest Terms that cou'd be, how blameable she had been in listening to any Declarations of Love, without having first acquainted her; and then proceeded to inform her with how much Severity her Behaviour on this Occasion had been treated. The guilty Fair, conscious of the Justice of this Reproof, hung down her Head, by her Blushes and her Silence testifying some Part of the Confusion she was in: I say some Part, for the Remorse, the Shame, which at that Instant seiz'd on her secret Soul, were at first little visible to her Royal

Mistress,

Mistress, till, growing too violent for Suppression, they operated so fiercely on the vital Spirits, that every Faculty lost at once its Use, and she fell down in a Swoon.

The Queen, half angry with herself for having been the Cause of this Disorder, and half afraid that more than she had said, or indeed imagin'd till this Moment, had but too just a Foundation, grew extremely troubled; but, that not hindering her from doing what was necessary for the Recovery of this unhappy Prey of Passion, she instantly rung her Bell for Help. Attendants presently coming in, that wretched Lady, not coming easily to herself, was carry'd to her own Apartment, where it was not without very great Application she shew'd any Signs of Life; and, when she did, appear'd so wild and perplex'd, that, tho' none of those about her were able to guess the true Cause, it was very plain to them, that it had been from some very terrible Agitation of the Mind, that this Disorder of the Body had proceeded.

The good Queen continued for a long Time deep in Contemplation; she not only lov'd *Sapphira* for her personal Accomplishments, but also look'd upon her as an Orphan, entirely committed to her Charge, having neither Parent, Relation, nor Friend, near her, to whom she could apply for Advice in any Affair, nor fly to for Protection, in case of being injur'd. She thought it therefore her Duty, as her Guardian, her Queen, and her Mistress, to take all the Care she cou'd of her; and what she now had seen, corroborating what she had been told, convincing her, that something more than Complaisance had pass'd between her and *Adolpho*, she was determin'd to know the whole Truth, and preserve, if possible, that friendless innocent from Ruin. She therefore sent for *Adolpho* privately to come to her, who 'tis probable was little pleas'd with the Summons, having heard of *Sapphira's* indisposition, and guessing the Truth of what had occasion'd it; but the Command was too absolute not to be obey'd.—He waited on her in her Closet, as she had order'd, where, having dismiss'd her Attendants,

dants, she began to question him concerning the afflicted *Sapphira*; but he, who had before consider'd how to behave, in Case he shou'd be examin'd, made such evasive Replies as cou'd by no means assure her of any Thing, till, exerting her Authority, and putting on an Air full of Austerity, she told him she wou'd not be trifled with, that the Welfare of *Sapphira* was very precious to her, and that she wou'd find a Way to resent the Reserve with which he behav'd on this Occasion.

Adolpho then, perceiving there was a Necessity for him to seem sincere, protested to her Majesty, That he had no Intention to conceal any Thing; but that his Surprise, on being call'd to Account for a Thing of this Nature, had render'd him unable to give such Answers as might be expected from him; but he now took the Liberty of assuring her Majesty, that he never had the least Notion of addressing *Sapphira* beyond the Civility of an ordinary Acquaintance. — That, tho' she was handsome, not being that Kind of Beauty which cou'd make any Impression on him, he had not so much as look'd upon her with the Eyes of Inclination, and that in Reality his Affections were engag'd elsewhere. With this he threw himself at the Queen's Feet, endeavouring to engage her Belief of what he said, by the most solemn Oaths he cou'd invent.

She, who was all Truth herself, cou'd not allow herself to think it possible a Man cou'd dare to perjure himself in such a Manner; yet his renouncing all Pretensions to *Sapphira* but ill agreed with all Circumstances, and she was very much divided in her Sentiments on this Occasion. — However, having nothing further to say to him, she dismiss'd him from her Presence, with this Menace; Take care, *Adolpho*, said she, that you have not dissembled with a Prince's who wants neither the Will nor Power to punish the affront.

He was now in no small Trouble in what Manner he shou'd proceed. On reflecting on the Affair he easily foresaw, that, if the Truth were once reveal'd, he either shou'd be compel'd to marry *Sapphira*, or

subrai

submit to some Punishment for the Injury he had done her. The first of these was irksome to his Imagination, he cou'd not bear the Thought of becoming the Husband of a Woman he had before enjoy'd; besides, he knew she had no other Fortune than her Dependence on the Queen's Favour; but the chief Reason, that had lost this unhappy Lady all the Influence she once had over him, was the Charms of a Rival, who, tho' in every Thing her Inferior, he now lov'd as much as a Man of his Temper can be said to love, and in this alone he told no Falshood to the Queen. Tho' he cou'd not be call'd a Man of Wit, he had a good Share of Invention, and was a great Master in the Art of Dissimulation.—The first of these furnish'd him with a Stratagem to secure him from any further Attacks of the Nature he had lately met with, and the other to carry it on to the total Ruin of the credulous *Sapphira*.

He had no sooner projected the Design than he went to her Apartment, and, counterfeiting the extreme Concern for the Disorder he heard she had been in, entreated her to let him know the Cause, which with her accusom'd Frankness, she immediately related to him, keeping not the least Tittle from him that had past in the Queen's Closet.—I fear'd, said he, the Truth.—Her Majesty is determin'd, I perceive, to prevent any further Progress of our Loves;—our only Way therefore to secure ourselves to each other, for the future, is to be more cautious than we hitherto have been, and to feign an entire Indifference.—How, interrupted *Sapphira*! Yes, my Angel, resum'd he, that is the only Expedient to preserve our mutual Affection from being made the Sacrifice of her cruel Resolution. It is natural to suppose *Sapphira* cou'd not hear so surprising a Piece of News, without an Impatience to know the Meaning of it, and hastily asking him, What Motive cou'd induce the Queen to throw any Bars in their Way to Happiness, was answer'd by him, That there cou'd be none but an extream Partiality in favour of *Lamira*. That Lady, said he, I know not by what Intigation, has

has taken it into her Head to like me : Has by some Friends made Interest with her Majesty, and but a Moment since the Match was propos'd to me, and even Threats made use of in Case of my Refusal.

This *Lamira*, whom he mention'd, was a Woman of Family, had been Maid of Honour, but, for some Indiscretions in her Conduct, was discarded ; and it seem'd probable enough to *Sapphira* that the Queen, out of Regard to her Parents, shou'd be willing to get her a Husband, in order to heal those Wounds in her Reputation, which her Levity had given it.—She thought it highly cruel, however, that her Royal Mistress shou'd make Choice of *Adolpho* for this Purpose, who, by what she had said to her, she knew was very well acquainted with his having made his Addresses to her, and cou'd not forbear launching into some Expressions very injurious to the Justice of that excellent Princess. *Adolpho*, overjoy'd to find her so readily fall into the Snare he had prepar'd for her, went on in this Manner : 'Tis in vain for us to exclaim against the Severity of our Fate, said he, or the Cruelty of a Person we have no Power to contend with.—Neither of us have any Dependence but on the Court, and, were we to marry, or to converse together in any Fashion that wou'd shew we had such Intentions, nothing is more certain, than that we shou'd be abandon'd to all the Miseries of Poverty and Want.—A little Dissimulation is now all that can defend us.—We must see each other but secretly, and that by Stealth ; and I must pretend a Complaisance, my Heart is far from feeling, for *Lamira*.—I may easily find Excuses for delaying what the Queen seems so earnest for having accomplish'd, but to deny absolutely her Commands wou'd, as I said before, entail certain Ruin on us both.

The tender *Sapphira* was ready to expire at these Words ; but finding, as she thought, mighty Reason in what he said, after having a little vented the Overflowing of her Soul in a Flood of Tears, What Part then must I be oblig'd to act, cry'd she, in this distressing Scene !—You must, answer'd he hastily,

erly deny that any tender Commerce has ever past between us.—I have already perform'd the cruel Task.—My unwilling Tongue has renounc'd the Dictates of my Heart, and protested against *Sapphira's* Charms.—She must also seem to despise *Adolpho*, or the Indignation of this powerful Enemy of our Loves will find some Means to separate us for ever.—Has the Queen when nam'd *Lamira* to you, said *Sapphira*, and laid an Injunction on you to address that Lady.—Not in plain Terms, reply'd he, it has yet gone no farther than a Command to visit you no more, with an Intimation that something better was intended for me; but I learn'd the fatal Secret from a Friend who was well acquainted with it, and, happening to be with me when the Queen's Messenger came to call me to her Presence, advis'd me how to behave in so critical a Situation. He clos'd this Speech with repeated Vows of the most everlasting Constancy; but, tho' the poor *Sapphira* believ'd all he said, his dissembled Tendernefs cou'd not keep her from falling into Agonies, which wou'd have mov'd any Heart but that of the false, the insensible *Adolpho*.—In the midst of Sighs, Tears, Faintings, and all the Tokens of the most violent Grief, she however promis'd him to do as he thought it their common Interest, and that, if question'd by the Queen a second Time, she wou'd utterly deny he had ever made any Declaration of Love to her.—But, said the artful Villain, when he had brought her thus far, there is still a Danger, which, if we do not guard against, all the Asseverations that both of us can make, will fail of gaining Credit, and only serve to expose us the more to the Rage of her offended Majesty, which will know no Bounds on discovering we have attempted to deceive her Penetration. Guessing, perhaps, continued, he with a Sigh, by my faltering Accents, and the Reluctance which I fear was too visible in my Eyes, when I endeavour'd to seem indifferent to the Charms of my adorable *Sapphira*, that all I said was Disimulation, the Queen told me, That there was a Way to know if I spoke Truth; on this it presently struck into my Head, that, under some Pretence or other,

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which she may easily find, she has a Design to search your Cabinet for Letters, which if she does, and you have preserv'd any of those undeniable Proofs both of my unceasing Passion, and your kind Return, I tremble to think what might be the Portion of us both!—To what a Depth of Misery the Power she has over us might reduce us!

Afflict not yourself, my dear *Adolpho*, interrupted the believing Fair, for what may be remedied with so much Ease.—I will this Instant remove your Fears by returning all I have of yours; or, precious as these Tokens of your Affection are, burn them before your Face.—They will be no more safe in my Possession than your's, rejoind'd he, Let us then destroy them.—Let no Evidences of our mutual Tenderness remain, but those indelible ones written in our Hearts, and which I hope no Time, no Chance, no Malice, shall ever have the Power to erase.

The Answer she made to these Words was no other than complying with the Purport of them.—She went that Instant to her Closet, and, bringing out all the Letters she had receiv'd from him in their Time of Courtship, gave them one by one into his Hand, which as fast as he took them were immediately committed to the Flames. He staid not long with her after having obtain'd the End for which he came, excusing his sudden Departure by saying, If it were known they had had a private Conference, it might render all their Measures ineffectual.

The unexperienc'd *Sapphira* had an implicit Faith in every thing that came from him, and yielded a ready Obedience to all he seem'd to think was right, not in the least suspecting how instrumental she now was to her own Undoing; and depending on the Promise he had made her at parting, never to rest 'till he had found some Means of being united to her for ever.

'Tis difficult to say whether the Villainy or the Cunning of this Stratagem exceeded; but, certain it is, we find few Examples to parallel it in either. It was *Lemira* whom he indeed now lov'd, and whom he had

now a Pretence of visiting without exciting any Jealousy in *Sapphira*, which might drive her to Extremes; and besides, when hereafter she shou'd come to discover the Imposition, he imagin'd, after having deny'd all to the Queen, she would not dare to reveal a Truth which must at the same Time discover she had attempted to deceive her. He now pursued the Object of his new Flame, without standing in need of any of the Precautions he had before been oblig'd to make use of, and the Queen, hearing of the frequent Visits he made her, began to believe what he said to her on that Occasion. The Melancholy which however appear'd in the Eyes of *Sapphira*, and which all her Endeavours cou'd not wholly conceal, sometimes gave her some Starts of Doubt; and one Day, when no other Person was in waiting, that generous Princess began again to question her concerning *Adolpho*, and told her, That, tho' he might now have other Views, she cou'd not help imagining he had once pretended Love to her. She press'd that unhappy Creature with so kind an Earnestness to disguise nothing from her, that, had she been told by any other than her dear *Adolpho*, nay, had the Testimony of Angels, join'd to the united Voice of the whole World, endeavour'd to persuade her it was owing to any other Motive than Care and Affection for her, that her Majesty appear'd so zealous an Enquirer, she wou'd have rejected the Information as false; but, as *Adolpho* had said it was otherwise, she was assur'd it was so, and the more Softness and Goodnature the Queen made use of in her Efforts, the more she fancy'd it was Design and Artifice in favour of *Lancira*, and with the more Confidence she deny'd ever having been address'd by *Adolpho* in the Manner her Majesty had been inform'd. With so fatal an Exactness did she obey the Injunction that perfidious Man had laid her under, that her Royal Mistress, who expected no Disguise from one so young and artless, was at last won to believe as she wou'd have her, and gave over any further Thoughts on the Affair.

Thus did this unthinking Lady join in the Deceit against herself, and assist in the Destruction of her own

Hopes: yet imagining she was most politick, while she was most fool'd and cheated.—But, alas! she had but a little, a very little, Time allow'd by Fate for the Continuance of this happy Ignorance.—Too soon the cruel Curtain was drawn away, and all the black and horrid Scene of Villainy appear'd to View.—A few Days after the burning of the Letters, happening to be alone, in a little Summer-house in the Palace garden, indulging Contemplation on her belov'd *Adolpho*, and flattering her fond Heart with the Idea, that a Day wou'd come when they might openly avow their Loves, she fancy'd that she heard the Accents of his Voice at a very little Distance from her, and, putting her Ear as near as she cou'd to the Place where the Sound seem'd to proceed, she soon distinguish'd that it was he indeed that spoke, and to her great Confusion heard these Words: Why, said he, with the most undoing Softness in his Tone, why shou'd you so often give me Hopes of Happiness, yet still deny me the Possession?—Never can we find a Moment more favourable than the present.—What hinders you now from seizing the Blessing I so long have languish'd for, and you have promis'd to bestow?—The Person, to whom these Words were address'd, answer'd them in too low a Voice for the distracted *Sapphira* to be able to guess either at the Speaker, or the Purpose of what she said; but presently after she heard the false *Adolpho* rejoin: By Heaven I never did, nor never can love any but yourself.—I own I have had my Amusements with your Sex, but never knew a serious Passion 'till I saw those Eyes.—Were it in my Power to marry you I wou'd, but that you know is impossible.—The Queen continually persecutes me on her favourite *Sapphira*'s Score, and it is with the utmost Difficulty I have got rid of that fond Girl.—Therefore, continued he, let us not waste the precious Time.—He was going on, but our unfortunate Listener had already heard too much to be able any longer to restrain the struggling Emotions of her Soul, and could not help crying out.—O Villain! Monster! most perfidious of thy Sex!—The sudden Storm of Passion

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which had occasion'd this Exclamation, made her also utter it with so much Vehemence, that *Adolpho* and his new Charmer heard her with more Ease than she had done the Expressions which let her into the Secret of his Baseness. Neither the treacherous Lover nor surpris'd Rival were willing to give her an ocular Demonstration of their being together in that Place, and therefore hastened down another Pair of Stairs which led them into a Terras, that had no Communication with that Part of the Garden thro' which *Sapphira* had passed.—The Noise they made in going down discover'd which Way they took to avoid her Pursuit and Reproaches, and from a Window, which overlook'd the Terras, she follow'd them with her Eyes, and, by the Dress and Air, tho' she saw not her Face, found, to her great Astonishment, that this Rival was *Lamira*.—*Lamira*, whom he pretended the Queen was about forcing him to marry, yet to whom he was excusing himself for not being able to marry.—This shew'd her at once the whole of his Deceit.—But where is the Pen that can describe that vast Variety of mingled Passion which all at once rag'd in her tender Breat?—Where is the Soul that can conceive her Suffering?—Horror and Rage for the first Moments were the most prevailing Agitations! but Grief, Despair, Disdain, and Shame, soon took their Turns, and rack'd her with a Strange Vicissitude of Torment.—She reflected on the past, and trembled for the future, Consequences of her fond Belief.—She might be call'd a little World of Woe, where all the different Kinds of Wretchedness, which plague the Slaves of Passion, were summ'd up, and congregating each its horrid Force, urged which shou'd inflict most Torture on the divided Soul.—She had not presently the Relief of Tears, and, her wild Griefs denying that Vent, burst out into Cries and Exclamations so loud, so violent, that the Queen, attended by several of the Court happening to be that Instant coming into the Garden, heard her while at a considerable Distance. Some of her Attendants, running to examine into the Cause, brought Word, that *Sapphira*

was certainly seiz'd with a sudden Fit of Frenzy, on which that good Princess, forgetting her Dignity, went in, follow'd by the whole Court, and found indeed that miserable Lady in a Condition, such as might well countenance the Information that had been given her.—She had thrown herself on the Floor, had tore her Hair and Garments, and, on the Queen's Entrance, was beating her lovely breast with such Force as if she meant to revenge herself upon that Heart which had receiv'd the Image of her base Undoer. Soon as she saw by whom she was surrounded, she started from the Posture she was in, threw herself at the Queen's Feet, and cry'd out—O Madam! Madam! revenge my Cause upon the perjur'd, false, *Adolpho*! and then revenge on me the Injury I have done your sacred Majesty in abusing the Favours you vouchsafed me, and imposing on your royal Ear!—Command my Death! I neither can nor wish to live, but let me first behold the Monster perish who has wrong'd me!

Surpris'd as the Queen was, she easily saw into the whole Truth by these few Words, and wou'd have prevented the undone *Sapphira* from exposing herself any further, before so many Witnesses; but that distracted Creature, incapable of all Reflection, wou'd not suffer herself to be rais'd, but continued to cling about the Feet of her Royal Mistress, and, in the Agony of her Soul, repeated again and again the Perfidiousness of *Adolpho*, nor ceas'd, 'till her Spirits, too weak to sustain the vast Surcharge of mingled Transports, all at once forsook her, and she fainted away.

In this Condition was she carried to her Apartment.—The Queen was greatly troubled, and said to some that were near her, This poor Creature has been strangely wrong'd, but I will see that she has Justice.

The inconstant *Adolpho*, in the mean time, little imagin'd what had happen'd, and, believing *Sapphira* of too gentle a Nature to be capable of saying any thing to his Prejudice, was thinking in what Manner he shou'd again deceive her, and render even her own Ears suspected by her. Not that he took this Pains

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out of any Motive of Compassion, in order to make her easy; but because he fear'd, if she found herself forsaken by him, it might throw her into a Melancholy, the Cause of which might be guess'd at by the Queen, and so his Hope of Promotion at Court be disappointed. He was ruminating on this Occasion, when some of his Friends, who had been present at the Confession of *Sapphira*, came to advise him to retire 'till the first Gust of the Queen's Indignation shou'd blow over, and they might, without Danger of incurring her Displeasure, intercede in his Behalf.—This was News which did indeed alarm him, and the more as he cou'd never have expected it from the Modesty and accusom'd Softness of *Sapphira's* Disposition.—He fancy'd his Case however not so bad, as those who counsel'd him to fly were of Opinion, and cou'd not consent to leave the Court, his whole Dependence being on a small Post he had there; and some Friends by whose Interest he had hoped to be promoted; and did not despair but he shou'd, some Way or other, evade the Punishment due to his last base Action, as he had already done many others of as black a Dye. It was in vain they insisted, that they saw, by the Queen's Countenance, she was determin'd to revenge the Affront offer'd to her, in the Person of her favourite Servant; he answer'd, That the worst that cou'd befall him, for a Fault of that Nature, was Banishment from Court; therefore he thought it wou'd be Madness to inflict a Punishment on himself, which there was a Possibility of avoiding from others.

He was arguing in this Manner, when the Guards seiz'd him, and carry'd him before some of the Nobility appointed to examine him. At first he seem'd very much confus'd; but, his natural Impudence soon getting the better of his conscious Guilt, he made the most solemn Imprecations, That he had never made any Pretensions of Love to *Sapphira*.—That he had never either lik'd or lov'd her; and added, that she had often given him Hints, that she shou'd receive a Declaration of that Kind from him with Pleasure, and that, not affecting to understand her, but on all Occa-

sions avoiding her as much as possible, he imagin'd she had contriv'd this Plot to ruin his Character with any other Lady, and draw on him at the same time the Royal Displeasure.

This gain'd but little Credit with those that heard it. — They thought it impossible a Lady, rather reserv'd than the contrary, shou'd bring herself to offer Love; or that a Man, known to be of so amorous a Disposition as *Adolpho*, shou'd refuse her, if she did; and some of them cry'd out to him to speak no more of that Affair, for what he alledg'd was so little of a Piece with the Behaviour of either of them, that, if he had no better Arguments to bring in the Vindication of his Innocence, it were as well for him to confess himself guilty. I know not, my Lords, said he, how far the Beauty of *Sapphira* may have prejudic'd you in her Favour, else methinks there is nothing more plain than that this wild Accusation is only the Effect of Malice or Frenzy.—Had I ever made any Professions of the Passion she pretends, wou'd there have been no Evidences of it but herself? Wou'd no Messages by Servants, no Letters, have pass'd between us.—I am ready to confess all she charges me with, if one single Line can be produc'd against me.—I appeal also to her Majesty, who, examining me herself on the Affair in question, I made no Scruple of avowing my Passion for another, and declaring I had never felt any thing for *Sapphira*, beyond that Respect which the Sex demands. To whom then, said one of the Lords, are your Vows address'd? I acknowledge the Question at another Time wou'd be unfair, and what you justly might refuse to answer; but as the only Means to prove the Accusations of *Sapphira* groundless, is to prove, that, at the Time she pretends you were deceiving her, you made Courtship to another, you wou'd do well to convince us of it.

Adolpho look'd on this Motion as highly favourable, and, not doubting but *Lamira* wou'd be satisfy'd to have the Passion he profess'd for her declar'd in the Presence of so many illustrious Witnesses, immediately nam'd her as the Lady of his Affections.

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A Shout of Laughter and Astonishment ran through all the young Part of the Assembly at these Words; and even the Gravest among them thought it improbable he shou'd think it so great a Hardship to be compell'd to marry *Sapphira*, yet avow a Desire of that Kind in Favour of *Lamira*, a Woman as far inferior to her in Beauty and Accomplishments, as, till this fatal Accident, she was in Reputation.—They were in some Dispute among themselves in what Manner they shou'd decide this Affair, when the King, who had sat with the Queen all this Time as a Spectator, presently cry'd out, I will myself be judge. And you must pardon me, Madam, said he to the Queen, If I give Sentence contrary to what you may have made *Sapphira* hope. He then order'd *Lamira* shou'd be call'd, and as soon as she appear'd, he demanded of her, If *Adolpho* had ever made any Professions of Love to her? To which she answering in the Affirmative, Are you willing to marry him? rejoined the King. An Interrogatory of this sort fill'd her with too much Astonishment to be able to reply; it having been on Terms very contrary to those of Marriage *Adolpho* had solicited her; and, not being able to dive into the meaning of a Demand she so little expected, cou'd not presently resolve in what Manner it wou'd be best for her to behave. The King, who was one of the most penetrating Princes of his Time, had a pretty near Conjecture of the Truth, and bid her be bold and speak her Inclinations, for, said he, on the Word of a King, if you think fit to be his Wife, it shall not be in his Power to refuse making you so.—Surpris'd as she was, she had some private Reasons to think the Offer too advantageous to be rejected, and reply'd, That, if his Majesty commanded it, she was ready to obey.

But with what Words is there a Possibility of representing the Confusion, the Perplexity, the secret Rage, which seiz'd the Soul of *Adolpho*? The Motives that had render'd the Thoughts of marrying *Sapphira* insupportable were, because she was not in Possession of a Fortune to gratify his Ambition, and because he had en-

joy'd her; and now to be compell'd to be the Husband of one who had as little Share of the former, and much less of Honour and Reputation, was a severer Penalty than he cou'd have imagin'd wou'd have been inflicted on him, for the Crime he had been guilty of, even tho' it had been prov'd upon him.—The Passion he had for this Lady was, in the Thought that she must be his Wife, utterly extinguish'd, and he began to look upon her with loathing and Detestation.—He was at his very Wits End; knew not which way to evade a Sentence so terrible to be submitted to; and when he attempted to urge any thing to procure a Delay of the Ceremony, as that, his present Circumstances not agreeing with his Intention, he shou'd be made miserable the Person whom he wish'd to render happy, and such like Arguments, they were deliver'd with so stammering an Accent, and accompany'd with such a Disorder in his Countenance, as confirm'd the King he had determin'd rightly in the Cause, and that there cou'd not be a more fit Punishment assign'd for his Perfidiousness and Ingratitude. Therefore, putting an End to any further Speeches, he commanded one of his own Chaplains to attend, and oblig'd him to marry her that Moment.

When the Ceremony was perform'd, This is but one Part of that Justice your Behaviour demands, said the King; the Affront you have put upon the Queen, in first seducing, and then so cruelly betraying, a Maid under her Protection, together with your attempting to impose on herself, by a forg'd Tale of your Passion for *Lamira*, deserves no less than Death; and Death you shou'd have, were not, in your Circumstances, Life a severer Sentence.—Go, continued he, go; and with that Woman, who is now your Wife, leave *Prussia* for ever.—Shou'd you presume after this Day to set your feet again on this forbidden Ground, your Welcome shall be Tortures. It was in vain that the new-wedded Bride petition'd not to share her Husband's Fate, the King wou'd hear nothing in favour of either of them, and the Decree he had given being prodigiously applauded by the whole Assembly, the Sentenced

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were order'd into Confinement, 'till a Ship was provided for sending them away.

Sapphira, who knew nothing of their Majesty's Intentions, was, by some busy Person, inform'd of the Marriage of *Adolpho*, but no more.—Wholly bereft of Reason at this Intelligence, and misinterpreting the King's View in enforcing this Marriage, she flew to the Presence-chamber, where, arriving just as the Guards were carrying them away, she prest thro' the Croud of Nobility, crying out, Is this the Favour I expected! Is this the Justice I hop'd from this august Assembly!—O how does *Lamira* merit more than *Sapphira*?—If in the false *Adolpho*'s Eyes she seems more worthy, does she so too in yours, that you dispose of my Right, and, to make her happy, doom me to everlasting Ruin? Her Words, and the Distraction which appear'd in her Countenance, with the wild Confusion of her unregarded Dress, fill'd every Beholder with the utmost Compassion. Both the King and Queen were about to give her the Consolation of clearing up this Mistake, when, turning hastily towards the Door where *Adolpho* was going out, she saw *Lamira* with him.—The sudden Sight of that hated Face, and the Knowledge that she was now in Possession of that Title, which she thought she only had a Right to, and had paid so dear a Price for, heightened the Distraction, she before was in, to so violent a Degree, that snatching a Halbard from one of the nearest Guards, she ran to her with such speed that it is to be wonder'd at, that, in so great a Surprise, any of them were quick enough to prevent her from sending her Rival out of the World. Disappointed in her Revenge as in her Love, never was Madness more outrageous: In her present Condition, Advice, or Consolation, were in vain; and, tho' the Queen extremely pity'd her, she was oblig'd to have her forc'd out of the Presence, and carry'd to her own Apartment, where she remain'd a long Time incapable of Reason.

Adolpho and his Bride had not been many Hours in Prison, before the latter was taken very ill; a Physician being permitted her, he soon found her Condition

such as stood in need of Help from one of her own Sex.—In fine, it was a Midwife was wanted, who being brought, she was soon after deliver'd, tho' with great Danger of her Life, of an Abortion, occasioned, as 'twas thought, by the Fright *Sapphira* had put her in.—This confirming the Character which had long been given her, and heightening the Punishment of the perfidious *Adolpho*, gave a great deal of Diversion to the whole Court. As soon as she was in a Condition of travelling, they were both sent away, pursuant to the King's Sentence. Poor *Sapphira* recovered not her Reason for a long Time, and, when she did, entreated to be sent to a Monastery, where she linger'd out a few Years of Life in a wasting Sorrow, which threaten'd her with a Dissolution long before it came, Fate not permitting her to leave the World, 'till she had seen her Injuries in full reveng'd. *Adolpho*, hating his Wife to the utmost Degree of Detestation, never rested 'till he had contriv'd the Means to get rid of her, which he at last accomplish'd by a Cup of Poison.—The horrid Fact was immediately discover'd, and he suffer'd for it a shameful Death at *Genoa*, where he had liv'd a mean and obscure Life for about two Years. The News soon arriv'd at *Prussia*, and was by the Queen sent to *Sapphira*, who, blessing the Justice of Providence, expir'd soon after, as tho' she had no more Business in the World.

Thus, is Heaven sometimes pleas'd to give a Proof of its Abhorrence of such Crimes as Falshood and Ingratitude in the Affairs of Love, which, because the Law has provided no corporal Punishment for, are look'd on by the World only as Matters of Sport and Ridicule; but let not the guilty Heart triumph in Security, a Time may come,

*When the deceiving cruel Man shall find,
That Vows, once made, of whatsoever Kind,
Are register'd in Heav'n, and cannot cease to bind.*

I thank you, my Dear, said *Ethelinda*, perceiving she had done, in the Name of the Company, since I dare

are answer there are none here who have not thought themselves well entertain'd. — But, notwithstanding the Pains you have taken to oblige us, and that there are some lively Strokes of Passion in the Story, I cannot help saying, that I think, if the Gentleman had chose for the Subject of his Pen Characters more worthy of it, the Embellishments, he has bestow'd on these, would have had double Force. *Sapphira* yields too easily to excite that Compassion for her Misfortunes, which would otherwise have been due to them. — I would have all Women, if they must be represented as guilty of an Excess of Passion, have a better Excuse for it, than merely the agreeable Person of a Man. — If there are no Measures to be taken, which might secure one of his Affection, there are certainly to discover if he has Wit, Honour, and Good-nature, and the that can love, where these encourage not, can have no other Prospect but Misery and Contempt.

But you forget, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, that, if the Ladies always made use of their Penetration, and chose for their Favourites only such as were worthy of them, there would be no such thing as Woes in Love.

Philetas is right indeed, added *Dorinthus*, Pity would be a Passion which the equally loving, equally deserving Pair would have no Need of. — Mournful *Melpomene* would cease to be invoc'd; — Complaints no more would be the Muses Theme, — Panegyrick would be the sole Business of the Poets Quill, — Satire grow out of Fashion, and all the Histories for Novels lost.

I cannot own the Justice of this Opinion, resum'd the incomparable *Ethelinda*; there are doubtless many Misfortunes to be found in Love, even where both Parties are perfectly sincere, which may afford a Subject for an Author's Genius; and, if I were of Council with the Writers of such Books, I should advise them to chuse only such; for, methinks, to read of Villainy so gross, so monstrous as that we have just now heard of in the Character of *Adolpho*, or Credulity so easy as in that of *Sapphira*, gives too great a Shock to the Soul,

Soul, and destroys the Pleasure we might else receive from the Entertainment.

But yet 'tis necessary sometimes, said a young Lady, who had not spoke before, to be reminded, that there have been Men so base: Our Sex are in themselves so weak, especially when we suffer what little Share we have of Reason, to be blinded by a partial Tender-ness, that we stand in Need of all the Helps we can procure, to defend us from becoming the Victims of our too easy Faith.

I am very much of your Mind, Madam, reply'd the generous *Acasto*, that these kinds of Examples, tho' they may not be so pleasing in the Recital, are yet of very great Use, to persuade the Ladies to make use of that Discernment *Ethelinda* just now recommended. I would have Beauty, the Reward of Merit, not fall the Prey of Villainy and Deceit; and if a Woman, when she reads of such a Fate as *Sapphira's*, will but give herself leave to reflect, how very possible it is that the Man, she is most inclin'd to favour, may prove an *Adolpho*, it will certainly make her inspect into his Behaviour, with a Care and Watchfulness, which cannot fail discovering the true Affection from the counterfeit.

These kinds of Writings, therefore, said *Lucilla*, are not so trifling as many People think them; nor are they intended, as some imagine, for Amusement only, but Instruction also; most of them containing Morals, which, if well observ'd, would be of no small Service to those that read them.—'Tis most certain, that, if the Passions are well represented, and the Frailties to which human Nature is incident, and cannot avoid falling into, of one kind or another, it cannot fail to rouse the Conscience of the guilty Reader, to a just Remorse for his own Conduct; he will blush to see this Picture of himself, and will at least make it his Endeavour to reform. Those who, perhaps, would be impatient of Reproof, when given them by a Parent, a Guardian, or a Friend, will listen calmly to it, when instill'd this Way.—Tho' the Follies we find expos'd are our own, we hear them condemn'd and laugh'd at without Anger, in the Character of another; and rem-

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all the Benefit of the Admonition, without the Shock of receiving it. But, methinks, pursued this accomplished Nobleman, there is little Occasion of Defence for writing Novels, the very Names, which appear in the Title Pages of some Volumes of them, are a sufficient Recommendation of their Value; and we cannot believe so many learned Men, who in all Ages have presented the World with Tracts of that Nature, would have expended so much Time only for the Pleasure of relating a Tale. No, certainly, they had other, and more laudable, Views in what they did. — They had studied Mankind, and knew that Morals, merely as Morals, would seem too dry and insipid, and have little Effect on the Minds of those they endeavoured to reform; and found it necessary to cloath Instruction with the Garb of Pleasure, as one of our old Poets says,

*A Verse may catch him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

True, said *Aristo*, when Precepts are convey'd this Way, they steal themselves into the Soul, and work the wish'd Effect, almost insensibly, on the Person who imbibes them. — We become virtuous e're we are aware, and, by admiring the great Examples, which in the Narrative appear so amiable, are led to a Desire of becoming the same ourselves.

And yet, cry'd *Miranda*, there are People stupid enough to read such Books, only for the Sake of the Tale, without once attending to the Moral contain'd in it: They hurry with Eagerness to the Catastrophe, and pass over those Reflections, which all well-wrote Novels abound with, and are indeed their chief Beauty, as well as Utility.

You judge with too much Severity on such Readers, my dear *Miranda*, said the charming *Ethelinda*, I rather think what you accuse them of proceeds more from a too great Vivacity than Stupidity of Nature; and, tho' their Impatience for the Event of some great and well-prepared Adventure, may render them at first

too heedless of the judicious Remarks made on the Means that lead to it, they will probably afford the Book a second Reading, and, their Curiosity being gratify'd, the Mind will then have more Room to take in, and digest, what before it could not so well have relish'd. I remember that some Years ago, happening to be in my Father's Library, I took up a Manuscript, which made me guilty of the Fault you mention. It was entitled, *A brief History of the Reign of Edmund, surnamed Ironside*, one of the King's of England of the Saxon Race. The Part I happen'd to open was that, where the famous Duel, between that Monarch and *Canute the Dane*, was agreed to be fought in the Isle of *Alney* in *Glocestershire*, in the Sight of both their Armies: So remarkable an Incident, and on which I perceiv'd the Fate of two Kingdoms depended, made me immediately turn over the Pages 'till I came to that which, I found by the Margin, gave an Account of the Decision, without ever regarding that which I afterwards perceived was the most valuable Part in it. It was, continued she, the Speech that excellent Prince made to his Nobles, who came about him, and, one and all, endeavour'd to dissuade him from so rashly hazarding his Royal Person: The little Regard he seem'd to have of himself, in Competition with the Interest of his People, would have been, if attended to, an admirable Lesson for his Successors, and sav'd this Poor, pillag'd, oppress'd, Kingdom from all the Miseries it has since sustain'd. The Arguments he makes use of, to confute all that could be said in Opposition to his Design, discover he had Sentiments truly worthy of his Dignity, and that it was no false Bravery, or Ostentation, had inspired the Resolution he had taken, but that paternal Love of his Subjects, that true Concern for their Welfare, which whoever it be that sits upon a Throne and feels not, cannot properly be call'd a *King*, but a *Tyrant*.

The Piece you mention, Madam, said *Philetas*, must doubtless be very curious, and I wonder my Lord is not so good as to permit it to be publish'd: It ought, methinks, to be printed in all Languages for the Use of

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Princes in general, to whom such Admonitions cannot be too much, or too often, enforc'd.

I have often entreated it of my Father, reply'd she, but never could prevail, nor even to give it into my Hands for that Purpose: His Lordship perhaps may foresee some Consequence from it he thinks proper to avoid, and I have for a long Time deferr'd speaking to him of it.

There is a Partiality in most Historians, said *Aristo*, which is very unpardonable; and by that Means Popularity is led into Errors, frequently injurious to the Memory of the Deceas'd. Actions, of which perhaps to this Day we reap the Benefit, have been but slightly touch'd on, while others of the most minute Nature, and which perhaps had Self-Interest for their Motive, are magnify'd into Prodigies; the Monarch, you have been speaking of, certainly deserv'd to be said much more of than our Annals produce, and the only Reason, that can be assign'd, for their Silence on this Head, is, that on his unfortunate Death, and the *Danes* becoming Masters of the Kingdom, the Writers of those Times chose rather to pay their Compliments to the present, than to do Justice to the past.

Besides, added *Dorinthus*, it might have been dangerous. *Edward*, afterwards King of *England*, and *Alfred* his Brother, being then in Exile, any Thing wrote in favour of the *Saxon* Line might have been construed into an Attempt of restoring them, and consequently punish'd as Treason by the Prince, who at that Time was in Possession of the Throne.

Well, said *Bellimante*, dark as the Accounts we have are of the truly Royal *Edmund*, there are yet sufficient, in my Opinion, for the Subject of a Dramatic Entertainment; and I am surpris'd none of our Poets have ever made Choice of a Piece of History so interesting.

It might be thought too much so, Madam, answer'd *Lucillius*, by the Poets of the last Age: When the Death of the Royal Martyr was yet recent in every one's Memory, to exhibit the Murder of a good King, such as was *Edmund*, would have given Strength to an Idea, which of itself was too shocking to Nature, and therefore

therefore could not have been proper while any of his Descendants were on the Throne; and the Times have since given so little Encouragement to Works of that kind, that few, who have real Capacities, have thought it worth their while to undertake them. Those who have attempted it have for the most Part found their Labour lost, either rejected through want of Judgment by those who have the Direction of the Theatre, or stifled by the Hand of Power; loose, ribald, Farce without Plot, without Contrivance, without any other Meaning than such as Modesty must blush to comprehend, are now the sole acceptable Entertainments, and all Pieces that are not of this Stamp thrown aside, as either too spiritless to please, or too just not to be offensive. This, continued he, I take to be the Reason that not only the Story you would recommend, but some others also I could mention, have not been called from the too great Obscurity they lie in.

But, said *Emilia*, as, these publick Representations have great Influence over the Morals of the Age, I think the Nobility ought to join in testifying their Disapprobation of such a scandalous Perversion of the Institution.

Alas! beautiful *Emilia*, reply'd *Acasto*, you speak like one unacquainted with the present World: Those among us, who have no Favour at St. James's, cannot expect to have any Weight with the Managers of Play-houses, much less sufficient to bring about a Reformation, rather to be wish'd than hop'd, in an Age of such almost universal Depravity; and as for the Courtiers, who alone have the Power of doing it, they have too much at Heart the aggrandizing themselves and Families, to think of any Thing foreign to their End.

Nor is it to be expected, added *Etbelinda*, with a Smile, that those very Persons, who forg'd the Manacles to fetter Wit, should contribute any Thing to the taking them off: It is not that this Age is more barren, than the former ones have been, of great Geniuses, capable of any Undertaking; but, as *Lucilla*

justly

justly said, they are prevented from exerting themselves by the irresistible and weighty Hand of Power.

Then, resum'd *Emilia* briskly, since our very Diversions are circumscrib'd, and we are not allow'd such Entertainments as are fit for us to see, we ought at least not to countenance by our Presence such as are not so.

Right, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, and I flatter myself there are a great many besides this Company, who are of the same Way of thinking: Curiosity led me the other Night to step into the Theatre in *Drury-lane*, when one of these late wretched Performances was exhibited; and I had the Pleasure to observe that, excepting the Royal Family, and some few whose Posts oblig'd their Attendance, the Audience was compos'd of such as one might expect to find only at a Bear-garden.

This agreeable Nobleman was about to add somewhat more, when the illustrious Consort of *Ethelinda* enter'd; the Compliments, every one rose up to pay him, put a Stop to the Conversation; for he had no sooner return'd them in a Manner perfectly obliging and peculiar to himself, than, addressing his charming Spouse, I was very near adding to the Number of your Company, said he, but that I knew not how you would relish my intruding a Stranger without Leave. There is little Occasion for asking Leave where you have an absolute Command, answer'd she, and it would be some Difficulty to persuade me, you had no other Motive for changing your Mind. O, but the Person I should have introduced, Madam, resum'd he, is of so very extraordinary a Character, that, without being prepar'd for his Reception, I know not but, with all the Wit and Presence of Mind you are Mistress of, you might have been at a Loss in what Manner to behave. In fine, he is a Gentleman, who, by an elaborate Study of forty Years, has discover'd the most obscure and hidden Secrets of the Game of *Whist*, which he proves to be the true *Philosophers Stone*, has erected into a Science, and vouchsafes to teach at the easy Rate of *five Guineas* an Hour. Now, Madam,
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purfu'd he, confess, that, if he had come to ask you to subscribe to a Treatise he has publish'd on this Score, if you would not have been a little perplex'd, between your Complaisance and good Sense, what Answer to have given him.

I should indeed, my Lord, cry'd *Ethelinda*, and am infinitely oblig'd to you for sparing me: I love to treat People, who address me on those Accounts, with all the Respect and Compassion that either their Merits or Necessities demand; but I cannot answer how far the Shock of a Proposal of this Nature might have made me swerve from my usual Manner of Behaviour.

I guess'd the Effect it would have had on you, rejoind'd *Alario*, and therefore told him in your Name, that I was assur'd you had no greater Inclination than myself, to become a Pupil to this Science, so desir'd he would excuse us both.

While *Alario* was speaking, those of the Company, who had not heard of the *Professor*, seem'd astonish'd, and could not tell how to think it possible there could be such a Thing in Nature, as a Man who studied a Game at Cards for forty Years together, and pretend'd to convert into a *liberal Art*, what was intended merely for Diversion at a certain Time of the Year; but those, who had heard the solemn Trifler harangue on the great Utility of his Science, and were acquainted with his Problems, laugh'd heartily. Among the Number of these last was *Philetas*: This has been a very unlucky Day to the *Professor*, said he, I had the Favour of a Visit from him in the Morning, and made him a Present, which I imagine he look'd upon as no good Omen.

The Act of Parliament against Gaming, I'll warrant, cry'd *Lucilius*!—No, reply'd the other, what I look upon to be a Pill, he will find harder of Digestion.—It was a Dramatic Satire, entitl'd the *Humours of Whiff*, which *a-propos* lay on my Table, as I had just been reading. On his putting his Treatise into my Hand, with all the Formality of a *Seneca*, I thank you, Mr. *Professor*, said I, assuming as serious an Air as the Occasion would permit, but, as I have no Ambition

tion to become a Proficient in the Science you recommend, have no Occasion to burthen my Head with any Thing concerning it; therefore entreat you will put your Treatise into your Pocket again, and with it, as a Proof of the Sense I have of the Obligation you would confer upon me, this little Pamphlet, which, I assure you, in my Opinion, and in that of all my Friends, is very well worth your while to peruse.

With these Words, continu'd *Philetas*, I return'd his Book, and the Pamphlet I mention'd happening to be open, I gave it him in the manner it lay, with my Finger pointing to these four Lines in the Prologue;

*Who will believe that Man cou'd e'er exist,
That spent near half an Age in studying Whist?
Grew grey with Calculation! — Labour hard!
As if Life's Business center'd in a Card.*

O Heavens, cry'd *Bellimante*, what Confusion must the poor Man be in, both at the Irony of your Behaviour, and the just Satire of these Lines!

I believe, Madam, resum'd *Philetas*, his Mind might not be altogether compos'd at that Time, but he endeavour'd to support the Character of a Philosopher as much as he was able, and only coldly told me, he had seen the Book before, and after forcing himself to take a complaisant Leave, went out of the Room with a good deal less Assurance, I could perceive, than he had enter'd it.

How charm'd am I, said *Miranda*, with the Mortification you gave him! I fancy, after what he has receiv'd from you and *Alario*, he will a little better consult the Characters of the Persons he addresses, and not offer his *Treatise*, where there is so little Probability of its being receiv'd.

Philetas, added *Dorinthus*, could not have taken a more assur'd Method of humbling his Vanity, than by opposing the *Humours of Whist*, to his *Treatise on Whist*, which so well exposes the Absurdities, false Calculations, Biunders, and indeed the Folly and Stupidity,

as well as the ill Tendency, of the Design, that he will never be able to get over the Raillery it has occasion'd him, even by those who inadvertently thought fit to encourage it at first.

Well, cry'd *Emilia*, I am glad my private Opinion has the Authority of so good a Judge as *Derintbus*, for I will own myself a Lover of Play so far as an Amusement; and of all Games *Whist* has ever been my Favourite; but, by studying the *Professor's* Book, in order to play better than I did, I am become so puzzled and bewilder'd, that I can scarce play at all.

It has had the same Effect on a great many others as well as your Ladyship, said *Lucilius* smiling; but to be intelligible was not the Author's Design: Had he wrote to be understood, there had been no Need of his attending to give an Explanation, and consequently could have claim'd no Fees.

I can easily forgive the Absurdity of the Rules he lays down as the Perfection of Play, said *Aristo*, were they yet more gross; for to one Person that studies them, in order to prevent being imposed upon, I am pretty sure there are an hundred, who do it with a View of imposing on others, and I would have all such caught in their own Snare. The more complete therefore the Treatise was, the more pernicious it would be; but as there is no Danger from that Quarter, the Encouragers of it merit, in my Opinion, the severest Ridicule. Those I mean who promote his Subscription; give him a Guinea for about Sixpenny-worth of Ware, and five for every Hour he passes in explaining his preposterous System.——This is really a Proof of such a Depravity of the Taste and Understanding of the present Age, as must render us the Contempt of all succeeding ones.

Every Attempt therefore, to expose this too reigning Folly, rejoind *Lucilius*, and shew we are not all sunk in the same Degree of Stupidity, cannot be too much applauded; for this Reason I have recommended the Satire, *Pbiletus* just now mention'd, to all my Acquaintance, and the Author has so agreeably introduc'd some known Stories in it, as well as mark'd

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some particular Characters, that I doubt not, but the publick Spirit he has testified will have a good Effect on the Morals of those that read it.

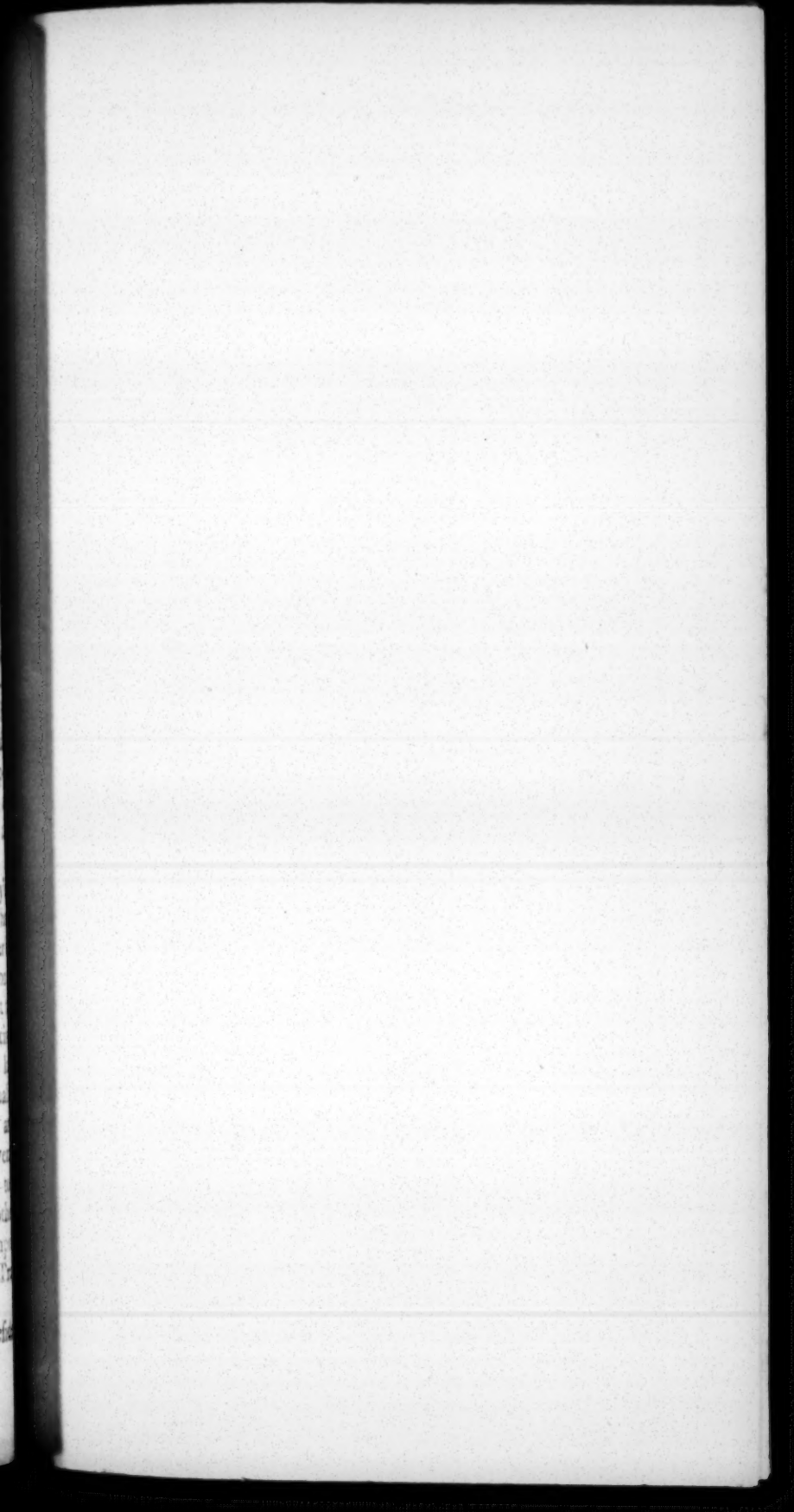
It would be a Pleasure to every thinking Man to find it so, said *Dorinthus*; but the Disposition of the Times does not seem to flatter so sanguine an Expectation: People appear to me no less pleas'd with giving an Opportunity of being impos'd upon, than by losing one imposing on others; and, to shew how fast this gaming System prevails, where one should least expect it, I happen'd to go into a Cabinet-maker's Shop some Days ago, where the Glance of a fine Green immediately took my Eye; on drawing near to examine it, I found it was the Laws of the Game of *Whist*, most curiously printed in Gold Letters upon purple Sattin: I was very much surpris'd, and ask'd the Master of the Shop for whose Use this *Memento* was design'd. On which he told me, for one of the Princesses, to whom he was going to send it immediately. Indeed I thought the Man deceiv'd me; and, as it is common with that Sort of People to mention some great Name, in order to bring into Fashion what will be of Advantage to themselves, look'd on his telling me this as a Lure, to engage me to bespeak one of the same; but I was presently convinc'd I had wrong'd him, when one of her Royal Highness's Footmen came in to ask, If it were ready to be sent Home?

Heavens! interrupted *Ethelinda*, with a Warmth common to her, can it be possible? I should rather think *Magna Charta*, or the *Act of Settlement*, with all its Clauses, had been a more proper Piece of Furniture at St. James's. But, continu'd that excellent Lady, after a Moment's Pause, and calling back some part of that fire, with which her Eyes and Cheeks were animated when she began to speak, those great personages are not to be answerable for every Thing in their Name: The Ignorance, Avarice, or perhaps the Ill-will, of a Dependant, may sometimes represent them as guilty of Mistakes, not their own. I am sensible, that many illustrious Characters have

have suffer'd this Way, therefore have made it a Maxim never to believe a Person, born and educated in high Life, can descend to an unworthy Action without being deceiv'd into it by the specious Pretences of those they confide in.

Whether the Company were all of *Estbelinda's* Opinion, I cannot pretend to say, but none of them urg'd any thing in Contradiction to it.—There was indeed a profound Silence for about half a Minute, when *Alario*, to vary the Conversation, ask'd *Philetes* some Questions concerning a Horse he was breeding up for the Race at *New-market*; which the other having answer'd in a Manner which shewed he took a great deal of Delight in that Diversion; well, cry'd *Emilia*, interrupting something he was about to add to that Head, I see you have all your favourite Way of killing Time.—Here have been abundance of severe Things said against an Amusement, in which perhaps our Sex have but too great a Share, but not a Word against one from which we are excluded.—Now I will be judg'd by any Person, not prejudiced in favour of either, If this is not partial to the last Degree; and if there are not as many Frauds, Deceptions, and foul Play, practis'd among the *Jockeys* at *Horse-race*, as there can be by the most noted *Sharps* at a *Gaming-table*.

As partial as you may think me, Madam, reply'd *Philetes*, I readily acknowledge the Truth of what you say, and also that many Gentlemen have suffer'd by the little Artifices of those Fellows you mention; but I cannot, with the same Facility, be brought to allow, that this is any Argument against *Horse-racing* itself: If it were, I am certain the amiable *Emilia* has too much Penetration not to see, it would equally hold good against the several Institutions of Law and Physick; nay, even the more sacred ones of Government and Religion, in all which there are *Jockeys* who not only endeavour to circumvent each other but have their various Stratagems to deceive, impose upon, and plunder, those who put too great a Trust in them.



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where we were, and, seeing the Violence I was like to suffer, preserv'd my Honour, and struck the Invader of it dead at my Feet, with a kind of Javelin, one of them had in his Hand.

I must now inform you from whom, and by what Chance, I receiv'd this unexpected Deliverance.—You know, my dear *Zoa*, your Father has a fine Country-house, about three Leagues from the vast Forest of *Chiana*; it was in that Forest I had sustain'd the Hardships I have related, and these were Men belonging to the *Banyan*, who happened to come there, in order to hunt the wild Boar. As on those Occasions they always go arm'd with Javelins and Arrows, I suppose it might be some of their Arrows, which had miss'd their Mark, that the wicked *Reyneir* found and mention'd to me. I cannot express to you the Surprise, with which these *Indians* star'd upon me: Indeed the Figure I made might naturally occasion them to do so; my Garments, tho' rich, drench'd in the Sea-water, and dried in the Sun and Wind, were of a thousand disagreeable Colours, torn with the Bryars thro' which I had past, as was also my Flesh in many Places. My Hair unfilleted, and hanging in wild Disorder over my Shoulders, my Looks were, doubtless, no less confus'd.—All this, join'd to the Place and Manner in which they found me, must make them conclude some extraordinary Adventure had befallen me: They came round me, they survey'd me from Head to Foot, and talk'd very fast to one another; but, tho' I had not the least Understanding in their Language, nor had ever heard it before, I could perceive by their Gestures, what they said was not in my Disfavour. After having had their Fill of gazing on me, two of them took me by each Hand, and led me between them thro' the Forest, helping me, whenever we came to any rough Way, with Tendernefs enough.

At length we reach'd where I beheld, what a very little Time before I had despair'd of ever seeing, a House. And tho' I knew not what Treatment I might find there, or how I was to be dispos'd of, yet I could not help rejoicing to find myself out of that desolate

solate Wild, and once more among human Kind. In this Fashion they conducted me into your Father's Villa, and the first Room they happen'd to bring me to, was that which I have since converted into a Bed-chamber, and where I wrote these Memoirs. Having made me sit down, they gave me Water and a clean Towel, which I was very glad of; and, as soon as I had done washing, set a Plate of Rice, and some boil'd Fowl before me, with a Silver Mug full of Water, with a little Arrack mingled in it. This refresh'd me, and I blest'd Heaven for the happy Change in my Condition; but was extreamly troubled, that I could neither understand my Benefactors, nor inform them any Thing of myself, which might Influence a Continuance of their Bounty. I easily perceiv'd they were *Indians*, but could not be certain they were of *Bombay*; because I remember'd the *English* Mate had seem'd doubtful, whether it was on that Country we were cast, or some other. I earnestly wish'd it might be so, that I might apply to the Factory, judging, by the Virtue and Goodness of that Man, that the *English* would commiserate my Misfortunes, and do me Justice, in Case any Thing belonging to my Father should have been found among the Wreck: But, tho' I saw a great Number of People passing in and out of the House, there were none among them that had the Appearance of an *European*.—I was left alone some Hours, after they had taken away the Remains of what they brought for my Refreshment; but at last I saw a very graceful *Indian* enter, attended by three or four of those who had found me in the Forest, and some others: He look'd on me with the same Wonder they had done, but was not so lost in it, as not to accost me with a great deal of Civility. As I knew by the Respect paid him, and the Distance with which all the rest behav'd, that he was the Master of them, and of the Dwelling, I return'd him Thanks in *French*, for the Favours I had receiv'd, but had the Mortification to find he understood not one Word of what I said, any more than the others had done. The Motions I made, however, made him guess at my

my Meaning: and being instantly possess'd with Sentiments for me, which at that Time I little apprehended, and was as little desirous of inspiring, he made a Sign to all present to quit the Room, and, seating himself near me, began to kiss my Hands with an Extremity of Ardour: This Action so frightened me, that, thinking I was fallen into the Power of a second *Reyneir*, I cry'd out, O God, what will become of me! and at the same Time burst into a Flood of Tears: Tho' he knew not the Words I spoke, yet the Agony that appear'd in my Face, while uttering them, render'd their Meaning, as he has since told me, perfectly intelligible; and, willing to put an end to my apprehensions, he let go my Hands, made a low Bow, a Token of entreating Pardon for what he had done, and soon after went out of the Room.

This Behaviour made me see he was Master of a great deal of Politeness, and of all those Arts so engaging to our Sex, but it did not dissipate my Fears: The Danger I had lately escap'd gave me a sad Experience, that Lust, when it becomes violent, is not to be restrain'd by any Considerations, either of Honour, Pity, or Respect, and this Reflection so much alarm'd me, that I almost wish'd myself again in the Wilderness.

I was not long suffer'd to indulge these melancholy thoughts, two *Indian* Women came in, and, making Sign for me to follow them, conducted me to a very handsome Chamber, furnish'd much in the same Manner I had been accusom'd to in *France*: The Bed was compos'd of Mattresses laid one upon another; the Curtains about it were of the finest *Chints*, and were also the Hangings of the Room. — There were Tables, Chairs, Glasses, and, in fine, every Thing perfectly commodious; but what pleas'd me most, was a great Iron Bar on the inside of the Door, which, as soon as they had left me, I did not fail to make use of.

Notwithstanding the vast Fatigues I had endur'd, the Anxiety of my Mind would not suffer me to fall into a Slumber 'till towards Morning; but when I

did, it was entirely undisturb'd with any Ideas of my past Misfortunes, or Warnings of those succeeding ones I was ordain'd to suffer. I awoke not 'till very late, on hearing a Knocking at my Door, accompanied with a female Voice, which cry'd out to me, Are you awake fair Stranger?—Tho' I knew not what she said, I suppos'd it time to rise, and that she was come to call me up:—I therefore got out of Bed, and, having thrown my Gown about me, opened the Door, which she immediately shut again, and presented me with a very rich *Indian Habit*, which she help'd me to put on, making Signs to me, that my own was dirty, and unfit for me to wear. I was no sooner dress'd, than another came in and brought Chocolate and a Sort of Cake; and all this was served me with a Respect, which would have been flattering enough to my youthful Vanity, had it not been check'd by my Apprehensions of the Motive which excited it.

After I had breakfasted, they shew'd me into the great Hall, where their Master (I need not say, your Father) waited my coming. He rose to receive me with the utmost Civility, — smiled, and, taking up one of my long Sleeves, seem'd to testify how well he thought my Dress became me. He then led me into the Garden, the Beauty of which, and the vast Variety, and to me new Flowers, very much charm'd me. He pluck'd some of the most curious, and plac'd them in my Hair, and on my Breast, but with the greatest Modesty and Respect I could desire; and, indeed, offered nothing all that Day, nor several others, which gave me the least Occasion to be alarm'd:—Yet from his Eyes, I thought, whenever he look'd earnestly upon me (as he sometimes could not restrain himself from doing) discover a lambent Inclination to become more free: I could also perceive his Hand tremble when on any Occasion he took hold of mine; and tho' People of his Colour never blush, I frequently saw his Complexion change suddenly into a paler Hue, and seem'd to denote he did himself some Violence in behaving to me with this Moderation.

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When he had pointed out to me every Thing that was worthy Observation, either in the Gardens, the banquetting Room at the upper End, the little Grotto's adorn'd with Shells, and the Rivulets which ran winding in a kind of Labyrinth, and meet in the Middle, where they form a kind of Canal, we return'd to the Hall, where, the Table being spread, we sat down to Dinner. His Treatment of me during the Repast was conformable to the rest. — All good Manners, mixt with an Air of Kindness. The Cloth was scarce taken away, when a Servant came hastily into the Room and said something to his Master, at which he seem'd extremely pleas'd: The Occasion of it was this.

Being possess'd of a Passion for me, which, unhappy as it has made me, I must do him the Justice to allow was no less sincere than violent, and troubled that he could neither communicate his Thoughts to me, nor be inform'd who I was, or by what strange Accident I came to be expos'd in the Manner his Servants had related, he had sent immediately to Town, offering a large Reward to any one who could speak the Languages of *Europe*, to come and serve as an Interpreter between us. The Person who went on this Commission was successful enough to find a Man, who spoke *Dutch*, *English*, and *French*; so that he said, which ever of these three Nations the Person happen'd to be, for whom he was to interpret, he could do Justice to their Sentiments.

This Man being presently brought into the Room, the *Banyan*, after some Discourse with him, bad him say me in all the Languages he was Master of, which he did by speaking to me, first in *Dutch*, then in *English*; but, finding I understood neither, at last he ask'd me in *French*, What Part of *Europe* I was born in? and on what Occasion I had come to *India*? Never were any Sounds more pleasing to my Ear than what this Fellow utter'd. — I was quite transported at having an Opportunity of relating who I was, because that I hop'd to obtain some Means of returning to *Europe*. I hesitated not a Moment to let him

know I was of that Country, in whose Language he last spoke to me, and then proceeded to give the whole Narrative of my Misfortunes, which, as soon as I had done, he repeated in the *Malayan* Tongue to the *Banyan*, who seem'd astonish'd at my Story, and bid his Interpreter assure me of his Readiness to serve me in every Thing in his Power. I then desir'd to know the Name of the Country I was in? and, being told it was *Bombay*, said, I intended to petition the *English* Factory for Means to carry me home: But this my Intention was no sooner mention'd to the *Banyan*, than he order'd the Man to acquaint me I was at a great Distance from the Colony; and that he, who often had Business with them, and could boast of some Interest, would undertake to solicit that Matter for me. — This Answer was not altogether so pleasing to me, I wish'd to be out of the Power of a Man whose Inclinations I dreaded; and to address the *English* in Person, who being *Christians*, tho' different in some Points from our Persuasion, I doubted not but would take Pity on my Distress. I made therefore some Excuses to evade giving him the Trouble, but they avail'd not: The *Banyan* answer'd, That, as it was his good Fortune to be the first that was serviceable to me in that Country, he was resolv'd to have the Honour of completing the good Offices he had begun. On this it came into my Head, to endeavour to make this Man my Friend, and prevail on him to carry a Letter or Message from me to the Governor of *Bombay*, who, I had heard the *English* Mate say, was a Person of great Worth and Honour; but then I was deterr'd by the Belief, that this Fellow was a Creature of the *Banyan's*, who might betray the Confidence I repos'd in him, and I should be as far off as ever from my Hopes, and perhaps be the worse treated: I therefore thought it best to trust Heaven for the Protection of my Virtue, and this *Indian* for the Management of my Affairs; so mention'd nothing but what was proper to be repeated to him. He, indeed, pretended an Impatience, equal to my own, for the Accomplishment of what I desir'd, and went to Town the next

Day

Day on purpose, as he said, to acquaint the *English* with my Adventures, leaving the Interpreter with me, that I might by him communicate my Commands to his Servants, who he had order'd to be very obsequious to me.

His Absence ridding me for a Time of the Disquiets I was under, I diverted myself with asking the Interpreter, who I found was a *Dutchman*, many Questions, as, How long since he had been in *France*? What had occasion'd his going there? How he came to, and in what Station he was at *Bombay*? On which, he told me, That, being a Mariner on board a *Dutch* Merchant, the Vessel was taken; and that it was during the Time he was a Prisoner he learn'd the Language: That afterwards, engaging in the *English* Service, he arriv'd at the Knowledge of their Tongue, and also the *Malayan*, by coming frequently into *India*, and being much among the Natives, with whom he now was settled, was marry'd to an *Indian* Woman, and had several Children.—I was amaz'd to think an *European* cou'd have any Thoughts of cohabiting with a Person of so different a Complexion, and a *Pagan*; but I soon found he was one of those who give themselves little Concern in Matters of Religion, so was glad I had not trusted him, as at first I had some Thoughts of doing. I then ask'd him the Name, and Rank, of the Person, under whose Protection I had fallen. On which he gave me the most high Encomiums of him, and added, That whoever he married wou'd be the happiest Woman in the World.

This I gave but very little Ear to, and, to amuse myself, made him teach me several Phrases in the *Malayan* Language, which I really found so easy, that, in about ten Days Time, I cou'd be able to ask for any Thing I wanted; and this little Study beguil'd many melancholy Hours, I shou'd otherwise have past. I now began to wish for the *Banyan's* Return, thinking, by the Answer he shou'd bring, I might be able to form some Judgment of what I was to expect; but we neither saw nor heard any Thing of him for a whole Month. At length he came and pretended (for, alas! I afterwards found all he said was but to delude me),

That he had tarry'd all that Time, waiting for the Governor's Recovery, who was ill of a Fever, and continued still in a Condition which wou'd not suffer him to see any Company. He told me, he had related my History to several of the *English* Merchants, but they seem'd extreemly cold and backward of doing any Thing for me, which, he suppos'd, was owing to the War between the two Nations; and that, as to my Father's Effects, whatever were on board that Ship were entirely lost, she being sunk with her whole Cargo.

This Intelligence drew a Flood of Tears from my Eyes, with which he seem'd extreemly mov'd, and told me, in the most tender Terms, as the Interpreter inform'd me, and which I now partly understood myself, That I had not any Cause for this immoderate Grief: That a little Time, he hop'd, wou'd bring the *English* into more Consideration of my Distress, and that while I remain'd in *Bombay*, tho' it were for ever, his House, and every Thing in it, shou'd be at my Devotion.—I thank'd him, as his Hospitality, had it been unmix'd with any other Views, wou'd have indeed deserv'd; but, whatever my Thoughts were on that Head, I conceal'd them with all the little Skill I was Mistress of, and seem'd uneasy only at the Trouble his Generosity and Good-nature occasion'd him on my Score. But this, he wou'd hear nothing of, and endeavour'd to abate my Melancholy by all the Ways he cou'd invent.—He made some of his People dance before me, others sung, and some play'd on Instruments. The Interpreter having told him what a Progress I had made in the Language of the Country, he seem'd in an Extasy, and cry'd out, Then I may hope every Thing in *India* is not disagreeable to the lovely *Henrietta*. As I perfectly understood these Words, I took upon me to answer, without the Help of an Interpreter, That as yet I had found nothing so, and hop'd to leave it with the same Opinion I at present had. He made no direct Reply, but told the *Dutchman*, That he was either an excellent Tutor, or his Pupil must have an uncommon Genius, to be able not only to understand but to pronounce, with so much Grace and Propriety,

priety, the Accents of a Language that, a Month ago, she had never heard.

After this, whenever Dinner or Supper was serv'd in, he made me tell him, out of which Dish I would be help'd, to drink to him, and, in fine, to call for every Thing I would have in *Malayan*. The Women too, who attended me in my Chamber, were highly delighted they could make themselves understood by me, and, when they dress'd or undress'd me, entertain'd me with some Discourse or other, and this, in a very small Time, made me so perfect in the Language, that I could hold any Conversation in it.

Some Days past on, in which I had every Thing done to divert my Thoughts, and nothing to assure me the Fears I had entertain'd had any real Foundation, 'till the *Banyan*, happening to be alone with me in the Garden, led me into one of those Grotto's, which, you know, in the hottest Season, are never without a certain Coolness extreamly refreshing. We sat down on one of the Benches, just opposite to the Entrance, which gave us a Prospect of the Sun playing on the Tops of Trees, and gilding all around, without our feeling any Thing of its parching Influence. Is not this pleasant, *Henrietta*? said he. Might not any one find in *India* sufficient for Content, without desiring to roam elsewhere? Doubtless, answer'd I, those, who have their Settlements here, have no Reason to murmur at their Lot; but those, whose Dependence lies in other Parts, can but half relish the Delights of this.—The Way to make you like it then, resum'd he, is to fix you here: But I fear, add'd he, not all the Pleasure of the Situation wou'd atone for the Complexion of the Inhabitants.—Our tawny Colour is irksome to your Eyes.—You cannot bear to look on what is so different from yourself.—I have been always taught, answer'd I, That true Beauty is seated in the Mind, and, that we ought to be attracted only by Virtue; and I have hitherto observ'd that Lesson, always to esteem People according to their Actions.—Have mine ever been offensive, say'd he, hastily? — Your's, Sir, said I very much

surpris'd! Can the Charity, Compassion, and Hospitality, to which I am so much oblig'd, be ever too much, or too gratefully, acknowledg'd? No, *Henrietta*, no, answer'd he with a Sigh, I have conferr'd no Obligations on you. — I could not act otherwise than I did; from the Instant I beheld your Charms, I became no longer the Master of myself, or any Thing I before was in Possession of. — You seiz'd on all at once, and left me nothing, but the Name of Slave. — Goddess of my Soul! pursu'd he, taking hold of my Hand, and putting it to his Mouth, I love you, — I adore you!

Never was Confusion greater than mine at that Instant; I blush'd, I trembled, but had not Power to speak. He trembled too, tho' from a different Cause, and, finding I was silent, had the Temerity to snatch some Kisses from my Lips and Breast. I struggled, but, finding my Resistance ineffectual, Why, Sir, cry'd I, will you destroy all the Merit of your Favours, by using me in this unworthy Manner? — I know what 'tis to suffer Hardships, and, be assur'd, I will hazard every Thing, rather than be subjected to Insults of this Nature. — These Words had all the Effect I spoke them for: He immediately drew back, only retaining that Hand he had taken at first, and, pressing it tenderly between both his, Why, charming *Henrietta*, will you put so cruel a Construction on the innocent Demonstrations I wou'd give you of the Ardency of my Passion? Heaven only knows the Tortures I have sustain'd, in forbearing to shock your Modesty with too sudden a Declaration, and sure it ought not so much to alarm you, when I protest, by all those Powers we worship, That I never had any other than virtuous Designs upon you, as are agreeable to Virtue, and Honour. — No, *Henrietta*, continued he; permit me to be your *Lover*, and, by the same Powers, I swear never to be your *Ravisher*.

Alas! Sir answer'd I, what is it you require of me? or, What can I infer from the Distinction you have made? — All I entreat, said he, is, that you will listen to my Suit, and permit me to endeavour by all

gments, to win you to a more favourable Opinion of my Passion, and Person.—— If, now and then, I feast my famish'd Wishes with a Touch of this dear Hand, or even steal a Kiss from those enchanting Lips, impute it not as the Fore-runner of greater Liberties, which I again bind myself by Oath never to take, without your free Consent.

Tho' I was somewhat more assur'd than I had been, by these Asseverations, yet I cou'd not think of licensing a Flame, I was determin'd never to return, without an extream Reluctance; and I remain'd irresolute in what Terms I should reply. 'Tis certain I wish'd myself out of his Power, tho' where I might be reduc'd to the Want of all those Things, I had now an Affluence of with him, rather than be condemn'd to Importunities so distant to my Inclinations; yet how to avoid them I could see no Way, without exposing my Virtue to the same Dangers I had so lately escap'd.

You hesitate even to allow me this, said he; but, my dearest *Henrietta*, when you reflect on the strange Ways by which you were brought to me, how, among all the numerous Partakers of your Voyage, you were alone preserv'd, what Dangers of every Kind you were expos'd to, what Miseries you endur'd, 'till, almost miraculously, conducted to my Roof, you must believe with me some supernatural Power interpos'd, snatch'd you from Ruin, and made it Fate you should be mine.—— Yes, pursu'd he, thou softest, loveliest, Creature, the Gods, whom I adore, sent thee to me, as the choicest Blessing, to reward my Piety and zealous Observance of their Laws.

Ah, Sir, cry'd I, mistake not the Will of Heaven, who sent me to you, only as an Object to exercise your Compassion and your Bounty on; to give you the highest, noblest, Pleasure, that of doing Good: Those Joys, which Love affords, seem too weak, in my Opinion, to come in Competition with the other; but, if there are any to be found in the Gratification of that Passion, you may partake them with some

Maid.

Maid, whose Religion and Customs are more agreeable to your own.

No, *Henrietta*, no, answer'd he; the united Charms of your whole Sex, in any other than yourself, wou'd give me short-liv'd Bliss.—'Tis you, and you alone, can make me truly happy; and, as for the Difference of Religion, I doubt not, but when you are well acquainted with our Way of Worship, you will allow our Gods more benevolent than you have found your own.

This Blasphemy struck me with a Horror which was very visible in my Countenance, and I instantly cry'd out, O! Sir, rather kill me, than compel me to hear ought irreverend of the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

I cou'd see a Smile, which had something in it of Contempt, upon his Countenance, at the Exclamation I made; but he was too artful to suffer it to continue, or add any Thing which might encrease my Disquiet on this Score: On the contrary, he told me, That he would never urge me to a Change of Faith; that I might enjoy my own Opinion undisturb'd; and pretended, That, provided People acted according to the Rules of Virtue and Reason, he did not think it any Matter of Moment to what Gods they pray'd. I say, but *pretended*; for in reality there never was a greater Bigot to the Idol-worship, nor a more prophane Contemner of the divine Mysteries of *Christianity*.—Grant Heaven! my dearest *Zoa*, that you may one Day be happily convinc'd, That *they*, and only *they*, are truly *divine*!

It was near Sun-set before I was suffer'd to leave the Grotto, nor then, 'till I had promis'd to listen calmly to his amorous Addresses. All Supper I was persecuted in the same Manner, and when I counterfeited a Drouziness, and desir'd to retire, Cruel *Henrietta*! cry'd he, I see the little Effect all my Tenderness has on you.—You hate me! my Presence is insupportable to you; and much I fear it never will be in my Power to render it less so: Yet, to prove the true Respect I bear you, will not detain you
here.

ere.—Perhaps, when left alone to meditate, you will think I deserve not to be treated with so much Abhorrence. He spoke this with an Air of so much real Grief, that I could not keep myself from being affected with it.—Ah, Sir, answer'd I, with some Commotion, I am far from feeling any Abhorrence of you; on the contrary, the Benefits, I have receiv'd from you, make me regard you as my only Friend, my Patron, my Protector, and even to love you with the Affection of a Sister.—What more can you expect from a distressed and helpless Virgin, whose Thoughts are all engross'd with her Misfortunes, and the Loss of her dear Parents, yet recent in her Mind?

Henrietta! Henrietta! cry'd he, with a Voice which express'd as much Satisfaction, as that he had last spoke in was the reverse, All thou hast lost, thou shalt find amply restor'd in me.—I will ever be to thee more than all the World.—But, added he, if it be true you love me, as a Sister should, confirm it, by permitting me such an Embrace as a Brother ought not to be refus'd.

I now repented what I had said, and shudder'd with apprehensions of the Consequence, while he held me folded in his Arms for several Minutes, as he afterwards confess'd, debating within himself, whether he should make use of that Opportunity, which to him seem'd so favourable, to compleat his Wishes: But the real Tenderness he had for me got the better of his wild Desires, and, thinking he had gain'd enough over me for that Time, he let me go, tho' with such Distraction in his Countenance, as made me sensible of the Risque I had run.

All this Night I pass'd in Anxieties not to be express'd.—I was as sensible as I ought to be, of being in the Power of a Man who had declar'd so violent an Affection for me, and could yet see no Way to get out of it.—All my Resource was to my Prayers, in which I continued 'till the Women came into my Chamber. I was no sooner dress'd, than they told me, That the *Dutchman*, being about to depart, desired to take Leave of me; on which I order'd he should

should be admitted. After expressing a great many good Wishes for me, he artfully introduc'd the little Likelihood there was, that the *English* would do any Thing for me; and told me, That he perceiv'd the *Banyan* lov'd me, and he believ'd would make me his Wife.—His Wife! interrupted I, how is it possible a *Christian* should become the Wife of a *Pagan*, the very Difference of their Ceremonies in Marriage forbidding such an Union?

All Marriages are alike in the Eye of Heaven, answer'd he, the Forms of them differ even in *Christian* Countries; therefore I think you are unjust to yourself, if you refuse so great a Fortune, as may be offer'd you in him, on so slight an Objection. Were it such, resum'd I, which yet I cannot allow, be assur'd I would suffer Death, rather than to take an *Indian* and an *Infidel* to my Arms. He would have added something to dissuade me from this Resolution; but I told him, I would hear nothing on that Head. On which he cry'd, That he wish'd I never might repent it; for, said he, you must consider, you are now Mistress of yourself while under his Roof. I know it, but too well, answer'd I, and burst into Tears. On which, he seeming very much mov'd, I once more thought I ought not to neglect this only Opportunity of trying my Fate; and, having discover'd in him a mercenary Nature, imagin'd that, if I could make it his Interest to be faithful to me, he would be so. I then laid open all my Soul to him, conceal'd not the Declaration made me by the *Banyan*; the *Aversion* I had to any Proposals of that Kind, and the Terror I was hourly in on his Account: And then ventur'd to let him know, That, if any Thing could be invented for my Escape, I would quit his House, and venture any Thing that might befall me. If therefore, continued I, you will be so good as to provide some Disguise for me, I will go away by Night, and travel to the *English* Factory; who, I am certain, cannot be so inhumane as to refuse me a Passage in one of their Ships to some *Christian* Country, whence I may easily go to *France*. To recompence what

Trouble

Trouble you may take on this Occasion, be assur'd, that, as soon as I arrive at the *Factory*, I will bestow upon you this Ring; it is a Diamond of Value, and all my Ill-fortune has left me. In speaking this I shew'd the Jewel, the Glitter of which seem'd to have all the Effect I wish'd it shou'd upon him; and, after a very little Hesitation, he assur'd me, That within three Days I should hear from him to my Satisfaction; but advis'd me in the mean Time to treat the *Banyan* in a Fashion that should give him room to hope I was less averse to his Desires, lest a contrary Behaviour should provoke him to have recourse to Force. I shook with Horror at the bare mention of such a Thing; and once more conjur'd him, with Tears in my Eyes, not to be unmindful of his Promise; which having assur'd me the Performance of, by repeated Oaths, he took his Leave; And I set about preparing myself to follow his Instructions, the best my natural Aversion to all Deceit would permit me.

In the first Place, thinking that, if I staid too long in my Chamber, the *Banyan* might suppose it was only to avoid him, I went down into the Hall, where I expected to find him, as was his Custom, waiting to receive me; but now I was there, as near as I can guess, too late; for he was gone: At last he enter'd, and had a Letter in his Hand.—My dear *Henrietta*, said he, how sorry am I to be the Bearer of News which I fear will give you Pain, but you must be told it. I have just now receiv'd a Letter from one of the *English* Merchants, who assures me, in the name of the whole *Factory*, That, there is at present so violent an Animosity between the two Nations, nothing can be done for one of your's, especially for a Person of the Family of one who was the intended Governor of *Iranadad*, and who, had he liv'd, had doubtless a Commission to give what Annoyance he could to their Trade; so that now, continued he, you have indeed no Dependence but on me. My Heart sank in me while he spoke, but soon recover'd itself, on the Belief that this was all an Artifice, as indeed it was, to induce me to the Necessity of complying with his Will.

Following

Following the *Dutchman's* Advice, I therefore only said, Then I find there are Barbarians among *Christians*.—Aye, return'd he, with some Vehemence, such as you will never find among the *Indians*: And then went on with a long Detail of the Cruelties, the Impositions, Knaveries, and fraudulent Dealings, of the *European Nations*. Tho' I was far from giving Credit to what he said on this Head, any more than what he had told me concerning myself; yet I contradicted nothing, and the whole Day so well supported an Affectation of good Humour, as, I imagin'd pass'd upon him for Reality.—Alas! while I thought I was deceiving him, how cruelly was I deceiv'd myself. I now seem'd to give a less reluctant Ear to the Professions he made me of his Love; suffer'd him to hold my Hand for Hours together, without offering to snatch it from him, and even to kiss me without struggling. He seem'd transported at my Condescension, and, pressing me to his Bosom, cry'd, O my *Henrietta*! shall I ever prevail on you to believe 'twill be your Happiness, as well as mine, to allow me greater Favours? This Action making me fear I had overacted my Part, I sprung from his Embrace:—Remember, Sir, said I, the Vow you have made, nor wound my Modesty with Freedoms, I should be unworthy your Affection to permit. I yet am young, and a Virgin, nor can at once resign my Heart: Grant me at least a little Time.—You shall have all you ask, reply'd he, but let that Time be limited. Say but you will be mine, and when, and I'll attend the blissful Hour with cold *European* Patience.—I cannot promise any Thing, said I; but, if you love me truly, you will try how far my Gratitude, and the Respect I have at present for you, will work by Degrees upon my Soul.—Well, I must be content, rejoin'd he, with what you are pleas'd to grant. After this I could perceive he was a little thoughtful, tho' he endeavour'd to conceal it, but behav'd to me with the same Tenderness as ever. This continued for two Days, and Part of the third from the *Dutchman's* Departure, during all which Time the Pain I was in, for fear he should not keep his Word, and the Force I did myself in suffering the *Banyan's* Importu-

nitics,

ies, render'd my Life very irksome. At last I flat-
ter'd myself with a Relief, at least from the disagreea-
ble Talk of Dissimulation. The *Dutchman* came under
the Pretence of searching for some Papers, which, if he
did not left behind, he said, were lost, and were of great
Consequence to him; but, in reality, to slip a Letter
into my hand, which having done, unperceiv'd by any
one, he went away again, and I took hold of the first
Moment I was left alone, to see what he had given me
to contain'd. These were the Words.

*If you persist in your Resolution of leaving the Banyan's
House, come into the Garden about Midnight, and, by the
Side of the Banquetting Room, you will find the Habit of
a Slave. I thought that the properest Disguise to conceal
it, but I would still advise you to give over the Thought
of it, for I am afraid you will meet a cold Reception
in the English: However, I fulfil my promise, and will
meet you on the Back of the Garden, in order to con-
firm you where you so much wish to be.*

After reading this Billet I found myself more easy
than one would believe it possible, for one in my Cir-
cumstances to be; but the Persecution I receiv'd by the
Banyan's Solicitations, and the Terrors I was perpetu-
ating in of being dishonour'd by him in the End, were so
strongly imprinted in my Mind, that I trembled at no
uncertainty, where a prospect of getting free appear'd.

The *Banyan* being that Evening extremely pressing
me to fix the Moment of his Happiness; To-mor-
row, answer'd I, you shall know my Resolution.—Your
Resolution I cry'd he, that may be to doom me to Des-
pair; but tell me, may I hope it will be in my Favour?
Yes, Sir, said I, if you continue to desire it.—That,
may be convinc'd, is past a Doubt, rejoind he;
to-morrow, you say: Swear then, by your God, you
will be mine to-morrow.—There is no answering for
that, said I (very cunningly as I then thought); but if
you, and see you to-morrow in the same Sentiments you
now profess, I will refuse you nothing.—But yet you
are not sworn, resum'd he; confirm the charming
Promise

Promise with a vow, that I may be ascertain'd of my Bliss, and pass this Night in Extasies of Imagination which can be exceeded by nothing but the Reality of the next.—Well then to satisfy you, said I, By the All-seeing Ruler of this wide Creation, I swear to keep inviolably the Promise I have made.

This, I thought, was very safe for me to do, being sure of not seeing him on the morrow; or at least, any unlucky, and unforeseen, Accident should bring him where I was, he would have other Sentiments of me when he found I had deceiv'd him, than those he entertain'd of me at present.—Unhappy Woman! little did I think what I had done, and of what dangerous Consequence it is to sport with Matters of a sacred Nature.—This is a guilt which still hangs heavy on my Soul, and doubtless what has rendered me unworthy heaven's Protection!

The *Banyan* appear'd transported, and kiss'd my Hand several times, but yet I thought with less Fervour then he was accusom'd to; he also talk'd but little, and when I made a Motion to retire to my Chamber, he oppos'd it not, and only said, embracing me the same Time, Take heed, my lovely *Henrietta*, perform your Vow. I only smil'd, and took my leave, as I imagined, for the last Time, imputing the Alteration, I could not but observe in his Behaviour, an Excess of joy, instead of the Reverse, which was reality the Case, and, with all the Artifice he was Master of, he was unable to dissemble..

I thought no more of it, however, but being gone to my Chamber, suffered the Women to prepare me my Bed as usual; but as soon as they were gone I put on my Cloaths again, waiting impatiently for the appointed Time, which I was oblig'd to stay somewhat beyond, imagining I heard some Noise in the House, as if all the Family were not in bed. At last, finding all hush'd and silent, I ventur'd down, and, having open'd the Door softly, pass'd into the Garden, trembling at every Step lest some Accident should retard my intended Flight. And then, said I to my self, what will become of me after the Vow I have made?—I met with nothing

however

however, to give me any alarm, and on my coming to the Banqueting Room, found the Habit as the *Dutchman's* Letter had inform'd me.—I presently exchange'd my Taffety-robe for the Habit of a Slave, and got over the little Fence that parts that Side of the Garden from the Meadow, where I found my expected Guide, and put myself under his Conduct. He told me I must arm myself with Patience, for we had many a weary Mile to travel, before we should come to any secure Place of rest; but I was so overjoy'd at my Deliverance, that I thought I could walk for ever. We rather ran indeed, in order, as he said, to gain a considerable Distance before I should be miss'd, and consequently pursued. We took our Way through a Wood, the gloomy Horror of which reminding me of what I had suffer'd in *Cayana*, gave me some little Shock, but, apprehending nothing of that Danger from the present Companion of my Pilgrimage, as he was a Man far advanc'd in Years, I soon recover'd myself from it.

We had not pursued our Journey above half a League, when all on a sudden we heard a great Noise, and presently found ourselves encompass'd by several Men, who, all at once, cry'd out, A Woman! A Woman! We will share her among us. They fell upon the *Dutchman*, and, as I thought, kill'd him: Then seiz'd on me, and made use of some Expressions, which, join'd to the Surprize and Fright I was in before, took away my Senses, and I fell down in a Swoon. Whether any attempts were made to bring me to myself, or not, or by what Means I was convey'd from that Place, I was not capable of knowing; but the first Objects that presented themselves to my returning Senses, were the two women who had been us'd to attend me, and who now seem'd busy in applying Things for my Recovery. My Brain was yet weak: I saw not presently where I was, and, tho' I perfectly knew them, the Idea of these sadful Men, in whose Power I had been but a Moment before, to my thinking, was so strong in my Head, that I talk'd of nothing but Rapes, and Murders, which, had they not been acquainted with the Meaning, would have made them imagine me in a Frenzy.

But

But this Delirium lasted but a short Space; Reason return'd, and shew'd me what a Wretch I was. I found that I was again in the Power of the *Banyan*, under his Roof, and on the same Bed as I had ever lain upon, since my being first presented to him; the Meaning of all this I could not yet fathom, or by what Means he could so suddenly have been apprised of my Flight. I ask'd the Women several Questions concerning this Adventure, but all the Satisfaction I could get from them was, that their Master would answer me. By this I guess'd it would not be long before I saw the *Banyan*, and the Shame of having deceived him, join'd to the Apprehensions I before had of him, was ready to throw me into a second Fainting. O! cry'd I, for what unknown Transgression am I thus severely persecuted? Why does every Attempt I make, for the Preservation of my threaten'd Virtue, involve it still in greater Dangers? The Tears I shed, the Exclamations I utter'd, and the bitter Anguish of Mind I now endeavour'd not to conceal, might have mov'd the most flinty Heart to Compassion; but Heaven seem'd to have abandon'd me, and he, who had now the Disposal of my Fate, had fix'd my Doom.

It was Day before he enter'd, and, tho' he had all the Marks of the most heavy Displeasure on his Brow, I could perceive a sullen Satisfaction through the Gloom. I was still on the Bed, and as soon as he appear'd, he pluck'd the Coverlet over my Face.—Well may you hide yourself, ungrateful and perfidious Maid, said he; not only false to me, but to your God, who testifies his Abhorrence of your Crimes, and, had he no greater Pity, would abandon you to all you seem most to dread.—But come, continued he, throwing off the Coverlet, let me see what Form that deceitful Face now wears, and whether it yet has Charms to disarm my Indignation.—I wish not that it should, cry'd I with as much Courage as I could muster up, and ask no Favour, but immediate Death. Since my hard Fate has again thrown me into your Power, kill me, and ease me of the Agonies I suffer, and yourself of the Disquiets you feel on my Account.—No, resum'd he, I have another, and

more pleasing Way of satiating my Revenge ; when that is compleated, you shall be free to dispose of yourself as you think fit. — Prepare, continued he, turning to the Women, who were still in the Room, this perverse Creature, in the best Manner you can, to give me an Hour's Diversion, then bring her to my Chamber. He went out with these Words, and the mortal Agonies then was in, would not permit me to call him back, or impede the dreadful Purport of them.

These Creatures then, who had no sense of Womanhood, or Notion, but of obeying their imperious Master, began to strip off the Habit I had on, and by force dress me in a rich *Indian* Gown ; I all the time weeping, tearing my Hair, and invoking Heaven to strike me dead that Moment. In the Horrors I then was, could I have come at any Instrument of Death, I doubtless had forgot the Principles of *Christianity*, and put an End to my unhappy Days : But the Despair I felt, making them apprehensive of the Consequences, Care was taken to prevent any such Effect, and I was conducted, or rather drag'd, to the Place where I expected to have, what was dearer far to me than Life, sacrific'd to brutal Lust and Cruelty. Whether the sight of my Distress mov'd him with some little Pity, I know not, but his Countenance seem'd to have lost great Part of its late Fierceness, and making a Sign to those that brought me, to leave us alone together, — Well, *Henrietta*, said he, is it thus that you endeavour to abate my just Resentment ? Is it by Tears and sullen Silence you think to win me to a Forgetfulness of what is past ? — I would now have spoke, but something rose in my Throat, and stop'd the Passage of my Words, and I could, for a considerable Time, answer only with Sobs, Groans, and all the Symptoms of an unutterable Grief. — Obstinate, foolish, Girl, cry'd he, I might rather have expected you would have essay'd to awaken in me that Tenderness, which so long pleaded in your favour. Where are now those Arts, the counterfeited softness, and Regard, you could yesterday so well put on, in order to deceive me ? This Reproach shew'd me the Power of Guilt over the conscious Heart ; as this was

was the only real Crime he had to accuse me of, it entirely destroy'd all that little Resolution I had summon'd to my Aid, and Shame enervated the Disdain and Rage I was possess'd of at the Beginning of his Discourse. — My Words contradicted my Actions, answer'd I, casting down my Eyes, it was cruel Necessity enforc'd me to it. Heaven knows I wish not to dissemble with you, and I now again, with the most perfect Sincerity, avow my Heart was never insensible of your Favours, tho' incapable of being touch'd with your Love. — O! thou fly Evader, resum'd he, could'st thou be grateful for the Effects, yet ungrateful to the Cause from whence they sprung? What Motive, but my Love, induc'd me to give thee my Protection? And what Return, but Love, had'st thou to make me? — I know not what it is to love, said I; but have been told it is not the Effect of Choice, but Chance; a secret Sympathy, which attaches us, in spite of ourselves, to the belov'd Object. — True, answer'd he, and you have found a Proof of it in me: I have lov'd you, *Henrietta*, lov'd you against my Will, but what I did by Compulsion, you should have endeavour'd to have done by Gratitude and Reason. That you have still too great an Ascendant over me, even my present Behaviour may make you see; but I will break the Enchantment which so much debases me, and think of you no otherwise than as a Woman, and as such compel you to assist my Pleasures.

In speaking this he took hold of me with a Violence which left me no ground for Hope I could escape. — I threw myself at his Feet, conjur'd him to have Pity on my Youth and Innocence; entreated his Forgiveness for the Deception I had put on him; or, if he would not grant it, to punish me by any other Way than that he threaten'd. But he seem'd deaf to all I said; at last, If not for mine, cry'd I, for your own Sake, refrain this horrid Violation: Remember you have sworn by all your Gods, never to have recourse to Force; O think on the Guilt of Perjury.

I was going on, but he interrupted me at that Word. O thou Hypocrite, said he, with what Front canst

you name Perjury, when thou thyself art doubly guilty of it? Didst thou not Vow, by thy own God, that, alive, and in my Power this Day, thou wouldst refuse me nothing? Why then this Resistance, unless to make me guilty too? — Hold, Sir, reply'd I, the Vow you upbraid me with I own, own too I made it to deceive you, and beg you to forgive the only Offence I ever willingly committed against you: But, Sir, be also pleas'd to remember it was conditional, and could not stand, without you retain'd the same Sentiments for me at the Time I made it: Which now, after this Detection of my Fraud, I am sure you do not, cannot.

Then you allow it binding if I did, rejoind he? — Most certainly, answer'd I, nor dare I have departed from it, however averse by Inclination to fulfil it. —

Then hear me, said he, by your own Words you are condemn'd: My Sentiments are the same of you at this moment, as when you made that Vow. To prove it, now I was acquainted with every Method you took in order to impose upon me: The Letter given you by the Dutchman was wrote by my Hand: The Disguise laid on you by myself; the Persons who surpris'd you in the Forest no other than my own Servants, in the Rear of whom I was in Person; nor quitted Sight of you till laid in the Bed, and Means were used for your Recovery. Thus, continued he, knowing your Fraud, as well before your Flight as after, I could not have other Sentiments of you then, than those I now retain.

I now became sadly convinc'd I was caught in my own Snare, and had not one Argument to offer in Opposition to his Reasons; all I cou'd do, to vent the Anarchy of my Mind, was, to exclaim against the treacherous Dutchman, who had seem'd to favour my Design, deceiv'd me by his pernicious Advice, and betray'd me in so cruel a Manner. The *Banyan* suffer'd me to evade my rage awhile, and then taking me in his arms, Come *Henrietta*, said he, must we both be perjured? You, in refusing what you have sworn to yield; and I, in using a Violence, it is neither in my Nature nor my Principles to be guilty of? Or will you unreluctant

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tant resign yourself to me, and save our Souls a Crime mine shudders at, tho' determin'd to commit?

What could I now say; How avoid what Fate seem'd to have ordain'd for me? Bound by an Oath, I durst not even refuse what I would rather have died a thousand Deaths than have granted: Yet willing the cruel Sacrifice should be perform'd with the greatest show of Decency I could; I have nothing, Sir, to urge, answer I, against the Justice of your Claim: I acknowledge myself yours by Compact, and dare not oppose you seizing the Forfeit. But, Sir, you then profess'd to love me honourably, express'd a Wish to pass your whole Life with me: If what you said was sincere, the Gratification of your Desires on my unhappy Person ought to be introduc'd with a certain Ceremony.—I understand you, cry'd he, and, to prove how little I deserve the Treatment you have given me, will still make you my Wife. O *Henrietta! Henrietta!* pursu'd he pressing my trembling, but now yielding, Lips, with thy Faults, thou art dear to my fond Heart.

Name what is past no more, said I. If you would establish in my Breast, that Tranquillity, which alone can make our future Happiness; and, in Return, I now swear with the utmost Sincerity, That, however averse my Soul has been to your Desires, I will hence-forward endeavour to regard you with an equal Degree of Tenderness; never be repugnant to your Will, disobedient to your Commands, nor refractory to your Embrace; but behave in all Things as a Wife would do, who became so by her own Choice and Inclination.

It is not possible for any Words to express the Extremity he was in at this Protestation; nor could he himself testify it, but by incoherent Phrases, and broken Sentences: Is it possible? cry'd he. May I believe thee? Then kiss'd, embrac'd, and held me to his Breast with Tenderness, which, as it had nothing in it offensive or Modesty, did really abate great Part of the Dislike my Colour had been us'd to give me.

Fain would he have had the Marriage solemnized that Day, but I prevail'd with him to delay it to the next, alledging, That my last Night's Fatigue, join

the Hurry of Spirits, the strange Alterations in my Fortune had occasioned, requir'd I should pass this alone. You need not apprehend, said I, any Attempt deceiving you a second Time, I too much repent the first; and those Hours I am absent from you shall employ'd, in studying Ways to atone for that transgression.

This obliging Behaviour won him to grant my Request, and all the Remainder of that Day was past in demonstrations of the extreamest Love on his Part, and Gratitude on mine. And, tho' 'tis certain I could not bring myself all at once to be perfectly contented with my Fate, yet I was much more resign'd to it, than some Days before I could have imagin'd: The terrors of it by degrees diminish'd, and the Tenderness, the Consideration he still had of me, in spite of what I had done to disoblige him, made me think, that, I could not love, I ought not to hate, him. How ridiculous is it, said I to myself, to confine our Liking to what is merely owing to the Difference of Climates! Had I been born in *India*, I should have been of the same Colour with this *Banyan*: And what, except a tan, is wanting, to render his Person as agreeable as any *European* I have ever seen? While I was thus ruminating, I look'd earnestly upon him, and, my Sentiments being at that Moment very much in his Favour, they doubtless gave an unusual Softness to my Eyes. He instantly perceiv'd it, and, tho' we were then at supper, started from his Seat, and, throwing his Head on my Breast, cry'd, O my *Henrietta*! may I believe those Looks of yours have any Correspondence with your Heart?—Believe every Thing, said I, blush, that may add to your Contentment on my Score. I promis'd to endeavour to love you, a few Hours hence it will be my Duty to do so; and I hope, when that sacred Ceremony is past, I shall fulfil it. I no sooner spoke these Words, than a sudden thought came into my Head, which gave me some quiet; and the Moment I had disengag'd myself from his Arms, I communicated it to him. Sir, said he, in what Manner is our Marriage to be perform'd?

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For if it is not according to the Rights of the *Christian* Church, I never shall be able to believe myself legally your Wife. — You would not be esteem'd for in this Country, answer'd he, if not united to me in the Forms appointed by the *Indian* Worship; nor could I at my Death, in Case it happens before yours, leave you as I would wish to do. Besides, added he, if you consider that I am a *Banyan*, and a Man bound to uphold the Religion I profess, you will allow I could not marry otherwise.

I know very well that what he said was reasonable; yet the Thoughts of pledging my Vows in the Paganism of an Idol was so terrible a Shock to me, that I could not get over the Melancholy it occasioned: In vain I endeavour'd to render me more chearful, I carried the most gloomy Meditations to my Chamber, and pass'd a great Part of the Night in Tears. — Doubts of forfeiting my eternal Salvation struck me with Horror; but then again I consider'd, that if Heaven resolv'd to look on what I was about to do with an unforgiving Eye, it would not have oppos'd all the Measures I had taken to avoid the Crime. This Suggestion gave some Ease to my despairing Mind, and that I might be really a Wife, which I could not be brought to believe the *Indian* Ceremony would make me, I resolv'd to repeat internally, while the other was performing, the Oath of the *Christian* Church.

Early in the Morning the two Women who constantly attended me came in, with several others, and equipped me indeed in a very sumptuous Manner for my Nuptials, and then conducted me to the *Banyan*, who was found also very richly dress'd. I told him in his Ear the Expedient I had form'd to satisfy my Scruples: which he smil'd, and answer'd, That he was glad I had found any Thing to make me more satisfy'd with my Lot. A numerous Train of *Banyans* and others whom he had invited to be Witnesses of our Marriage immediately enter'd, and we went in Procession to the Place appointed for the Ceremony.

But O my dear Zoa, if you carefully examine the Papers annex'd to this little History, in which I have

et down the Forms prescrib'd by the *Christian* Nations, for our Marriages, for our Initiating of Infants into the Church, for our Visitation of the Sick, our preparations for Eternity, and at our Interments, I matter myself you will find so wide a Difference between those solemn and truly pious Rites, and the wild Ceremonies of the *Pagan* Worship, that you will learn to love and venerate the one, and despise and hate the other.

Here ended the Calamities of my *Virgin* State; but alas! only to begin again in that of a *Wife*: For tho' ever Woman, possess'd of an unworthy Passion, ever lov'd more than I did to cherish a lawful one for my husband, who was now my Husband; yet could I not bring myself to feel any of those Ardours, which, they say, ought to accompany the Union between Man and Woman. As I thought it my Duty to be fond, I return'd Endearments in the best Manner I could, yet were they so infinitely short of those I receiv'd, that a less penetrating Eye than his might easily perceive the Difference: He complain'd of it at first in the most tender Terms, omitted nothing that might excite in me a great Warmth of Affection; yet all in vain, my Soul remain'd insensible of those furious Emotions of Delight, with which he met me after a very little Absence, and I was indeed amaz'd at them in him. 'Tis certain, and he lov'd me with less Excess, we had been more happy: Possession was so far from making any Abatement in the Wildness of his Passion, that every Day I saw the Effects of its Increase. He would hang whole Hours together on my Neck; gaze on my Face with such Earnestness, as tho' each Look was to be his; ask, If I lov'd him? yet prevent the Answer he desir'd by stifling me with Kisses. As I had then a sweet Voice, and some Judgment in Musick, he often made me sing, but I no sooner had begun, than some fond notion of Dotage oblig'd me to break off. In fine, tho' his Testimonies he gave me of his Passion wou'd, to any person who lov'd to the same Degree, have been transporting, yet they seem'd to me Folly and Madness, and were so far from heightening my Esteem, that

I was oblig'd to make use of all my Efforts to conceal the Dissatisfaction they occasion'd me.

As he was never easy out of my Sight, I took Notice to him one Day, That his Staying so much in the Country was a Prejudice to his Affairs; and ask'd When he thought of going to Town? On which he told me, He had order'd every Thing for our Departure in three or four Days: For, said he, I intend you shall go with me; I could transact no Business, my Head would be incapable of any Thing at such a Distance from my *Henrietta*. It was necessary for me to feign myself highly contented with the Journey, though in reality I should much rather have chose to indulge my Meditations in that agreeable Solitude.

On our Arrival we receiv'd the Visits of several *Indian* Families, who congratulated my Husband on his Choice, and made many flattering Compliments on my Beauty: But he always seem'd averse to my going much abroad; and, as I was not at all desirous of any Conversation with the *Indians*, I readily enough comply'd with his Inclinations in that Point. I soon after became pregnant, and the *Banyan* having discovered it, insisted on my accompanying him to the Temple, to invoke the Blessing of the Idol worship'd there for a happy Birth. It was, he told me, a Custom that was not to be dispens'd with, but especially in the Wife of a *Banyan*; and that, if I refus'd to go, he should incur the Censure of all his Country as a Favourer of *Christianity*. On this I did not make many Scruples, but resolv'd to make my Heart the Temple of my Devotions, and direct my Prayers to that God, who knows the most secret Recesses of it.

I was conducted to the *Pagod* in a close Sedan, attended by the greatest Part of our Domesticks: The *Banyan*, with several of his Friends, met me at the Entrance, and led me to the Pillar on which the Idol plac'd; where, having finish'd my Orisons, the ridiculous Ceremonies that ensued fill'd me at once with Wonder and Detestation. All being over, the *Banyan* was led me to my Sedan, when four or five *English* Gentlemen

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excited I suppose by Curiosity to see the *Indian* Wor-
 ship, were coming in. They seem'd to know my
 husband, and saluted him in the most courteous Man-
 ner, but had their Eyes immediately fix'd on me with
 Tokens of Admiration; which giving him some A-
 larm, he scarce return'd the Civilities they paid him, and
 made what Haste he could to thrust me into the Sedan.
 The Habit of these Persons assuring me they were
Europeans, I doubted not but they were of the *English*
 Factory: And the *Banyan*, on my asking him, told
 me that they were. On which I said, That, if he ap-
 prov'd it, I should be glad to be made acquainted with
 their Ladies, as I suppos'd some of them, who were
 settled there, had Wives and Families. He answer'd
 me, That on many Accounts it would be improper; but
 chiefly, that to converse with *Christians* would make
 suppos'd that I still retain'd the same Principles, and,
 as it was absolutely necessary for his Interest, to take
 off any such Suspicion, he desir'd I would not think
 of it. Besides, added he with a Smile, to see these
 white People often will renew in you all that Aversion
 you once had for my Colour, and which I have too
 much Reason to fear is not yet altogether dissipated.
 These Words I thought discovered something of a
 jealous Nature in him, and, as I knew it was the In-
 terest of my Peace, as well as my Duty, to give him
 no Cause of Offence that Way, I assur'd him with the
 most passionate Tendernefs I was capable of assuming,
 That I had no Wish equal to that of pleasing him, and
 would be glad it were in my Power to prove my Affec-
 tion for him, by much greater Sacrifices than the
 Trifle I had mention'd. Ah *Henrietta*! cry'd he,
 how happy should I be to believe this obliging Protestation:
 But alas, there is a Test I long have wish'd to
 put you to, which I much doubt your Love for me
 would not be able to get over. It is, my Dear,
 continued he, that you would be prevail'd upon to
 throw off the Prejudice of Education, renounce the
 polish'd Principles your Youth imbib'd, and become in
 Verity as true a *Pagan*, as the Necessity of our Affairs
 has oblig'd you to pretend.—Then, then, added he,
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embracing me, shou'd we be one Soul indeed: Then I shall believe you truly love me, which till then I never can. - O say not so, I conjure you, answer'd I for tho' I never can exchange my Faith, or bow my Body in reality to Gods of Wood or Stone; yet I would die to prove you are, next Heaven, dearest to my Soul. The Earnestness with which I spoke these Words, giving him an Opinion they were sincere, as indeed they were, for tho' I lov'd him not with Passion, yet I lov'd none but him, made him the less displeas'd at the Contempt I testify'd of his Religion, and he forbore to urge me any farther at that Time, or indeed at any other, till after I had brought you into the World.

But, O my Zoa, what Horrors did my poor Heart feel, when, regarding you with all a Mother's Tenderness, I reflected, that you must be train'd up in Infidelity, taught to despise the Faith of your Ancestors, and abjure the Power that gave you Being! few Opportunities I had for Prayers, but those I had were all employ'd, that Heaven, who had by such strange Accidents brought me among *Pagans*, might by Ways and unforeseen Conduct you among *Christians*. Every Time I consider'd you had not receiv'd Baptism my Soul shook within me; and one Day, when I was alone, I got a Basin of Water, and repeating as much as I could remember of the sacred Ceremony of Consecration, I dip't your little Head into it, gave you the Sign of *Christianity*, and beseech'd Him, in whose Name I did it, to accept you as an Offering from my Hands, since I was deny'd the Assistance of a Person whose Office it properly was. I was in the midst of this Act of Devotion when the *Banyan* came and surpriz'd me. He had, it seems, been present at this Ceremony, and therefore was not ignorant what I was about, as the Rage which sparkled in his Eyes too well convinc'd me. Vain, foolish Woman! cry'd he, how durst thou practise these Follies on a Child of mine? But dearly shalt thou pay for this Abuse of my Indulgence. - Here, continu'd he, calling in some Women who were waiting in the next Room, take

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his Babe, and let her be convey'd, where the first Words she is Taught to speak, shall be to Curse the Christians. I was at first so seiz'd with Terror, that I could not open my Lips, but at these Words I fell on my Knees, and, in the best Terms I could, beg'd him to moderate his Indignation; but all I said was ineffectual, he tore you screaming, as if sensible of your Misfortune, from my struggling Arms, and made you be carry'd from my Sight; on which, forgetting all that before I had thought the Duty of a Wife, and regardless of what he might do to me, I burst into the most violent Exclamations against his Cruelty, against his Gods, and deplor'd my own Fate for subjecting me to the Power of such a Barbarian; nay, I think, I even call'd him Monster; and, what stung him yet more, said he was in Malice, as in Colour, of a piece with Hell. This last Reflection on his Person, which he had always suspected was disagreeable to me, put him past all patience, that, without thinking what he did, he drew his Dagger, and, as I thought, was going to put an end to my wretched Life, but he only gave me a Blow on my Head with the Flat of it, which however struck me to the Ground, and for a Time took away both my Speech and Senses. How he behav'd after he saw me fall I know not, nor did I ever give myself the Trouble of enquiring, so entirely had this last Action destroy'd all that Tenderness I had for so many Months been labouring to establish: All my Care was for my little Zoa, and, as soon as I came to myself, I ask'd where you were sent? My Women then told me, that you yet were in the House, but how you were to be dispos'd of they knew not, and advis'd me to submit myself to the *Banyan*, who they doubted would be prevail'd upon to suffer you to continue with me, especially as I gave you suck, and it might be prejudicial to you, if remov'd to any other Breast. As I knew his Fondness of you I was of their Opinion; but it was not presently I could think of ever speaking more with any Show of Tenderness, to a Man who had treated me as a Slave. At length, however, my Love and Care of you got the better of my Resentment,

ment, and I consented they should bear a Message from me, in what Terms they thought would have most effect upon him, to prevent his sending you out of the House. They went and soon after return'd with you in their Arms, but told me, that if I hop'd to retain any Part of their Master's Affection, or keep you always with me, I must humble myself to him in Person. As my wretched Lot had subjected me to his Authority, it had indeed been the most prudent Step I could have taken; but the Pride of Blood, now adding my Disdain at his unworthy Usage, made the Thoughts of ever seeing him more insupportable to me. 'Tis sure that nothing, but the Danger of being separated from you, could ever have made me bend to a Man in all Things, but his Power, so much my inferior, and whom I now had not the least Remains of Consideration for.

Several Days did I support this Resolution, in every one of which the Women remonstrated to me, that my Obstinacy so incens'd the *Banyan*, that it infallibly would occasion the Loss of my Child. This terrify'd me for a Moment, but then my Vanity suggested, that those Charms, which once had so great an Influence over him, would still get the better of his Haughtiness, and the Impossibility of living without me force him to be the first that should desire a Reconciliation, and then I might make my own Conditions. But these Expectations deceiv'd me; he came not, nor sent, till with the cruel Order of depriving me of you. I now tore my Hair and Garments, and at last bid the Messenger entreat of him to permit me to come into his Chamber; and if he then insisted on my delivering the Infant I would do it. I was told that it was not without a great deal of Difficulty he was won to grant my Request; and I believe, by the Manner in which he receiv'd me, I was inform'd no more than the Truth. All that Softness, that Regard, with which he was wont to look upon me, and on which I had so much depended, seem'd vanish'd as if it had never been; and casting his Eyes towards me, with the Air of an imperious Master, rather than a tender Husband, Wo-

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man, what is it you would have? said he; briefly relate the Subject of your Petition.—I come, Sir, answer'd I, trembling between the Constraint I put upon myself, and the Fears of not succeeding, to deliver up this Infant to you, and withal to conjure you to command my Death at the same Time; for, after the Loss of your Affection and the Presence of my dear Child, I cannot wish to live.

Death may indeed be preferable, answer'd he fiercely, to living with me; but since that Discovery of your Sentiment, I have been kind enough to keep out of your Sight; this *Barbarian!* this *Monster!* who, in *Malice, as in Colour, is of a Piece with Hell*; and who, 'tis plain, you always had an equal Abhorrence of in your Heart, tho' you disssembled otherwise in your Actions.

'Tis Actions speak the Heart, said I sobbing, and ought to be regarded, when a few rash Words enforc'd by an Extremity of Passion are forgot: Mine were no more, and if you lov'd you would forgive.—Had they been such, interrupted he, you would long 'ere this have repented of them, and implor'd that Pardon, which you even now hardly vouchsafe to ask.—Will then, cry'd I, falling at his Feet, this humble Posture move you to believe? On my Knees I humbly beg all Animosities between us may be no more remember'd, and that you will not part me from my Child.

He seem'd a little touch'd with these Words, and the Tears that accompany'd them, and either thro' his Consideration of you, or some Remains of Tenderness for me, vouchsaf'd, tho' in the most haughty Terms, a Grant of my Request, on this Condition, that I would bind myself by a most solemn Oath, never, as you grew up, to attempt inspiring you with any Notions of the *Christian* Faith. I was oblig'd to yield to this Injunction, hard as it was, and you know, my Zoa, how religiously I have observ'd it; but with my Life all Obligations cease; and I hope what I bequeath, as the only and best Legacy I could give you at my Death, will have some Influence over you.

It is now, at the Time of my writing this, twelve Years since the Quarrel I have been relating happen'd, yet has there never been a perfect Reconciliation between us. Convinc'd by what I had said, that all the Tenderness he had for me had never made a real Impression on my Heart, his Pride would not permit him to shew any Marks of its Continuance. I, on the other Side, not able to forgive the contemptuous Blow I had receiv'd, us'd no Efforts to make him think I had a more favourable Opinion of him. Jealousy of his Honour, or perhaps a Pleasure he takes in denying me all that would give me any Satisfaction, makes him keep me in a continual Imprisonment. — A Stranger in a Place where I have liv'd so many Years; I breathe not the fresh Air beyond the Precincts of our own Grounds; know not the Face of any Creature but our own Domesticks; partake of no Diversion; enjoy no Conversation but my own melancholy Thoughts; and sometimes, what is yet less agreeable, the Company of a Man, who from the utmost Excess, and even troublesome degree of Dotage, now behaves with the most stabbing Indifference; sits by me either in a sullen Silence, or entertains me with malicious Jest on the Alteration of my Person. All this I bear with a seeming Patience, as the Ills I suffer are without a Remedy; but a secret Grief preys on my Vitals: Wither'd in my Bloom, mop'd, spiritless, I pass my Days in a waiting Anguish, which Life cannot long sustain.

The dreadful Solitude I long have liv'd in has given me Opportunity to write you this Account of myself, and the Papers you will find enclos'd: All I have to ask of Heaven is, That they may have due Weight with you to make you become a *Christian* in your Heart; as to an exterior Show of it, at least while the *Banyan* lives, I can neither expect nor desire. Remember that, tho' he has been my *Tyrant*, yet he is your *Father*; and you must not only obey, but also oblige him in all Things wherein your Conscience is not concern'd; but above all Things, if it be possible, my dear *Zoa*, avoid marrying a *Pagan*; for that would

be

be binding yourself for ever to Idolatry, and perhaps make you the Mother of a Race of Misbelievers; a Crime which would render you no less cruel to them, than I should be to you, if I forbore giving you those Instructions at my Death, which I was bound by Oath never to reveal in Life.

Farewel, my dear, dear Child! As before you read this I shall be releas'd from this Vale of Misery, be assur'd I am continually making Intercession to the Throne of Mercy, both for your mortal and immortal Happiness.

I MUST add, as a Supplement to this History, said Zoa, as soon as her Husband had done reading, that, when my poor Mother found her Hour of Dissolution was at Hand, she call'd me to her Bedside, and, after giving me her Blessing, put into my Hands a little Casket, in which she always kept some rich Jewels and other Trinkets, presented her by my Father in his Days of Fondness. My dear Child, said she, this is all I have to give you, but you will find in it something well worthy of preserving. I charge you, however, not to open it till after my Decease, and be careful that none look into it but yourself; for, if they do, you will be deprived of the most valuable Treasure in it, and all my Endeavours for your Happiness render'd frustrate.

She died the Moment after she had given me this Command, and I was in too much Grief to think of the Casket; at last, remembering the Emphasis with which she laid an Injunction on me concerning it, took an Opportunity when I was alone of opening it, and found this Narrative of her Misfortunes, and all the Articles of the Christian Faith, with a Transcript of the most material Institutions of it.

I now discover'd the Reason that my Father had frequently ask'd me, if ever my Mother had talk'd to me concerning any of the foolish Customs, as he call'd them,

them, of her Country? and could not avoid pitying that poor Lady, who must doubtless have been under a very great Restraint in the Forbearance. I us'd frequently to read over what she had wrote, and found so wide a Difference between the Principles of her Religion, and that I had been brought up in, that I desir'd nothing more than to be able to put them in Practice. The Person, Character, and Circumstances, of *Rhodomond* favouring this Inclination in me, made me resolve to act in the Manner the generous *Acasto* has related to you; and tho' I have been guilty of Disobedience to my Father, I flatter myself the Motive will absolve me.

Alario, *Ethelinda*, *Bellimante*, and the whole Company renew'd their Caresses of the charming *Zoa*, on hearing she was sprung from so illustrious a Descent, and after the Compliments on this Occasion were a little over, As much as I commiserate the Misfortunes of *Madam de Bellgrave*, said *Lucillius* looking full on *Emilia*, I have reap'd no inconsiderable Satisfaction by the Repetition, which is, that a certain fair Lady has not a Heart altogether so insensible of the Woes of Love, as she would have it thought, at least if Tears are any Indication of an innate Tenderness. That young Beauty blush'd excessively at being thus publicly particulariz'd, by a Nobleman whom the World gave her as an Admirer; but *Bellimante* perceiving her Disorder, came to her Relief; How ready are you Men, cry'd she briskly, to interpret every Thing to your own Advantage? the uncommon Afflictions of so admirable a Lady cannot fail of exciting the utmost Compassion: But good, my Lord, remember we wept, that her hard Fate condemn'd her to a Man, who, notwithstanding he is the Father of the amiable *Zoa*, it must be confess'd was every Way unworthy of her; and that the Story has nothing in that can give Occasion to your Sex to exult, since she suffer'd not because she lov'd, but because she did not love.

For my Part, said *Alario*, I think the *Banyan* deserves his Share of Pity too: She, who was the be

Judge

judge of it, has herself confess'd that his Passion was no less sincere than violent; and indeed all his Actions before, and for some Time after, Marriage, leave no Room to doubt it: How great therefore must be his Agonies, his Disappointment, when convinc'd that all he was able to do, had made no Impression on her Heart, that she was his but by Compulsion, and that the Love he had for her, and the Proofs he gave her of it, serv'd only to render her more unhappy. This indeed must be allow'd, that *Madam de Bellgrave*, from her first Knowledge of his Intentions, testify'd the Aversion she had for being united to him, and yielded to Marriage, only to prevent him from gratifying his Desires in a less honourable Way; and had he then quitted her, then left her the Liberty of disposing herself as she thought fit, his Character would have been truly amiable; we should then have admir'd and prais'd him for so generous an Act; whereas now we can only compassionate the Force of an ungovern'd Flame, which retorted on himself all the Unhappiness he gave.

It is the most mistaken Notion that can be, rejoin'd *Ethelinda*, to imagine that a fix'd Dislike can ever be converted into Love: Many a Woman, who has been compell'd to marry against her Inclination, has been able, through the Strength of her Virtue, to fulfil all the Obligations of her Place; but I dare answer there never was one, who had it in her Power to love, merely because it was her Duty: She may strive, like the beautiful Mother of *Zoa*, but all her Endeavours will be vain; and, if the Lover makes use either of the Power her Friends have over her, or that which some Accident has given to himself, to lay her under a Necessity of marrying him after her declar'd Aversion, it shews a Selfishness in him, and a Want of Delicacy, which must add to the Dislike she before had of him.

It must however be acknowledg'd the greatest Act of Self-denial, and indeed the utmost Perfection of human Reason, said *Philetus*, to conquer the wild Emotions

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Emotions which proceed from Love, when the Opportunity of gratifying them is fully in our Power: Few are there who, having subdu'd all other Obstacles, can subdue themselves. I have an Acquaintance, who, setting aside the Impetuosity of his Passions, is a Man of strict Honour and perfect Good-nature; yet was he lately hurried to attempt what I am certain he would severely have repented of, if accomplish'd. It was my Good fortune, or rather his, to give a seasonable Interruption; which, tho' he seem'd highly to resent in the Moment of Disappointment, he return'd me Thanks for it the next Day; and, to shew he was perfectly at Ease in his Mind on that Account, made me the Compliment in Verse, which, as I have it about me, I will communicate to the Company. In speaking this, he took a Paper out of his Pocket, and entertain'd us with the following little Piece.

TO PHILETES.

I.

*Since humblest Thanks to those are due
Who from high Dangers snatch their falling Friends,
And Honour does so loudly ask
The pleasing equitable Task,
To you my Muse in grateful Numbers bends;
I was the falling Wretch, my great Deliverer You.*

II.

*Youth's Fires, and Love's more furious Heat,
With fatal speed urg'd my deluded Mind;
Thoughtless alas! I hurry'd on,
Basely t'undoe and be undone;
To Virtue, Honour, and to Reason, blind;
These, these, too feeble are, where Love and Madness meet.*

III.

*But you my better Fortune rais'd,
To oppose my Fury and to check my Flame;*

Your

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*Your Prudence stop't my headlong Course,
And sav'd me with a friendly Force;
That Force, which then I thought deserv'd my Blame,
Now on my Lyre shall sound, and ever shall be prais'd.*

Philetus, in taking these Verses out of his Pocket, drop'd another Piece of Paper, which *Dorintus* pick'd up unseen by him, and, as soon as he had done reading, presented to him. What is that? cry'd *Belmonte*: Methinks it has somewhat the Air of a love-letter.

Indeed, Madam, answer'd he, looking on it, the appearance might give Room for such a Suspicion; the Paper is guilt, and the Folds have as many Turnings as a Labyrinth; but, if you will promise not to be offended at the Contents, I will make no Secret of them.

I will take all the Blame upon myself, said *Alario*, you will trust it in my Hands; on which *Philetus* giving him the Paper with a Smile, his Grace open'd and immediately began to read.

VULCAN and VENUS,

A FABLE,

IN HUDIBRASTICK Verse.

*SING, Heav'n-born Muse, the ill-match'd Pair,
Rough Vulcan and the Cyprian Fair,
Bright Queen of Love: And boldly tell,
The dire Adventure that befel
The Goddess, caught in Net of Wire,
Lying with Mars her am'rous Fire.*

*Vulcan was Son of mighty Jove,
The angeliest of the Crowds above;*

A limping,

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*A limping, squint-ey'd, Deity,
Whom his own Dad ne'er lov'd to see.
Thus form'd be sure he was not fit,
In Council grave, with Gods to sit;
Much less with his good Mother Juno,
And all the Tribe which I and you know,
To tippie Coffee, or sip Tea,
Or drink more modish Ratis'a;
But seem'd design'd, by cruel Nature,
To work and toil like mortal Creature:
And so he did, as Poets tell us,
Like earthly Smith at Forge and Bellows,
Making the Armour Gods put on,
When they in human Battle shone.*

*Venus, as antient Bards have sung,
From Foam of swelling Surges sprung;
Her killing Eyes, and tempting Air,
Were such as rais'd the Sea-born Fair;
Goddess of soft Desire to reign,
To give and ease the Lover's Pain.
No sooner she in Heav'n appear'd,
Than ev'ry marry'd Goddess fear'd,
Their Husbands after her would roam,
And seldom sup, or lie at Home:
But Juno most of all did hate her,
Cast many an envious Ogle at her;
Rememb'ring that her Husband, Jove,
Was eager of unlawful Love;
Would oft defraud her of her Right,
And with vile Harlots pass the Night.
So for her Ease she thought it best,
To tie this new-come Beauty fast,
To some ill-natur'd surly He,
Who, under trusty Lock and Key,
Might keep her honest Night and Day.
How this was done, what Means were us'd,
To get her unto Vulcan noos'd,
Here to relate would be too long,
Would tire my Muse, and swell my Song;*

it suffice, that she was wedded
 Mulciber, and with him bedded:
 Bed then view the happy Pair,
 and guess the Pleasures which the Fair,
 such a rude Embrace, enjoy'd,
 and blame her not, if she employ'd
 her Art, lost Transports to recover,
 With some more soft engaging Lover.
 Then Juno found the Lady marry'd,
 and Home unto her Husband carry'd,
 her Heart exulted in her Breast,
 now, now, she cry'd, I shall have rest!
 Her Son I know is cross and jealous,
 He'll never suffer roaring Fellows
 to kiss his Wife, nor let her strolc,
 as heretofore, from Pole to Pole;
 and we, once poor abandon'd Wives,
 shall lead more comfortable Lives.

Vulcan, as she could wish, was rough,
 to his new Bride severe enough:
 He told her, as his Wife,
 she must renounce her former Life;
 Dancing and Visits now must cease,
 and to a Matron's Care give place;
 But, spite of all her Husband's Strictness,
 she still found Time for am'rous Business:
 For neither God nor Man can be
 a Match for Female Policy.

There dwelt in Heav'n a swagg'ring Blade,
 whose Wars both mild, and furious, made,
 brisk, bold, well-shap'd, and complaisant;
 a mighty Swordsman, and Gallant;
 could please the Belles with tender Tattle,
 and in their Service venture Battle:
 yet, Carthaginian Hero like,
 could rather Sleep in Down than Dyke.

This Spark came oft to Vulcan's House,
 to entertain his pretty Spouse;

But

But other Bus'ness was pretended,
 His Hilt or Armour must be mended,
 Or some such Matter still was near,
 When Vulcan came and found him there.
 When e'er the black, cornuted, God
 About his Bus'ness went abroad,
 Venus, who lov'd good Company,
 His wish'd-for Absence to supply,
 Would send Mars Word (for that's his Name),
 That if his Godship that Way came,
 She had an Hour or two to spare,
 And should be glad to see him there.
 The gallant God who never fail'd,
 Where Love and a kind Female call'd,
 Strait flew, and both were greatly blest,
 For stolen Joys they say are best.

But Phoebus, whose all-searching Rays
 Secrets of Gods and Men do trace,
 Had often view'd the guilty Pair,
 And, as he Kindness old did bear
 To Honest Mulciber, he thought
 That, as a faithful Friend, he ought
 His Wife's Intriguing to discover,
 And disappoint the wanton Lover.

One Night, when Vulcan's Work was done,
 And Sol his daily Stage had run,
 To raise their Spirits, o'er a Pot
 Of Nectar were their Godships got;
 When Sol began, You little think,
 Dear Friend, quoth he, while here we drink,
 What Trade your trusty Wife is driving,
 What branching Honours she's contriving
 To grace your Head: Oft have I seen
 Your pretty Spouse, your Beauty's Queen,
 With forward Ardour yield her Charms,
 Your Due alone, to other Arms.—
 And now you look as you would know
 What Wight it is that wrongs you so:

His Bully Mars, that pow'rful Stallion,
 That rattling, base, debauch'd, Rascallion:
 Even now, by Jove, while here we prattle,
 Venus and he are close in Battle.
 Vulcan heard out this dismal Tale,
 Then bluss'd, and then again turn'd pale;
 And Sol good Night, as being willing,
 Lose no Time, but catch them billing.
 The most expedient he judg'd;
 To Shop with angry Pace he trudg'd:
 And being, when with Nectar mellow,
 Quitty and facetious Fellow;
 To work he went, with Wire so fine,
 That mortal Eyes, and Eyes divine,
 Might escape; he made a Net,
 Large, strong, and for his Purpose fit:
 Then to the Place, where Phœbus said,
 He ran and caught them both in Bed;
 By the well-knit Fetters threw,
 Which all their Strength could not subdue.
 O my Girl! how dear her Pleasure cost her)
 They must they lie in shameful Posture;
 All Vulcan all the Tribe call'd in
 To view them lock'd in Bonds unseen.
 Some of the Gods, tickled to see
 Him kick and struggle to get free,
 Smack their immortal Sides with Laughter,
 While others amorous Chops did water;
 Not none imagin'd till he told them,
 That mighty Charm so fast did hold them.

But see how small th' Effect of Shame,
 When wanton Thoughts the Blood inflame,
 Would wish'd with all their Hearts to be,
 Mars's Place, tho' fast as be.

Well, said Ethelinda, when Alario had ended, this
 Is not an Amusement I expected from Philetès, and
 Now not how you will atone, Bellimante, for the
 Whiles your Curiosity has cost poor Emilia and Mi-
 chela. O Madam, cry'd the former of these Ladies,
 I can

I can easily forgive it; for, setting aside the Choice he has made of the Fable, I find nothing in it for which the Author should be condemn'd.

The Poem was intended only for the Perusal of a few Friends, said *Philetas*, and I dare answer, if the Gentleman who wrote it, knew in what Company it has been read, he would be more ashamed than any Thing contain'd in it could with Reason make the most bashful of your Sex.

Alario then said some very fine Things, to distinguish the false Modesty from the true, which would no doubt have given rise to a very agreeable Conversation; but the Variety of Entertainments this Day had produc'd, had taken up too much Time for any one to expatiate on that Head, without Danger of encroaching too far on *Ethelinda's* Hours; and for that Reason, altho' with Unwillingness enough, we retired, and left that excellent Lady to partake with her truly noble Consort, that Happiness which Privacy affords.

T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

DAY the FOURTH.

NEVER had I found *Ethelinda's* Apartment full of Company as on this Day: There were not only most of those I had seen before, but also for a Number of others, that, as large as her *Drawing Room* is, they made a Kind of Crowd. I had not be-

here three Minutes, before I perceiv'd there were many of them whose Visits that Lady could very well have dispens'd with, tho' her excellent Good-breeding, and Sweetness of Disposition, made her treat them with the same Pontenefs, tho' less Familiarity, as she did those whose Society was more agreeable to her. In a Multiplicity of Company there cannot fail of being a great deal said; but then it is generally on trivial Matters, and, tho' however agreeable they may be in first speaking, would not sound well in the Repetition. Those who are capable of Conversation, being generally too polite to aim at engrossing it, give those who are the least so, the full Liberty of talking on those Subjects which are most pleasing to themselves; and People who have small Judgment, and great Vivacity, either are apt to imagine the Topick they are full of is equally entertaining to the Hearers, or are too careless to consult whether it is so, or not. This happen'd to be the Case: *Philetus*, *Dorintbus*, *Acasto*, and *Aristo*, were entirely silent. *Bellimante*, *Emilia*, and *Miranda* spoke but little, and *Ethelinda* no more than bare Civility requir'd; while half a Dozen Fops, and near twice the Number of fine Ladies, display'd their Volubility on as many Subjects. All Speakers at the same Time, and with an equal Vehemence; it was hardly possible to distinguish either one Voice, or one Matter, from another; yet every one seem'd pleas'd, and testify'd it in a Concert of loud Laughter, 'till it was on a sudden interrupted, as was their Plurality of Discourses, by an Accident which appear'd to take up all their Attention. One of the Ladies cry'd out, O my Head! — My Heart! — I am going! — Then roll'd her Eyes wildly round the Room, wreath'd her Neck, and distorted a Face, which Nature had made extreamly lovely, into such Looks of Anguish, that one could never have imagin'd, without being assur'd it was so, that she shou'd do it through Choice; at last she fell into a Swoon, as I then believ'd, and was expressing some Part of my Concern for her Disorder, in common with the rest, when a Lady, who

who stood near me, whisper'd to me, That it was an Affectation, and, that she never appear'd in any publick Assembly, without pretending to fall into the Fits. — She fancies, added my fair Informer, that it gives her an Air of Delicacy, and, having little, very little indeed, either in her Person or Conversation, capable of attracting the Regard of the Company, hopes to find that compassionate Notice for her Distemper, which neither her indifferent Circumstances in the World, nor the Misfortune she has lately met with, of being forsaken by the Knight, has the Power to excite even from her best Friends. These last Words were accompany'd with so malicious a Look, and Accent, that, however blameable I thought the other Lady, I could not judge with less Severity on this. I made but little Answer, being unwilling either to affront the Lady, or to say any Thing which might look like an Encouragement of a Temper so pernicious to Society; and, as I was not desirous of hearing any further Particulars of the same Nature, retir'd to a distant Window, and fell into a deep Musing. Heavens! said I to myself, how is it possible that Persons, who are admitted to behold the Behaviour of *Ethelinda*, can indulge themselves in such contemptible Follies? Would they be all as zealous in correcting the little Vanities of their own Humours, as they are in exposing those of their Acquaintance, how truly valuable might they make themselves? What I had just observ'd of these two Ladies reminding me of a thousand whimsical Passages of the same Kind, which I had remark'd among some of those I had convers'd with, I became so lost in Thought, that, for a good While, I was altogether ignorant of what was said or done in the Room, and might possibly have continued much longer in that Reverie than I did, if the excellent *Ethelinda* had not vouchsaf'd to call to me, desiring me to join the Company, and at the same Time *Aristo* pluck'd me by the Sleeve, and reminded me that the little Impertinencies, which it was impossible for a Lady of her Rank not to be troubled with sometimes, ought not to make me forget what was due to the other Part of the Assembly. I could no less than apologize, in the best Manner

Manner I could, for the Absence of Mind I had been guilty of, which having done, I resum'd my Seat, and was, with no small Satisfaction, that the counterfeited Impostor, and the Lady who had betray'd her to me, were both gone, and, as I was afterwards inform'd, went in the same Chariot together, with all the Appearance of the greatest Friendship on both Sides. Several others also, who could justly be call'd no other than Disturbers of Conversation, had taken their Leave; and what seem'd now to ingross the Attention of all present, was a young Lady in a new Suit of Cloaths. Every Body in the Room were ask'd, How they lik'd her Fancy in the Choice of the Brocade? The Manner of its being made? The Air of the Sleeve? And I believe it took up little less than an Hour to answer to all the Interrogatories she made on each particular Part of. From that, she fell into a most learn'd Dissertation on Dress in general, condemning one of her Acquaintance for wearing Red, another for being seen in Blue, a third for affecting Yellow.——One had her Petticoats too scanty, another was as Extravagant in the Length of them:——Some had them too long,——Others too short.——Lady *Sophia* discover'd an unbecoming Assurance, in exposing her bare Neck, because it was the only handsome Thing about her.——Lady *True*, to conceal the Deformity of her's, sweated under the Weight of a *Capuchin* in *July*.——In fine, she took abundance of Pains to prove, That no Body had any Understanding in the Elegancy of Dress but herself; and whoever had an Inclination to be perfect in that Art, might have listen'd to her with Pleasure. But, thank Heaven, at last she ended, having said every Thing she could think of on the Subject, and shew'd herself sufficiently, as she thought, to be talk'd of with admiration after her Departure, she took wing, to carry her Instructions to some other Place, and none now remain'd but Persons of real Taste, or who had Discretion enough to enable them to conceal that Deficiency, and render their Discourse agreeable on such Subjects as would not betray a Defect in Judgment. And indeed every Person, who knows how to hold his Tongue in Matters,

ters, which to talk much on would be to his Disadvantage; cannot, I think, be properly said to want Judgment; and I know not if to avoid (in a manner which may not seem as if we did so) all Speech of what we know is above our Capacity to talk judiciously upon, be not as great an Argument of good Sense, as to be able to declaim with the utmost Oratory. As the *Rhymer* is not always the best *Poet*; so he that talks most fluently does not always think most justly. It has ever been allow'd, That to know one's self is the most useful Part of Knowledge, and if so, these prudent *Chusers* of Conversation merit more Applause than the World is sensible of; and, tho' they desire not to receive, or are paid any, find their own Account in the Praise of this silent Virtue. But, to return:

Well, said *Philetas*, we are now as it were all of a Family again; we have indeed fewer Stars than we had just now, yet methinks our Hemisphere shines not the less bright.—That is, because too many obstruct each other's Influence, reply'd *Lucillius*; it makes however a Confusion of Light, which is not disagreeable to the Eye: Therefore, I think the Comparison would be more just to say, The Musick of our Sphere has been for a good while interrupted, and *Dissonance* usurp'd its Place. — Not at all, cry'd *Bellimante*, for to make your's good, we must all hold our Tongue at least if it be true, as the Philosophers tell us, That the Musick of the Spheres consists in a profound Silence — That is a Truth which I believe no Body disputes. Madam, said *Aristo*; but then we must lose the Faculty of Speech ourselves, before we can be able to taste it: When we become all Soul, and every Sense absorb'd in Contemplation, Stillness will be Harmonious more ravishing than *Handel's* Notes are to his fair Admirers.—This, however, is a Pleasure which none of us seem very hasty to enjoy; and while we care for this Flesh and Blood about us, and have Vessels susceptible of Sound, we can have no other Notion of the Musick of the Spheres, than what Voices, such as yours, convey to us; and I think therefore *Lucillius* perfectly right in the Metaphor he made choice of.

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Not to take from the Gallantry of this Compliment, said *Ethelinda*, I think there is somewhat which, more than the most transporting Sounds, enables us to conceive that pure Delight we hope hereafter to enjoy in the Musick of the Spheres, and that is, when our Memory internally repeats the admirable Things we either may have heard or read; for, tho' we are originally indebted to ourselves for it, it then becomes merely intellectual, and is excited by no Object from without.

A Mind elevated like yours, Madam, reply'd *Dorinthus*, is doubtless capable of furnishing Ideas for itself, which may very much anticipate the Blessings of Futurity. The Soul, being in its own Nature altogether divine, retains or loses its Power, in proportion as it is more or less clogg'd with sensual Objects; and where no Anger, Fear, Despair, Ambition, or any of the turbulent Passions are admitted, it will have room to exert itself in the most rapturous Contemplations.

Nothing, said *Acasto*, can be more just than this Observation; and I must beg Leave to add, that it is my Opinion, That even those unhappy Persons, who, either by being embark'd in a Life of continual Cares, or afflicted with bodily Distempers, are render'd incapable of any sublime Reflections, have, in the Moment of their Release, a clear and distinct Prospect of what they vainly sought the Knowledge of before; as one of our best Poets very elegantly expresses it,

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.*

If it be so, cry'd *Bellimante*, I am afraid some People, that I could name, will see a good deal more than they desire.

True, my Dear, rejoin'd *Ethelinda*; What Discoveries must that Person make, who, for the Sake of some temporary Satisfaction, gives up or betrays the Liberty of his Country, and entails all the Miseries of Slavery on unnumber'd Generations? How must he tremble, when he beholds Millions on Millions of pre-existing Souls, all doom'd to groan in Flesh beneath a Yoke his Crimes impose on them? — His own Posterity,

rity, strip of the short-liv'd Honours he so dearly purchas'd, the Scorn of future Times, and all upbraiding him as the Author of their coming Woes; he surely then must feel, tho' perhaps not 'till then, some Part of those Agonies which our excellent *Milton* so well describes in the Character of the first Man, mourning the Miseries of his wretched Race, as foreshewn him by the Arch-angel, *Michael*.

*O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born
My Part of Evil only, each Day's Lot
Enough to bear; those now that were dispens'd,
Burthen of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my Foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me e're their Being,
With Thought that they must be. O Voice once heard
Delightfully, — Encrease and multiply,
Now Death to bear! for what can I encrease
Or multiply, but Curses on my Head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill-fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank ADAM; but his Thanks
Shall be the Execration: So besides
Mine own that hide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce Reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural Center light,
Heavy, tho' in their Place. —*

Of all the Kinds of Treason, said *Philetas*, that of our Country is undoubtedly the worst, and I am of Opinion, that Ambition, in the worst of Princes, never did half the Mischief to Mankind, as the Avarice of private Men.

True reply'd *Acasto*, because no Prince can carry on any Designs against the Interest of his People, without the Assistance of some among themselves. I can easily forgive the Desire of becoming absolute in a Monarch. The Love of Power is but too predominant in us all, and a Throne is plac'd so high, that He who sits upon

may easily become giddy: The Guards, the Parade, all the Farce of Royalty, intoxicates the Brain, and, being told he is a *God* by his Flatterers, he imagines he is so, and becomes impatient of Controul; whereas if, like *Philip of Macedon*, he was often reminded, That he is but a *Man*, I am apt to think he would neither be vain, nor so impetuous. All those Nations, whom we see groaning under the Weight of Tyranny, were free, nor could have been made otherwise, had they had Traitors among themselves, who, to attain some favourite Point, sacrific'd the Liberties they were intrusted with, which is sure a Crime of the most enormous the Humanity can be guilty of, or Heaven forgive.

Yet, horrible as it is in any Shape, rejoin'd *Philetas*, is yet greatly heighten'd, when he, who happens to be the Betrayer of his Country, is one who, by a long series of Hypocrisies, had endear'd himself to their Affections, lull'd them, by specious Pretences, into a fatal dependence on him, gain'd their intire Confidence, and made himself be look'd upon as the Bulwark of their freedom, whilst he was forging the Fetters of Slavery, and contriving Means to render it everlasting, by becoming constitutional.

And need such a Man, cry'd *Emilia*, attend the Hour of Death to feel those Terrors *Ethelinda* has describ'd? Will he suffer nothing during life from his Remorse, or from the Fears of the Resentment of an injur'd People basely deceiv'd, and impos'd upon, by his vile Arts? A Man, before he can be capable of such an Action, sever'd *Dorinthus*, must, as the Scripture has it, have pierc'd his Conscience with a hot Iron; have banish'd all sentiments from his Heart; become entirely dead to all sense of Honour, Compassion, or even common Humanity, and center his whole Views in Self-gratification. He might, indeed, have every Thing to dread from the Rage of those he has so cruelly deluded; but, to prevent the Effects, he will doubtless take care to render himself enervate, before he ventures to pluck off the Mask. Cannot, however, with *Acasto*, make any Excuse for a Prince who suffers himself to be misled by the Insinuations of such a one, against the Interest of his People:

In hereditary Governments it would be unnatural for him not to love, with a fatherly Affection, the Nation he is born to govern; and in elective ones Ingratitude to omit any thing in his Power, to compleat the Happiness of those who put the Crown upon his Head. Prince chosen by the People, and supported by the People, is in effect no more than the Servant of the People, and tho' they give him the Power of conferring Dignities, making Peace and War, and a thousand other Privileges, yet ought he to consider all this merely as a Compliment, and never exert it in Contradiction to the Will of those whose *Salary* he receives: He shou'd look on all Attempts to inspire him with Notions of becoming absolute, as so many Snares for his Virtue, and give up the Authors of them to such Punishment, as they would have injur'd shall think proper to decree.

Dorintbus speaks, said *Ethelinda* with the most graceful Smile, as in the Supposition, that Wisdom was always the Attendant on a Crown; whereas, on the contrary we have often found it inspires only vain Glory, Insolence of Nature, a Forgetfulness of themselves, and those to whom they owe the Obligation. A Prince who has strong Passions and a weak Judgment (as one is the sure Token of the other), will always be a Dupe of those who want only the Sanction of his Name to become the Tyrants of the People.—Such a one therefore, is rather to be pity'd than hated; and though it must be own'd, he is altogether unfit to be trusted with any Power, and unworthy of the Dignity he enjoys, yet the national Resentment ought to fall chiefly on the faithful Fomenters of his unwarrantable Aims, who encourage in him a Disposition to oppress, then put into his Hands the Means of accomplishing it, and have, for the most part, the greatest Share of that Plunder acquir'd by his Authority. Kings, in all limited Governments, are but a kind of Holiday-show, and may justly enough compar'd to the Pageants we formerly had on a Lord Mayor's Day, adorn'd and dress'd up merely to attract the Eye, and manifest the Riches of the Company that set them up; and of as little real Use.

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Were they equally innocent too, Madam, briskly replied *Lucilius*, it would be well for the Nations sub-
jected to their Sway : For, as one of our apostate *Patri-*
archs said not so long ago as to be forgotten, *The best that*
can be expected from a King is, That he shall do no Hurt.
For the Misfortune is, they are no sooner mounted, than
they ride *Jehu* like, o'erleap the Bounds of Limitation,
and trample down all that stands between them and
their belov'd Goal of arbitrary and despotick Power.

As I said before, answer'd *Acasto*, the Love of Power
is common to us all ; none but ungenerous Minds in-
clined will make an ill Use of it : But the Propensity is
in Nature, and to be corrected by nothing but Religion,
and good Sense. To prove it, let us descend from Prin-
ces even to the lowest of their Subjects, and I believe we
shall find among private Families the same Tyranny ex-
hibited in petty Matters, which from a Throne is so just-
ly complain'd of as a publick Oppression.

I have often observ'd this among People in low Life,
and *Miranda*, but I always thought a polite Education
was a greater Softness to Behaviour.

Neither that, reply'd *Philetas*, nor even, what one
could imagine more prevalent, a real Affection, is a
sufficient Check, where Pride and Ill-nature are predo-
minant. I sometimes visit a Family, where the Mas-
ter of it is a Person of Condition, married to a Lady
of Birth and Fortune superior to his own, and who has
a Share of Wit, Beauty, and Sweetness of Disposition,
that might make any Man think himself happy in pos-
sessing her ; nor is he at all dissatisfy'd with his Lot,
inconsiderable of her Merits, tho' he testifies not that Re-
spect for them as he ought. She may be said to be the
Sovereign of his Heart, yet is she the Slave of his Hu-
mours : By the most unaccountable Caprice he treats the
Object of his Affections with all the Marks of Hatred.
Contradicts every Thing she says, finds Fault with e-
ven those of her Actions which in reality please him
most. — When silent, accuses her of Sullenness, yet, if she
speaks, pretends to take Offence at every Word : When
laughing, he wonders at her Levity : When pensive, she must
be thinking on something she would conceal : Each alike

furnish out a Matter of Dispute, which tho', on her Part is always conducted with the greatest Softness, and Good-breeding, is, on his, return'd with Expressions such as would ill become me to repeat, and what, without hearing, one would think impossible should proceed from the Mouth of a Gentleman.

Nay, to such a Degree does his Tyranny extend, that he not only treats her in this Manner before all Company but takes a Pride in showing them how absolutely he has enslav'd her very Mind; for the Moment after having said and done Things, which one wou'd think impossible to be forgiven, he will, all at once, assume an Air of Good-humour, at which she instantly puts on a Smile, seems transported to make Peace with him, and owes herself to have been alone to blame for the Occasion of this Quarrel: He gives her a gracious Nod, in Token of Forgiveness, and bids her offend no more in the like Manner. Tho' I dare take upon me to aver none, who have been present at these ridiculous contests, had ever Penetration enough to find out in what she had offended, nor, had he been ask'd, could he have assign'd the least Cause given him for this pretended Resentment.

How I pity this poor Lady, whose Life must be on a continued Scene of Dissimulation, said *Beilmanter*: for 'tis impossible she can have either Love or Esteem for a Man who acts in such a Manner.

I am very certain, resum'd *Pdiletes*, she had an Infinity of both on their first Marriage, but am apt to believe his Ill-humour has since render'd her more indifferent; because, as she does not want Spirit, did she retain her former Sentiments for him, she would either be provok'd by his Usage, to testify some Indignation, or, in endeavouring to suppress it, fall into a Melancholy, neither of which does any of her Words or Actions denote; and she appears to me merely to comply with his Passions for her own Ease, and to think no more of them after they are past. As I know he loves her more than perhaps he is sensible of himself, I am inclin'd to think how miserable he will be, should he ever discover he has lost, by his mistaken Behaviour, a Heart which he now flatters himself with having so much Dominion over

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over, and that it is not to any implicit Obedience, or fond Affection, he is indebted for the Patience with which she supports his Ill-humour.

He cannot suffer too much, cry'd *Emilia* hastily, and if I knew who the lordly Creature was, I would this Instant write to him, and undeceive his Vanity.

The Company laugh'd heartily at the Warmth with which this Lady express'd herself; but all agreed, that a Man of such a Disposition merited the severest Mortification. — After some general Reflections on the Difference of Tempers, It is strange to consider, said *Dorinda*, the Pains some People take to render themselves unhappy: I know an Incident which, tho' the reverse of what *Phileas* has related, proceeded not from a less Extravagance of Humour, and brought on a Catastrophe equally, if not more melancholy, than what he seems to apprehend for his Friend. As there is something very particular in the Story, I believe it may not be disagreeable in the Repetition.

Every Body having assur'd him they should listen with Pleasure, he resum'd his Discourse in these or the like Words:

ARABELLA, said he, was one of the most lovely Women I have ever seen; nor did her Wit, and Good-humour render her *Conversation* less pleasing to the Ear, than the Charms of her *Person* were to the Eye. — She was born in *London*, always liv'd in it, except at those Seasons of the Year which make it yield to *Bath* and *Tunbridge* for Variety of Pleasures; and as she was of a Rank to be visited by the politest of both Sexes, she behav'd herself, amidst the Temptations of a Court, and the Flatteries of her Admirers, in a Manner which oblig'd every Body to look on her as the most accomplish'd Pattern of Modesty, and Regularity: Cheerfulness, and unaffected Gaiety seem'd to go hand in hand with Prudence, and made her Company equally coveted by Age and Youth. I was for some time a pretty near Witness of her Conduct, and indeed it would have puzzled the most enviously curious Eye to have discover'd the least Defect, either in her innate Principles, or outward

Deportment.—Among the Number of those, who address'd her for Marriage, was *Bellair*, a Gentleman who, it must be confess'd, was every Way deserving her; but so perhaps were some others, who were less fortunate: She became, however, possess'd of such a Passion for him, as I know not if any History affords us an Example of.—Not all her Moderation was of any Use to her on this Occasion.—The mischievous little Deity brought at once all his Attendants with him; Hope, Fear, Distrust, restless Wishes, disorder'd Joy, and causeless Grief, ravag'd without controul in her defenceless Breast. She grew immediately another Creature, and as before her Conversation was affable, sweet, and entertaining, it now became dull, reserv'd, and sometimes peevish.—The Truth is, she was never easy out of his Company, and, when she saw not him, car'd not to see any Body.

A Disagreement happening between their Parents, on account of a Jointure to be made her, the Marriage seem'd to be broke off.—*Bellair* was oblig'd to desist visiting her, and she gave herself up wholly to Despair: All her Prudence, her Modesty, the Care of Reputation, was intirely swallow'd up in more prevailing Grief. She loudly declar'd she could not live without him; but, all she either said or did having no Effect on the old People, 'tis impossible for Words to express the Calamity of her Condition.—I have seen her in Agonies which one would think were impossible for Life to sustain; but, not to prolong the Narrative beyond what Necessity requires, after three Years Separation, the Father of *Bellair*, prevail'd upon by the incessant Importunities of an only and belov'd Son, consented to do what was insisted on by the Parents of *Arabella*.—Writings were immediately drawn, and the so much wish'd for Nuptials celebrated in a Manner besitting their Quality, and mutual Affection. I had not the Satisfaction of being present, happening to be at my Country-seat; but, coming to Town in a few Days, I waited on her to congratulate the happy Event.—But how was I amaz'd, when, instead of the Gaiety of a Bride adorn'd with Blushes, and beautify'd with

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with Smiles, I found her rather an Object of Condolence: A gloomy Melancholy hung upon her Brow! Her lovely Eyes were swell'd with new-fallen Tears! Her Voice falter'd when she spoke, and sometimes was wholly stopp'd by Sighs, which she in vain endeavour'd to restrain. I could not presently find Words to express the Concern it gave me to see her thus, nor the secret Rage I conceiv'd against the Falsehood and Ingratitude of a Husband whom she had so tenderly lov'd, and suffer'd so much for: For who could impute that Deluge of Sorrow, in which she seem'd so overwhelm'd, to any other Source than his ill Treatment? But, when I had got so far the better of my Surprize, as to be able to talk with her, and take notice of her Answers, I fell into a much greater one, at the unhappy Whim she had entertain'd, than I had been before at the Sight of her Disorders. She told me she was now in Possession of every Thing her Soul could wish:—That she look'd on herself as on the Summit of all human Felicity:—That Fortune had bestow'd on her a Happiness so immense, such a Profusion of accumulated Blessings in the Society of her dear *Bellair*, that she was certain they could not be of long Continuance; and then, said she, bursting into a Torrent of Tears, How can I support so terrible a Reverse? It was in vain for me to represent the little Probability there was of any such Change coming to pass:—That, as they were young, Fate seem'd to promise them a long Succession of happy Years together; and that *Bellair* had a sufficient Portion both of Love and Honour, to render the last Moment no less agreeable than the first. She own'd the Justice of my Reasons, but could not conquer this unaccountable Chimera, which every Day gain'd Ground in her distemper'd Imagination, 'till at last, by fancying herself too happy, she became compleatly miserable, and render'd her Husband and every Body about her so too, by the continual Grievs they saw her in.—She would lie awake whole Nights, counting over in her Mind how many Accidents, which, however unlikely, were within the Compass of Possibility to happen, to lessen *Bellair's* Affection for

her, which always concluded in an assur'd Belief, that it would be so in Time, one Way or other. It is indeed reasonable enough to suppose, that this Behaviour in her might have done, what I believe no earthly Thing besides could have the Power to have done, brought on the Neglect and Indifference she so much dreaded; For who can bear continual Teazing? This Mortification was however not decreed for her. His Passion for her was not the least abated by the Discontent she gave him, he did all he could to bring her in to a better Temper of Mind; but his Endearments serv'd only to encrease her Malady, and the more he endeavour'd to give her Comfort, the less she was capable of receiving it.—Thus did she languish for many Months in an incessant Waste of Spirits, and dy'd, without the least visible Sign of any bodily Indisposition, leaving her Husband less inconsolable for her Loss, than he would doubtless have been, if occasion'd by any other Motive than what it was.

Tho' this was certainly a Distemper of the Mind, rather to be pity'd than condemn'd, said *Ethelinda*, yet I do not see how it was possible for any of her Friends to regret her being deliver'd out of it, by the only Means which seem'd effectual for that Purpose; but I am of Opinion, that whatever Moderation this Lady testify'd in the Beginning of her Life, there were some Seeds of Impatience and Discontent lurking in the Soul, which waited only the Calls of Passion to show themselves to as high a Degree, as human Nature is capable of. The Vehemence of her Love for *Bella*, that Despair, and the little Regard she took to conceal either the one or the other, and the strange Caprice which, after she had nothing left to wish, she gave way to, and indulg'd; all these, I say, seem'd to denote a weak Mind, and an unhappy Disposition. I know indeed, pursu'd this admirable Lady, that there are a great Many of both Sexes, who, by the Formation of imaginary Ills, disquiet themselves to a very great Degree; and it is certain, that most People are wretched more by the Fears of what they may endure than any Thing the present can inflict; but this is a

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Temper which no Person of real Wisdom will indulge, because, in the first Place, such a Habit of Mind is the direct opposite of *Religion*, which enjoins not only an entire Resignation to the divine Power in every Thing, but an implicit Dependence on Him also, for all we desire or think a Blessing. And, secondly, it is a manifest Contradiction to Good-sense; for who, with the right Use of that, would lose the Enjoyment of a *real Comfort*, to lament a *Misfortune* only in *Supposition*, which, ten to one, never comes to pass, or we live to see if it does? — I grant one sometimes meets with Trials in this World, which justly may be call'd fiery ones; but then one should consider that Fortitude is the most needful, as well as most heroick, Virtue a Mortal can possibly attain, and the greater our Misfortunes are, the greater Opportunity we have by nobly bearing them, to make the Courage and Eminency of our Souls conspicuous. I am intimately acquainted with a Lady, who, in the little Struggle the unfortunate King *James* made for the Preservation of his Crown, lost a Father, to whom she was extremely dear, and a Husband, whom she marry'd meerly for Inclination, both at the same Time; yet bore so terrible a Misfortune with that Patience which testify'd she hop'd to meet them in a better World. One Son was the only Fruits of her Marriage; and the ill Fate of his Father and Grand-father made her resolve to breed him in a different Sphere from that of War; yet did the ill Genius of their Family prevail above her Care to save him. Happening to pass thro' *Preston*, in the Year *Fifteen*, he was accus'd of an Intention to join the Malecontents, and, as such, try'd and condemn'd. — She was then out of *England*, and heard the dreadful News, that he had suffer'd with others the Death of a Traitor, and that those Limbs, which she with so much Tendernefs had cherish'd, were mangled, and expos'd to the View of every gazing Spectator on the City-gates. — She heard it, I say, without the least Murmur against that Providence which had depriv'd her of her last remaining Comfort, the only Support

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and Joy of her declining Age; and, tho' never More than more truly lov'd, more truly griev'd, committed not the least Extravagance, but behav'd, even in the first Shock, with such a Presence of Mind, and Calmness of Deportment, as made some who knew not, nor were capable of judging, the Greatness of her Soul, imagine her insensible, and without natural Affection; but afforded Matter of the highest Admiration to those who had been Witnesses of that uncommon Tenderness she had always shewn in her Care of him. For my Part, I never reflect on the Behaviour of this Lady, and of some others who have maintain'd an equal Fortitude under very great Calamities, but it confirms me in the Opinion I always had, That those wild Exclamations, we sometimes hear, are only so many Proofs of the Violence of their Tempers who utter them, and, not in the least of the Sincerity of their Passions.

Nothing can be more just than this Observation, reply'd *Acasto*: A real Passion, of what kind soever, is too mighty for Words: Weak Minds are agitated with every little Trifle, and the Emotions presently break out into the most turbulent Excess; but then the Passion they express is like a sudden Gust of Wind, which gives a momentary Shock, and is felt no more. *Araminta*, on the Death of her Parrot, tore her Hair, and cry'd out, There was nothing left worth living for! — *Beraldo* was going to fall upon his Sword, when News was brought him of the Loss of his Wife, yet marry'd again within a Month. — *Celadon*, when rejected by the beautiful *Clotilda*, sent immediately for a Dose of Poison, but, when it was brought, very wisely threw it into the Fire, and sought his Consolation in the Arms of a more relenting Fair. In fine, whether it be a real or imaginary Ill, the Grief occasion'd by it is the more short-liv'd in Proportion to the outward Show.

This Argument will hold equally good, said *Bellimante*, in relation to these Professions of Love or Friendship made to the Living. Certainly, Madam, cry'd *Emilia*, and I would no more believe a Man truly lov'd me, who told me he was dying for me, than I would

ould an avaricious Guardian, who deny'd me the Necessaries of Life, under Pretence of making me the greater Fortune.

You cannot be assur'd, Madam, that either the one or the other is false, 'till you have the Proof, answer'd *Lucilius*; but you are so great an Enemy to Love, that, on whatsoever Topick we discourse, you are sure, some Way or other, to draw Conclusions to the Disadvantage of that poor Passion.

The beautiful *Emilia* must be cautious, however, said *Philetus*, how she declares too great an Aversion to it, lest we judge her Sentiments by the same Rule *Acasto* has laid down.

I dare answer for that young Lady, reply'd *Acasto*, that she will always be govern'd by right Reason; and would not have the Interest *Lucilius* takes in the Sensibility of her Heart, render him too apprehensive that every Thing is meant in Opposition to his Wishes. These Words, deliver'd with a very serious Air, made every body turn their Eyes on the Persons they concern'd; but the Gentleman, who spoke them, prevented any little Raillery he imagin'd what he said might occasion, by going on.

I would advise all the Ladies, pursu'd he, not to be over-hasty in giving Credit to the Protections made them by their Admirers, and above all Things, to be most upon their Guard against those which are accompanied with any Extravagance, either in Words or Actions; because as I have already said, all Excess is fleeting. — Nature cannot bear perpetual Transports; after a while those violent Emotions sink into a dead Calm, and we often see the most impatient *Lover* windle into the most insensible *Husband*. But then, on the other Hand, I would not have them shut their Ears altogether against the Addresses of a worthy Man, nor be blind to the Demonstrations he gives of his Affection; for that would be carrying the Reserve too far, and, perhaps at last, deprive them of a Heart they may know the Value of too late. I could give, if the Evening were not far advanc'd, and I not afraid

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fraid of being too tedious, a very particular Instance of this, in the History of a young Lady, with whose Friends I was very well acquainted some Years ago.

Ethelinda, on this, entreated him not to be under any Apprehensions that any Thing he could say would be tiresome to the Company, and *Lucilius* cry'd out to him, with Impatience, to begin. *Bellimante*, *Miranda*, and *Emilia* told him, That, tho' they had Reason to believe, by what he had said last, that the Adventure, he was going to relate, was more in Favour of his own Sex than their's, yet the Pleasure they took in hearing him discourse on any Thing would more than atone for any Partiality he could be guilty of. I protest to you, Ladies, reply'd he, I shall only repeat a melancholy Truth, and leave it to yourselves to judge as you think proper. The Story is this: I once thought to communicate it to the Publick under the Title of,

T H E

ADVENTURES of *MARILLA*

M*ARILLA* was a young Lady, who, from her most early Years, discover'd an uncommon Capacity, and, as she grew up, made a wonderful Progress, not only in those Accomplishments usually allow'd to her own Sex, but also in some of those which more properly appertain to ours. While a Child herself, she despis'd all childish Diversions, and, as she was not a Companion for those of riper Years, instead of playing with those of her own, she amus'd herself with Reading, in which she took such an infinite Delight, that, for a Book she had never seen before, she would forego any other Satisfaction could be offer'd her; and, tho' any one who had been present when she was thus employ'd, and saw with what Swiftneſs

her Eye pass from the Top of every Page to the Bottom, would have thought it impossible for her to receive much Advantage from the Contents, yet was her Apprehension so extensive, and her Memory so retentive, that whatever she look'd over in this Manner was as much her own, as if she had been the Author of it.—What could be more amazing than to hear a Girl, of ten or eleven Years of Age, quote Passages from *Pliny*, *Livy*, and *Sallust*, talk of the Policies of Princes, compare their several Interests, and the Motives on which War and Peace were made, and make such Observations on them as could rarely be contradicted! What might not have been expected from such a Genius when Time had ripen'd it to Perfection?—She had also strong Notions of Philosophy, Morality, and Divinity, and had only such Books, as tended to the Improvement of her Mind, been thrown into her Way, she had doubtless made one of the most shining Characters that any Age or Nation has produc'd; but unhappily, she was likewise too well acquainted with *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Pharamond*, and other fabulous Treatises, which poison'd her Way of Thinking, and gave her a certain Bent of Mind, to which, in my Opinion, she ow'd all the Misfortunes of her future Life. Indeed I think, there cannot be any Thing more pernicious to Youth, than the Suffering them to read those idle, and voluminous, Adventures, which have no Foundation either in Truth or good Sense, and I heartily wish, for the Sake not only of the young Lady I am speaking of, but of many others whose Reason has been perverted by them, tho' perhaps not in an equal Degree, that the Government would forbid all such Books from being sold or printed.

As to the Person of *Marilla*, she was what, without being a Beauty, one might call extremely lovely: Her Eyes were bright and sparkling, her Complexion clear, her Shape admirable, all her Motions perfectly easy and genteel, and had something in her Air infinitely attractive, but undescribable. Such as she was, however, she no sooner arriv'd at the Age of Thirteen, than she became the general Admiration of our Sex,
and

and the Envy of her own: You'll pardon me, Ladies, pursu'd he, with a Smile, if I say one is too natural a Consequence of the other.—Had these Words been spoke in any other Company, 'tis probable all the Fans in the Room had been up to chastise a Reflection, which none it is made on will allow the Justice of; but the Fair ones, who compos'd this Assembly, were well convinc'd what he said was but too true in the general, and therefore offer'd nothing to interrupt the Prosecution of his Narrative, which he thus went on with.

As her Father was a considerable Person in the World, the Fortune it was expected he would give her, join'd to the Charms of her Person and Qualifications, made a great Number of young Gentlemen ambitious of gaining her in Marriage; but she treated all, who address'd her on that Score, with a Reserve which came pretty near Disdain, and gave her Enemies a Pretence for taxing her with Pride, and Vanity; two Vices which in reality she was far from being addicted to; on the contrary, she was always ready to do good Offices, generous in allowing Merit wherever she found it, liberal, and compassionate to those who stood in need of her Assistance, and I believe set a much less Value on herself, than any one, who truly knew her, did. Setting aside a little Raillery sometimes on the Follies of those she convers'd with, which rather was occasion'd by the extream Vivacity of her Humour, than any real Ill-nature to the Persons guilty of them, she was always obliging, and affable, to every Body, but those who, as I said before, declar'd themselves her Lovers; nor was this owing to either the Insensibility of her Heart, or to an Imagination, that all who address'd her were unworthy to do so, but to those romantick Notions she had imbib'd, by reading in what Manner the fictitious Ladies of Antiquity had behav'd. She has often, since 'Time and a melancholy Experience of the World has mortify'd this Foible, confess'd, That at that Time, she thought it the most audacious and presuming Thing in the World for a Man, to make any publick Declaration of his

Passion

affion, 'till he had suffer'd the Pangs of it, in secret
or three or four Years. — That, even then, he
ought not to do it, unless Fortune had presented him
with the Opportunity of ushering it in by some ex-
traordinary Service, and that, whenever he express'd
himself on that Head, it should be in such ambiguous
Terms, and with so much Timidity, that it should
rather be from his alter'd Countenance, and despairing
Air, the Object of his Affections should perceive he
lov'd her, than by any Words he could be able to
speak. — Then, as to her own Part in this Farce, it
seem'd to her the utmost Indecency in a Woman to
listen to any amorous Proposals, 'till the Lover had
giv'd himself to a Skeleton, and was on the Point
of falling on his own Sword; nor, when he had ar-
riv'd at that Pitch of Desperation, was she to vouch-
safe him any greater Favour than a Command to
die. — That, after seven Years, she might, tho' with
infinite Show of Reluctance, allow him to kiss her
hand, confess she pity'd him, but no more: — And,
he persever'd a second Apprenticeship in the same
manner, perhaps, that is, if she found none more wor-
thy, reward his faithful Service, by giving herself to
him.

These, she acknowledg'd, were the Ideas she had
of Love and Courtship; but, none of her Admirers
being in any Degree answerable to them, she look'd
on all the Professions of Love made to her, as so many
 affronts, and return'd them only with piquant Re-
sponses, or sullen Silence.

The careful Father, who desir'd nothing more than
to see this Darling of his Heart well settled in the
World, was extreamly troubled to find her equally
averse to all he told her had ask'd his Permission to
address her, some of whom were Fortunes superior
to what either his Birth or Circumstances could have
offer'd him with the Hope of; but neither Youth,
Virtue, Good-humour, Quality, or Riches, had the least
effect upon her, and if he press'd her to consider the
advantages she might find in being the Wife of such,
such, a one, she would beseech him, with Tears,

to permit her to continue as she was. Unwilling to put any Force on her Inclinations, he had still continued to dismiss as many as came to offer themselves till at last, being extremely solicited by a young Gentleman, whose Principles, Character, and Humour, he was perfectly well acquainted with, having known him from his Infancy, and for whom he had a kind of natural Affection, he was not to be influenced on his Score so easily as he had been on that of others, but told *Marilla*, with an Air of Authority, That he was assured she could have no reasonable Objection to the Person he now propos'd, and therefore insisted, that she should receive *Carlos* (for by that Name I shall distinguish him as one he intended should be her Husband.

A Thunder-clap could not have been more dreadful to *Marilla* than this Command: In vain she wept, in vain she begg'd; but, having nothing to alledge against this young Gentleman, her refusal seem'd so capricious that her Father knew not how to account for it; and when he reflected how many offers she had before rejected, began to fear her Insensibility to all those he had recommended, proceeded from her having placed her affections on some less worthy Object, and who durst not avow himself her Lover. This Apprehension had no sooner enter'd into his Head, than he began to reproach her, as if certain it were justly founded; but the many Protections she made of her Innocence, at length made him easy as to that Point, tho' he dissimbled his Conviction, and told her, That nothing, but entertaining *Carlos* in the Manner he desir'd, should convince him, that he had not injur'd her by an unjust Suspicion.

Of all her Acquaintance, there was none she had half the Regard for she had for *Carlos*.—He it was whom she ordinarily made Choice of to wait on her to the Play, the Opera, the Mall; on every Occasion she prefer'd him to all who made Offers of the Service; she had continually prais'd his good Humour, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and, in fine, had always talk'd of him with a Kind of Pleasure. But no sooner did she find he had entertain'd Hope

of marrying her, than she was uneasy at the bare Mention of his Name, avoided his Presence as much as possible, and, when compell'd as it were to suffer it, appear'd so discontented and melancholy, that he soon found the Friendship, with which he had been flatter'd, was not the least a-kin to Love. And yet, as she has since told me, she had a thousand Times wish'd to see him her Lover, before she knew he was so, and found nothing in herself repugnant to his Addresses, but that they were not made in the Form she had read of. Had he told some Friend how much he ador'd, yet durst not discover the Ardency of his Flame, and this had been overheard by her, she would doubtless have been transported with the Effect her Charms had on him; but to entertain Hopes of gaining her, and mentioning his Desires to her Father, was a Piece of Presumption her Delicacy could by no means forgive, and she resolv'd to punish it by treating him with as imperious and disdainful an Air, as she was us'd to do with one all Complaisance and Freedom.

Carlos, who lov'd her as a reasonable Man wou'd do, could impute this Change of her Behaviour to nothing but an extream Dislike to his Person, and often complain'd of his Ill-fortune to her in the most tender Terms; but as he mention'd not one Word of dying, nor attempted any Act of Desperation, all he could say was far from having the Effect on her he desir'd; on the contrary, it serv'd only to heighten her Displeasure, as it seem'd a new Proof of his Temerity.

Her Father at last insisted on her being marry'd, and even fix'd a Day for the Celebration: All she had already urg'd in Opposition having prov'd ineffectual, she now seem'd more ready to comply, and resolv'd to take another Method, which, if she fail'd in, to run to any Extremities, rather than be dispos'd of to a Man who, it seem'd to her, had taken such unworthy Methods of obtaining her. What, said she to herself, shall I be sacrific'd to one who has not the least Notion of a true and perfect Passion? One who is incapable of feeling any of those Transports which fir'd
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the Breast of *Oroondates*, or *Artaxerxes*! — One whom all the Disdain I have treated him with has not been able even to throw into a Fever! — No, I will hazard every Thing, suffer any Thing, rather than be the Victim of such spiritless Indifference.

Carlos receiv'd the Confirmation of his Happiness, as he imagin'd, with as sincere a Joy as a Heart can be capable of feeling, and, flying to the Apartment of *Marilla*, My Angel, said he, your Father has this Moment acquainted me, that he has at last gain'd your Consent to make me blest. — As how? demanded she scornfully. — As how! repeated he, does not the charming *Marilla* know that the fifth Day from this is that which must give her to her faithful Lover's Arms? Are we not to be marry'd? — My Father would have it so, answer'd she; but there are little Blessings to be expected in an Union of Hands, where Hearts and Dispositions are so widely distant as yours and mine: — Judge, *Carlos*, continu'd she, with the utmost Haughtiness, by the sincere Declaration I am now about to make you, what Happiness our Marriage will bestow. — Know, that Death is not more terrible to me, than the Thoughts of being yours; and whatever favourable Sentiments I had of you, as an Acquaintance, they are all vanish'd, since I found you cherish'd such presumptuous Hopes. — That, if compell'd by my Father's Authority to go with you to the Altar, I shall be so far from thinking myself oblig'd to love you by that Ceremony, that I shall ever after regard you as the Murderer of my eternal Peace.

The poor Gentleman was strangely confounded at these Words; he really lov'd her, shou'd have thought himself the happiest of Mankind in possessing her with any Degree of mutual Affection, but had too much Good-sense to wish to pass his Days with one who had a fixt Aversion for him. Her late Treatment, and the Manner in which she now spoke, convinc'd him that she was but too much in earnest, and, conscious that he was no way her Inferior, could not help thinking she derogated from that fine Understanding and Politeness she was celebrated for, in not

making

making use of more gentle Terms, at least, in her Refusal of him. This then, Madam, said he, I must look upon as your final Determination.—It would be the Height of Insolence in you to doubt it, answer'd she. —Well then, resum'd he, with a Sigh, whatever I may suffer in this Self-denial, you shall find, Madam, I have more Regard for your Peace, than to offer any future Interruptions.—My luckless Passion shall make but one of us unhappy:—Perhaps hereafter you may own I merited a better Fate.

He accompany'd these Words with a low Bow, and was going out of the Room, but she call'd him back: Hold, *Carlos*, said she, do you desire I should think well of you?—That Hope was once the Height of my Ambition, reply'd he, but you have thought fit to banish it for ever.—There is a Way, resum'd she, to engage my Esteem, if not my Love, and that is to let the Breaking-off this ill-concerted Match appear wholly your own Act.—Make what Pretence you please to my Father for quitting me; lay the Blame on my Want of Beauty, Wit, Conduct, or any Thing, rather than Disobedience to a Command I was in a Manner forc'd to seem willing to comply with.—This will shield me from the Displeasure of a Parent whom I should be sorry to offend, be doing me a real Service, and oblige me to restore you some Part of those good Wishes I had for you, before the Declaration of your vain, fruitless, Passion.

Whatever Reluctance *Carlos* found within himself, to appear the fickle and inconstant Creature she desired, or affront a Gentleman, whom he had always look'd upon as a kind of Father to him, his Affection, or rather his Generosity, got the better of all other Considerations; and, after a Pause, Yes, *Marilla*, said he, you shall be obey'd even in this, hard as it is: I have this Consolation, however, that it is not even in your own Power to make me guilty of any Thing, that might give you a just Excuse for the Treatment you have shewn me, and I wish that, whenever you think fit to bless some happier Man, it may be one not less devoted to you than the unfortunate *Carlos*.

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The Oppression of his Spirits was so great, that he was scarce able to utter these last Words, with which he went out of the Room, fearing the excessive Grief, he then was in, should have drawn something from him unbecoming the Courage of his Sex.

Marilla saw and exulted in the Confusion he was in, and, tho' she pity'd him, was far from repenting the cruel Occasion she had given. This she thought, and indeed it was, a Proof of the respectful Passion he had for her, but was mistaken in the Consequences. Had she been told afterwards, that he had attempted to destroy himself, 'tis possible she would have vouchsaf'd to have abated somewhat of her Severity; but he, imputing her Behaviour merely to an invincible Dislike of him, on the contrary, made use of his utmost Efforts, to banish so unhappy a Passion from his Heart. He was however at first extremely perplex'd in what Manner he should perform the Injunction she had laid on him, and, after many various and disturbed Emotions, wrote to her Father in these Terms

S I R,

An unforeseen and unfortunate Accident renders it impossible for me to accept the Honour I so long solicited, and you were so good to promise. — Forgive, I beseech you, what only a cruel unavoidable Necessity enforces. Believe that to be ally'd to you, in the Manner I lately flatter'd myself with, was the dearest Wish my Heart had form'd, and the next to that is, that your said Daughter may find, with some other, that Happiness which she cou'd not have shar'd with the

Unfortunate CARLOS

The Astonishment, which the Father of Marilla felt at reading these Lines, is not to be express'd: He sent immediately for him, in order to get an Explanation of this Mystery, but heard he took Post for his Country-seat the Moment he had wrote. He then interrogated his Daughter, but she answer'd in Terms which seem'd to him no less ambiguous than the Let

he had receiv'd from *Carlos*: Upon the whole however he shrewdly suspected this sudden Turn had been owing to her Behaviour, and accus'd himself of having shewn a too great Indulgence to her Humours, she was not yet of an Age, in which her own Judgment was to be depended on, and resolv'd hereafter more to exert the Father. Accordingly, another proposal being made to him, by a Person whose Fortune and Character was every Way agreeable, he gave his Consent without once consulting that of *Marcella*, till the Writings were drawn, and every Thing necessary concluded on for the Marriage: He then told her what he had determin'd, and at the same time forbid her, on Forfeit of all she had to hope from him, not by any Means, directly or indirectly, to oppose what he had ordain'd for her.

Thus began those Misfortunes, which her Refusal of *Carlos* drew upon her: The Person now intended for her Husband, having neither the good Qualities, nor Agreeableness, of that rejected Lover, she saw and was sensible of the Difference between them; and imagin'd the former would return and renew his Addresses; she had flatter'd herself with the Opinion he would do so; and had brought herself to think, that after having punish'd his Presumption and receiv'd his Proof of his Obedience to her Will, she might, without Breach of Decorum, treat him with somewhat more Gentleness; but he was too ignorant of Amour to imitate the Example of those suffering Lovers, and past his Time in Hunting and such other exercises as he thought most conducive to extinguish Flame, he had all the Reason in the World to believe would never be rewarded. She was excessively mortify'd, to find she receiv'd no Letter, continuing at least of the Agonies he suffer'd in this Banishment, and no less griev'd to think, that she should now fall to the Lot of one, whom she had as real a dislike to, as, thro' the Caprice of her Humour, she had affected to the other. Her Father seem'd now to have converted his former Tenderness for her into severity; and, on her only offering something that look'd

look'd like a Desire of delaying this Marriage, commanded her to be silent; and she was oblig'd to all the Preparations for it going forward, without daring to open her Lips in Contradiction to them. The Eve of the destin'd Day at last arriv'd, and fill'd her with Horrors little different from Distraction.—Death or Beggary seem'd to her trifling Ills to that decreed for her, and, not able to submit to it, she resolv'd hazard all.—In fine, she left her Father's House at Night, and retir'd to a distant Relation, whom, with Tears and Prayers, she prevailed upon to give her Shelter from the Cruelty of her Father. The Person she address'd knew very well the Miseries of an enforced Marriage, and for a Time conceal'd her; but the enrag'd Parent took such Methods as soon discover'd to him where she was, and, when she least expected it, seiz'd and conducted her Home: It would be needless to repeat in what Condition, and how much she suffer'd, from the Reproaches of her Father and all those of her Kindred, who, not sensible of the true Motive of her Flight, imputed it to one less innocent. The intended Bridegroom not only flew from his Engagements, but condemn'd what he had so lately ador'd, making her ill Conduct, as he call'd it, the Subject of his Conversation in all Companies. The discreet Part of her Acquaintance knew not how to judge of her Behaviour, and those who most lov'd her, on this mistaken Step, refrain'd their visits: Those who envy'd her good Qualities rejoic'd at an Opportunity of blasting her Reputation, and representing even the most innocent of her Actions as criminal.—Even this once tender Father look'd on her as a lost Child, and withdrew great Part of the Affection he had for her.—To prevent her from falling into farther Inconveniencies, however, and silence as much as he was able the Censures of an un pitying World, took a Resolution of secluding her in a Convent Life, as he then threaten'd; but, as he afterwards knowledg'd, he intended only for a certain Time, the Memory of what had past should be forgotten, and herself brought to a more reasonable Way of think-

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The Thoughts of being a *Nun* were no less dreadful to her than those of Marriage.—In spite of the Mortification she had receiv'd, she still lov'd the World, and flatter'd herself with being one Day able to make a shining Figure in it, to the Disappointment of her Enemies; but, alas! she took wrong Measures to gratify so laudable an Ambition. Terrify'd at the Thoughts of being compell'd to take the Vail, she made a second Elopement: Nor could all her Father's Search avail to find her again. She sent a Letter entreating his Forgiveness, and reiterated Protestations, that no other Motive but to avoid a *Nunnery* had oblig'd her to abscond, hoping that Time would make him more relenting to a Daughter, whom he once thought merited his Affection above any of his other Children; and that he would not give Ear to any Stories that might be told to her Disadvantage, and ended with an Assurance, that her Honour and that of his Family should be ever dearer to her than Life.

But all she wrote was far from mitigating the Indignation he was now possess'd of; he renew'd his Search, spar'd neither Money, nor Labour to discover the Place of her Retreat, but she was too wary, and too artful not to escape all the Pursuit was made after her. She went not near any Person who knew her, never stirr'd out by Day, nor undisguis'd, and shifted her Lodgings so often, under various Names and Pretences, that it was impossible for any true Information to be given of her. For upwards of a Year had she sculk'd about in this Manner, living on the Sale of some Jewels she took with her; till one Evening, being in a Shop for something she wanted to buy, she heard two Gentlemen mention her Father as lately deceas'd, with this aggravating Circumstance, that it was the Behaviour of his Daughter had shorten'd his Days. This was a Shock indeed! scarce had she the Power to convey herself away, without testifying, by some Action, how sad a Concern she had in their Discourse.

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After

After she had vented in her little Privacy some Part of the Agitations of her Soul on this Occasion, having no longer the Authority of any one to dread, she appear'd publickly, but found herself wholly disregarded, even by those most near to her in Blood. Her Father, in the Height of his Passion against her, had struck her entirely out of his Testament; and tho' to my Knowledge he intended to alter it, and give her a Child's Portion, yet the ill Fate of *Marilla* by one Accident or other, delay'd it; and his Death happening so suddenly, that he had not the least Time even as they say, to testify his Desires in any Particular, she was cut off from all the Expectations she was born to, and made an Alien to her Family. Every one now rejected her, shunn'd her Sight; her Conduct was the Pretence, but her Necessities were the real Excitement to this Usage; and, among the numerous Acquaintance she had in her Days of Happiness, she now found not one to pity or relieve her. Her Spirit was indeed too great to suffer her to make repeated Applications, those who had once look'd slightly on her were certain of being eas'd of any future Visits from her; and, as great Minds become most haughty in Adversity, she no sooner found herself ill-treated by the World, than she resolv'd to contribute nothing toward rendering it more gentle, and, in her Turn, never met any Person by Accident whom she knew, without making them sensible, how much she despis'd the Injustice had been done her.

Being reduc'd at last to want even the common Necessaries of Life, she took it into her Head to go to a Relation, who for many Years had liv'd far from Town, and knew little of the Particulars of her Affairs: She was at first kindly receiv'd, but had not been there many Months, before she perceiv'd a certain Weariness of her Company; and at last a Sign of a commanding Air, which shewing her she was look'd upon but as a Dependant, and a kind of troublesome one too, made her Heart frequently ready to burst.

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These Distresses had however very much chang'd her former Ideas; she had never found that the Heroines of Romance were slighted for Want of Money, or that they ever stood in Need of any; a mournful Experience convinc'd her, that Mankind was of a different Nature from what was represented in those Stories, and her Usage of poor *Carlos* often brought many Tears into her Eyes, as the Sufferings it had occasion'd drew from her: But that was an Evil now without Redress; she had heard nothing of him for a long Time, nor was there any Probability of their ever meeting more. Portionless as she was, a young Officer in the Army, who happen'd to be in those Parts, became passionately enamour'd of her: She requited his Addresses with the utmost Indifference, not inspir'd to it by the Motive which had sway'd her in the Time of *Carlos*, but because she really felt it; yet so much had her Misfortunes chang'd her, that, having been one Day more than ordinary piqu'd with the Behaviour of the Family where she was, she all at once consented to marry him, and the very next Day made good her Promise.

This brought her into new Misfortunes, and such as before she had not any Idea of; and, as by obstinately flying from Marriage, she had begun her ruin, so, by precipitately running into that State, she completed it. Her Husband was a Man of the most absolute Principles imaginable; and, after the first week, he became so, treated her with an Indifference, which could not but be stabbing to any Wife, much more to a Woman of her Humour; she saw herself slighted and abandon'd for the most Profligate of her Sex, with whom he pass'd his Days and Nights, never coming Home but to recover the Fatigue of his debaucheries, and then return to them again. He had no Estate, and his Commission was insufficient to support his Extravagancies Abroad, so that at Home nothing but the Miseries of Penury were to be found. *Marilla* was but sixteen when she became a Wife, her Charms were in the Bloom, and the ill Usage of her Husband encourag'd many young Men of Condition,

dition, to make Offers of their Service to take her from this Scene of Woe; but not all the Assurances they propos'd of defending her, while Life continued, from the Frowns of Fortune, nor all the Hardships she so severely felt, had the Power to make her hesitate one Moment what Answer she should make, tho' unloving this unworthy Husband, and unbelov'd by him, she prefer'd a Life of Misery and Innocence with him, to all the Pomp of guilty Grandeur with any other Man.—Her Virtue stood like a Rock impregnable to all Efforts, and unshaken either by Force or Fraud.—Both it seems were try'd, and both alike found ineffectual. A Person who liv'd in the same House with her, and was an Eye-witness of her Conduct amidst these Trials, assur'd me with many Protestations, that never Woman was more greatly tempted, nor with greater Strength of Virtue resisted. Yet neither this, the Beauties of her Mind and Person, nor the exemplary and most amiable Patience with which she bore the worst of Usage, had Power to reclaim the dissolute Possessor of so great a Treasure: He was, it seems, one of those Wretches who are only sensible to Injuries, and look on all good Offices and Benefits as Things of course, and what they have a Right to expect: Whether such a Diffusion proceeds from Pride, or meerly Want of Sense, I will not take upon me to say, but, whichever it is, nothing can be more uncomfortable than to have a Concern with Persons of that Turn.

Tir'd out at last with a continued Series of Misery of Disquiet, and having lost the only Thing in which she took any Sort of Pleasure, an Infant of about Months old, she resolv'd to quit the Society of a Man who seem'd to take Pains to render himself as disagreeable as he could; she took the Opportunity of being absent for a Fortnight, and went into a private Lodging, acquainting none with the Place of her retreat, but such whose Secrecy she could depend upon.

But see the Inconsistency of some Tempers, he soon perceiv'd what she had done, than he behav'd with all the Distraction of the most violent Love-Despair; swore that, if she did not return, or he

not successful enough to find her, nothing should persuade him to live, and scarce allow'd himself Time to eat or sleep for the Search he was perpetually making in Person, as well as employing others: At length he came where she was, and, with ten thousand Promises of reforming the Irregularities of his past Conduct, won on her Good-nature to forgive, and cohabit with him as before. After this he treated her with more good Manners, but his natural Tendency to an abandon'd Life by degrees prevail'd, and, forgetting the Terms on which he had recover'd her, relaps'd into all his former Extravagancies. She continued with him, however, till Death gave her a final Divorce, which happen'd about five Years after their Marriage, at which Time she was no more than one and twenty.

Here, said *Acasto*, I must beg Leave to close my Narrative, what afterwards befel this unhappy Lady not seeming of a Piece with her foregoing Life; besides, the Accounts I have, of the remaining Part of her Adventures, are too dark and indistinct for me to repeat them, without Danger of being guilty of an Injustice either to her or Truth. All I can venture to say is, that her Misfortunes ended not with her Husband's Life, but rather fell more thick and heavy on her than ever; and that a Person, of any tolerable Degree of Penetration, may still discover in her the Ruins of a noble Mind, but not the least of a beautiful Person: Tho' now of an advanc'd Age, Grief has made a greater Waste than Time on her Charms; dejected, spiritless, oppress'd by Fortune, and an ill-natur'd censorious World, and doubtless more so by the sad Reflection, that all she suffers is owing to herself, she drags on a Life of Misery, obscure, unknown, unaided, and deserted by all but her own Fortitude.

I should indeed be sorry, said *Ethelinda*, to hear any Thing that might destroy my Admiration of this Lady's Virtues, or my Pity for her Sufferings; but I am apt to think *Acasto*, if you have heard different Accounts of her Behaviour since the Time you mention, that which is most in her Favour is also the most

just; for I cannot think a Mind, such as you have painted out to us, and which had so long withstood Temptations, could at last descend to any Thing unworthy of itself.

One cannot, Madam, be ascertain'd, reply'd *Acasto*, what Time and Accidents may be able to produce in the most determin'd Minds, but so far I dare answer for *Marilla*, that she has never been capable of any mean or base Action; and that, if any Thing has happen'd derogatory to her former Character, the Cruelty of the World has exaggerated it into ten times its real Magnitude.

For my Part, said *Lucillius*, I can forgive her every Thing but her Behaviour to poor *Carlos*, and even that too, if the Relation of it may serve, as I am sure *Acasto* intended it, for a Lesson to some Ladies, not to trifle too much with a Heart that adores them.

At these Words the whole Company turn'd their Eyes on *Emilia*, who, either to prevent any further Discourse on that Head, or because it really was so, reminded them, without seeming to regard what *Lucillius* had said, that it was very late, on which we all rose up, and, having paid the Compliments of the Night, withdrew to our respective Habitations.

T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

DAY the FIFTH.

THE Story of *Marilla* had made so great an Impression on the Minds of those that heard it, that,

that, the next Time we had the Honour of attending *Ethelinda*, the Conversation was very much engross'd by it. *Bellimante* cou'd not forgive *Carlos* for not renewing his Addresses to her after she became a Widow, till *Acasto* acquainted her, that he liv'd but a small Time after she had rejected him. *Philetes* accus'd her Relations of Imprudence as well as Cruelty, in not protecting her from those Distresses, which render'd any false Step she might have been guilty of more conspicuous, as People are under no Restraint in their Censures of an unfortunate Person. *Ethelinda* said, she thought that to preserve from sinking a Woman of such real Merit was a Duty incumbent on all those, who were even barely acquainted with her. As it is utterly impossible, said *Dorinthus*, a Mind at once so delicate and resolute cou'd be subdu'd by any ordinary Methods, I should be sorry to be assur'd there could be a Man vile enough, after having triumph'd in the Manner *Acasto* seems to apprehend, to leave so glorious a Conquest desolate, and expos'd to the Insults of any future Spoiler.

Ah, *Dorinthus*, said *Miranda*, the Pride, of having it in your Power to subdue, is often the most powerful Excitement your Sex has in addressing ours; and, tho' Vanity is a Vice charg'd wholly on us, the Disregard many Women have been treated with, when they have no longer any Thing to grant, sufficiently proves, that the Men have at least an equal Share.

True, my dear, rejoin'd *Bellimante*, and I would have every Woman consider, when closely press'd by a belov'd Adorer, and perhaps too by her own secret Inclinations, that, if she yields, she but spares in the Joy, while the Remorse, the Shame, and whatever ill Consequences may ensue, is all her own: The proud Triumpher has no Ruin of Character, no Loss of Fame, to glare him in the Face, and, having gain'd what he desir'd, forgets the Difficulties by which it was attain'd.—His soft Professions,—his Vows of everlasting Constancy,—his well-counterfeited Agonies.—All the innumerable Artifices he put in Practice to seduce, are then no more remember'd, and cold In-

difference is the best of what succeeds Possession. Since then all the Evil, of giving way to a Tenderness of this Sort, is on the Woman's Side, how little Thought must she have who encourages it? as a late celebrated Poet justly says;

*Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
And such the Curse entail'd upon our Kind,
That Man, the lawless Libertine may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the Wilds of Love;
While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman sever from Virtue's Rule;
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray;
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false Step entirely damns her Fame:
In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more.*

I am therefore apt to imagine, continu'd this charming Lady, that, if *Marilla* did fall this Way, her Misfortunes must first have impair'd her Understanding.

A fine Understanding, Madam, answer'd *Philatus*, and all the Accomplishments, which *Acasto* enumerated as center'd in this unfortunate Lady, are not always a sufficient Guard against the Power of Love. I believe you will allow, that *Berinthia* was possess'd of them in as great a Degree as most of her Sex: Yet how did an ill-fated Passion sway her! How unhappy have two illustrious Families been made by the little Government she was able to preserve over her Inclinations! This is too known a Truth; but as the Particulars of the Affair may not have reach'd the Ears of this Company, and have been lately related to me, by one who cou'd not be deceiv'd in them, nor is capable of deceiving others, perhaps the Repetition may not be disagreeable.—As he address'd these last Words to *Ethelinda*, she instantly reply'd, Nothing I should desire more than to be fully inform'd of that Adventure:

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because many Things, which heard in the gross give us a shocking Idea of the Persons concern'd, are often very much alleviated by a perfect Knowledge of the Circumstances; and I hope this of *Berinthia* may furnish me at least with some Excuses for her Conduct.

I am sorry, Madam, to say, resum'd *Philetes*, that nothing but the uncommon Perfections of the Object of her Passion can be any Sort of Plea for the Errors it has made her guilty of; but I will not postpone the Curiosity I have excited, or anticipate any of those Remarks, which this Company cannot fail of making on what I shall relate.

The Story of *B E R I N T H I A*.

SHE was marry'd, said *Philetes*, as every one knows, extremely young to *Leontius*, a Nobleman whose Birth, Fortune, and personal good Qualities, render'd him every way deserving her: She had never given the least Testimonies that her Heart felt any Repugnance in disposing her Hand; and for a Time they were look'd upon as a Pair perfectly happy in each other. This is most certain, that *Leontius* lov'd, I may say doated, on her, with the utmost Profusion of Fondness; and, if she did not return it with altogether so much Violence, it rather seem'd as if she were restrain'd more by the Modesty of her Sex, than Want of Inclination. The least penetrating Eye might discern, that all she then knew of the tender Passion was in his Favour. As he prefer'd the Pleasures of a Country life, to any the Town afforded (possibly that he might with less Interruption enjoy the Society of his ador'd Spouse), she never regretted continuing there, even in that Season of the Year, when Fields and Meadows lose all their Beauties; and indeed in every

Thing seem'd to like as he did, and to have no other Desires than what were inspir'd by him.

They were in this Retirement, when *Amarantha* came down to pass some Weeks with her:—Fatal Friendship!—Destructive Visit!—Equally ruinous to the Peace of both!—*Celadon* at that Time made his Addresses to that Lady, and, under Pretence of paying his Respects to *Leontius*, follow'd her thither, in order to prosecute his Love: The engaging Qualities and agreeable Person of this young Nobleman are too conspicuous to all, who have ever seen him, to stand in need of any Description; so I shall only say, that they receiv'd a considerable Addition from that Fire, which animated his Eyes in Presence of his ador'd *Amarantha*. *Berinthia* had often seen him before, but had never given herself the Trouble to examine into his Merits with that unhappy Distinction she now did.—The tender and passionate Things which she was often Witness of, tho' utter'd to another, sunk into her Soul, and had all the Effect, on her, he aim'd to inspire in her fair Friend: Here did she suck in the delicious Poison, which by swift Degrees diffus'd itself through all her Veins, and became the Bane of her Honour and all the Happiness of *Leontius*.

Celadon, little suspecting what had happen'd in her Heart, would frequently entreat her good Offices for him to *Amarantha*, and she as often promise him, which Promises she in Truth perform'd, but it was to gratify the Pleasure she took in speaking of him, that made her so readily comply.—'Tis likely indeed that the excessive Praises she bestow'd on him went no inconsiderable Way in influencing *Amarantha* in his Favour, tho', being of a very reserv'd Temper, she carefully conceal'd the Inclination she had to reward his Passion. The Indifference, with which she always answer'd *Berinthia*, flatter'd her with a Hope it would never be a Match; for, tho' marry'd herself, the Thoughts of seeing him so was a Dagger to her Soul: at last, however, that Lady took her Leave, and he obtain'd her Permission to conduct her to Town.

But

But the terrible Inquietudes *Berintbia* felt at losing his Presence, join'd with the aggravating Circumstance of his being gone with her Rival, left her no room to hope she could live without him: She no longer found any Satisfaction in obliging her Husband, nor any Pleasures in a Country-life:—Her once gay and lively Temper was converted into a sullen Melancholy.—She would sit whole Hours bury'd as it were in Thought; and, when interrupted, answer with a Peevishness, which shew'd, if she were capable of any Pleasure, it was only in her own Meditations.

The ever assiduous *Leontius* observ'd this Change in her with an infinite Concern, tho' far from imputing it to the real Cause, or having any Guess at his Misfortune, and endeavour'd, by all the tender Demonstrations of Love in the Power of Man to give, to alleviate her Discontent. But she, insensible to every Thing but the Idea of the too charming *Celadon*, and impatient to see again the dear Original of that enchanting Image he had left in her Breast, pretended, that the Country-air did not agree with her Constitution, and told him, That, as she had suffer'd the Decay it brought upon her in Complaisance to him, she expected he would have so much for her as to permit her to quit it, at least for a Time: Not, said she, that I would have you go to a Place you are averse to; for, as soon as I am a little recover'd, I will come here again.

As it was impossible for her to declare any Inclination he was not glad to gratify, he was far from opposing this; but cou'd not be prevail'd upon to stay behind her, imagining, no doubt, that his Company wou'd still add to the Contentment she expected to find in *London*.—Mistaken Man! Cou'd any Thing have embitter'd the Pleasure of this Journey, it would have been his partaking it; but this she was oblig'd to dissemble, and every Thing being got ready for their Departure, with as much Expedition as possible, they set out from their Country-seat, to which they never return'd together more.

As they drew nearer *London*, the very Thoughts, she was beginning to breathe the same Air with that of the
ador'd

ador'd *Celadon*, restor'd great Part of that Spirit, which so lately seem'd banish'd from her languid Eyes: *Leontius*, with Pleasure, saw the Alteration, and told her, That he doubted not but she wou'd be soon recover'd: at which she sigh'd, and said, She wish'd that she were not already too far gone.

Too far, indeed, in that worst Distemper of the Mind, a lawless Flame; but, as he took these Words only in a literal Sense, and had no Notion of the Meaning contain'd in them, he assur'd her, she should want no Means of Relief. Thus did they entertain each other; He, venting the cordial Affections of his Soul in the most affectionate Terms; She, forcing herself to return his Endearments with a cold Civility, till they arriv'd in Town, where the first News they heard was of the Marriage of *Celadon* and *Amarantha*, a Thing long before agreed upon by the Friends of both, and now consummated.

This Intelligence, tho' of a Thing she expected, gave her the most poignant Anguish; but when she was told the new-marry'd Pair were come to visit her, she was in such Confusion, as might have given some Suspicion of the Cause, had not the fixt Opinion, that she labour'd under some bodily Indisposition, prevented any one from diving any farther.—She was once or twice about excusing herself from seeing them, under Pretence of her ill Health; but then the extream Impatience she had, to feast her Eyes with the Sight of her ador'd *Celadon*, made her resolve, rather than be depriv'd of that, to endure the Company of her now hated, because happy, Rival: Tho' the Constraint she suffer'd, in receiving them in any Manner besitting their's, or her own Character, may more easily be imagin'd than describ'd.

The first Shock over, she began, however, to be somewhat less perplex'd; her good Sense representing to her, That, as she was not in a Condition to receive his honourable Vows, they might as well be given to *Amarantha*, as to any other; and her Virtue sometimes remonstrating, that she ought to use her utmost Effort to extinguish a Passion not only unwarrantable, but hopeless, she set herself in good earnest about it, or at least

thought

thought she did so. Happy had she been, cou'd she have accomplish'd so glorious a Work:—But alas! the Measures she took were too weak for such a Task, and serv'd only more to ensnare her in the fatal Labyrinth. — Instead of shunning his Conversation, as she might easily have done, by returning into the Country, she flatter'd herself, that, as he knew not her Sentiments of him, she might indulge the Pleasure of seeing him without a Crime, and that, by being much with him, she should in Time convert her Passion into a kind of sisterly Affection for him. This, as I was inform'd by one who had it from herself, was a Method she imagin'd wou'd succeed; it seem'd, however, the most easy, and what she was resolv'd to pursue.

To this End, Parties of Pleasure were continually form'd, in which *Celadon* was always sure to make one, and sometimes, for Decency's sake, *Amarantha*. As for *Leontius*, the little Delight he took in any of the Town-Amusements, was a sufficient Excuse for her not to press him over much, so that she had frequently the Opportunity of being attended to the Mall, the Opera, Play, and Masquerade, by the Object of her Affections, without the Presence of any one who might have been a Check on her Behaviour. Her Actions, however, were perfectly innocent for a Time, whatever her Thoughts were; but every one knows the Danger of too great an Intimacy between Persons of a different Sex.—So free a Conversation, with one of the loveliest Women in the World, and the Marks of Friendship she treated him with, by degrees inspir'd him with Desires more warm than were consistent with his Vows to *Amarantha*, which join'd to some little Disputes with that Lady, occasion'd by a less Conformity of Tempers than could be wish'd, made him never think himself so happy as in *Berintbia's* Company. The Tenderneß he now began to feel for her, rendering him a more close Observer of her Looks, soon discover'd to him that he was not indifferent to her; and, thus embolden'd, he hesitated not one Day, as they were sitting alone together in her Chamber, to declare, how happy he should have thought himself had

Fortune

Fortune put him in the Place of *Leontius*. As he look'd full in her Eyes while he disclos'd himself, he saw there all the Tokens of a great Surprize, but it was a Surprize of Joy, not Indignation.—She blush'd, hung down her Head, and with a Sigh answer'd, It was Pity that a State, instituted by Heaven, should often be the Means of rendering those who enter'd into it miserable, as, said she, is but too frequently the Case. — You see before your Eyes an Example of it, Madam, reply'd he, since it deprives me of all Hope of being favour'd, in the Manner I cou'd wish, by the charming *Berinthia*; yet she herself doubtless has no Reason to regret her Lot!—Ah, *Celadon*! cry'd she, looking on him with Eyes swimming in the most tender Languishments, How little do you know what passes in my Heart!—Yes, I am one of those unhappy Persons who know all the Discontents, but nothing of the Joys of Marriage. — I was dispos'd of to *Leontius* at an Age when I was incapable of judging what was valuable in Mankind, and I have since had Eyes but too distinguishing for my eternal Peace. — Can there be a Man, said he, taking her Hand which trembled at his Touch, so blest to be preferr'd in your Esteem to *Leontius*? O! proceed, continu'd he, in the kind Confidence you have begun to place in me, and tell me, Is there a Possibility he can be insensible or thankless? — Press me no more, interrupted she, in an extreme Confusion, I have already said too much, unless you know how to pity, by your own, those Agonies of Heart which force my Tongue to speak.—Ah, *Berinthia*! answer'd he, think you I am so poor a Judge of all that's charming in your Sex, as not to feel for you all that a despairing Passion can inflict?—Yes, Madam, let your Tenderness for this happy, nameless, life, be ever so transcendent, mine will more than equal it.—Heavens, cry'd he, that for a Moment I could assume the Shape, the Voice, of this so favour'd Rival, and, undisdain'd, pour out my Vows of everlasting Love on this soft, yielding, Breast. He had the Temerity to catch her in his Arms as he spoke these last Words, and prest her to him with such a Fervor as almost stop't her Breathing.

death; all the weak Resolutions she had form'd of preserving her Virtue, while she indulg'd her Love, were now swallow'd up in an Abyfs of Rapture, and she had Power to say no more than, O *Celadon*! I am lost!—Too well, O dear Enchanter of my Soul! you know the guilty Secret:—Too well are acquainted for those Almighty Charms I have learn'd to hate *Leontius*.—But *Amarantha*! *Amarantha*, pursu'd she, soon as she cou'd a little recover herself, has too much Merit to be eclips'd by me.—Name not *Amarantha*, thou Idol of my Soul, cry'd he; could I have once hop'd Fate had a Blessing, such as I now enjoy, Store for me, my fond Heart had never thrown away With on her, or aught but the adorable *Berinthia*. *Berinthia*! in whom the Charms of her whole Sex are united. All the Time he was speaking he pursu'd every Measure impatient Love inspires for the Completion of his Conquest, which at length was as perfect as either of them wish'd.

Having thus ventur'd to break thro' the Bonds of Honour, Gratitude, and Duty, all Care of Reputation seem'd beneath Regard; wholly taken up, and transported, with each other's Charms, they abandoned themselves to all the Extravagance of their unbounded, wild, Desires, giving such publick Testimonies of the Flame with which they mutually were possess'd, that none who saw them but must read it in their every Look and Action. *Leontius* was the last that wou'd believe in Misfortune: As for the injur'd *Amarantha*, she spoke loudly of it, and not only upbraided her Husband with Terms which, I must say, were not the most proper to reclaim him, but also proclaim'd his Injustice in all Companies: Tho' his good Sense could not but remind him he was guilty of a Fault, yet he cou'd not bear to hear it repeated by others, whom he look'd upon to have no Concern in his Affairs; and this occasion'd such continual Dissension between them, that it was impossible for any two People to live more disagreeably together.

Leontius, confirm'd by a thousand Circumstances, was almost by the careless Airs with which *Berinthia* replied

ply'd to any Question he put to her on that Head, was prevail'd upon to set Spies on her, in order to surprize her with her Lover, and then to sue out a Divorce. Nothing cou'd be more easy than to make such a Discovery: He was very soon inform'd they were at a little retir'd House, some few Miles out of London, which *Celadon* had hir'd on purpose for their Meeting. On which, tho' they say much against his secret Inclination, he went, accompany'd by some Friends, who were to serve as Witnesses. *Celadon*, however, had Notice of their Approach, and made his Escape; but the Warning arriv'd not timely enough for *Berinthia* to do so too, and, disdaining to conceal herself, a probably she might have done, receiv'd her injury Lord with as much Intrepidity in her Countenance, as there was Grief in his. Ah! Madam, said he, if the Country has Charms for you when they are not poison'd by the Presence of *Leontius*.—People's Minds will alter, answer'd she: I may approve that at some times, which at others I may detest; but a jealous Husband is what I would fly any where to avoid.—How little I deserve that Name, resum'd he a little warmly, the World can answer for me, who saw what Unwillingless I was brought to believe a Misfortune, you have taken too little Care to conceal.—But continu'd he, 'tis Proofs which must now condemn or absolve those Suspicions the Imprudence of your Conduct has excited. A scornful Smile was all the Reply she made, and that Moment he, and those he brought with him, went out of the Room to search the House, not doubting but they shou'd there find *Celadon*, as they certainly wou'd have done, had not *Berinthia*, indolent in every Thing that regarded herself, but anxious for her Lover, and expecting that some time or other they might be betray'd, oblig'd him to have always a Horse ready saddled, which, on the first Notice given by a Scout at a little Distance from the House, might mount, and get off by a back Way. This she had two Views in; first, to prevent a Quarrel, the Event of which was uncertain; and the next, to deprive *Leontius* of Proofs sufficient to procure a Divorce.

for, tho' she wish'd nothing more than to live in an eternal Separation, she knew, if it were brought about that Way, the Law would leave great Part of her Fortune in his Hands; and besides, give him a Power of prosecuting her belov'd *Celadon*: To hinder either of these Evils she afterwards had recourse to an Invention infinitely less to be forgiven, than that which the Impetuosity of her Passion had made her guilty of.

After *Leontius* and his Friends had quitted the House, disappointed of the Proofs, but convinc'd in their Minds of her Dishonour, she went to meet *Celadon* at a Place they had before agreed upon, and from thence to a private Lodging, determin'd to return no more to her Lord: Neither did he make any Overtures to her for that Purpose, being advis'd to the contrary; his House was open to receive her, in Case she thought fit to come, and the Law requir'd no further Condescension on his Part.

But this Lady, who, as I said before, had other Views, sent for all her Friends, and told them, That the ill Treatment she had met with from *Leontius* had oblig'd her to leave him, and withal to reveal a Secret which should ever have been bury'd in her Breast, and he behav'd to her with Civility; and this was, that, by Nature being render'd incapable of having any Children, he had marry'd her only with a View that her large Estate should devolve on his Family, which, said she, wou'd be so great an Injustice to my Kindred, that I cou'd not die in Peace if accessory to it.

Thus, making it their Interest to assist her in procuring a Divorce, every Thing was preparing on her Side to bring in a Bill of *Impotency* against her Husband; and on his, to summon what Evidences they cou'd to turn one of *Adultery* against her; but this unthought of Accusation put a Stop to all their Proceedings; for, if the Marriage was unlawful, he had no Right to call her Actions to Account.

The Town was very much divided in their Opinions concerning the Truth of this Affair; but I believe the greater Part, if we take in the Ladies, were on *Printhea's* Side, few of them being unable to believe
one

one of their own Sex, and especially one of *Berinthia's* Birth and Education, cou'd be guilty of such a Forgery, and this serv'd as some Sort of an Excuse for the Intimacy between her and *Celadon*, which they grew so publick in, that none could make a Doubt of it. That Nobleman, impos'd upon, as well as the rest of the World, by her Accusation of her Husband, became the more endear'd to her for the Wrong he imagin'd she had sustain'd, and poor *Amarantha* was in a manner quite abandon'd by him.

Leontius, whom all the Certainty of her Infidelity cou'd not entirely make him her Enemy, became impatient at this second Insult, and, as there was no other Way to vindicate his Character from the Aspersions she had so cruelly cast on it, submitted to an Examination of the Truth, by some Persons appointed for that Purpose, and who were on Oath to report according to the best of their Judgment, without being prejudic'd in Favour of either Party. These Gentlemen all agreeing, That he was, as he had ever been suppos'd, perfectly capable of having Illness, the Calumny fell immediately to the Ground, and the faithless, treacherous, Author of it was condemn'd by those who before had most espous'd her Cause. *Celadon*, who had more than any one taken care to inform himself of the Truth of the Business, was as fully convinc'd as the rest, and no sooner was so, than all the Charms of *Berinthia* could not preserve his Affection.—Instead of the long suffering, injar'd, Wife, as he before believ'd her, he now found her the Hypocrite, the Deceiver, the unjust Accuser, and the most ungrateful and unpromising Defiler of the Marriage-bed. Those Beauties which had attract'd his Admiration, were now so much disfigur'd, by the discover'd Deformity of his Mind, that he became almost to hate what he so late had ador'd. He broke off all Conversation with her, was reconcil'd to *Amarantha*, and assum'd of having wrong'd her; nor cou'd all the Endeavours, and Artifices, of the fair Deluder tempt him to her Arms again.

Leontius, now fully clear'd in the Opinion of the whole World, neglected nothing to do himself Justice

and doubtless wou'd soon have obtain'd the Sanction of the Law for a Divorce, from a Person who had already divorc'd herself from his Love and Bed, if her sudden Death had not sav'd the Pleaders the Trouble, and put an End to all his Shocks on her Account.

This, Madam, continu'd *Philetes*, was the Progress and End of an Amour, which indeed, from its very beginning, had the Guilt of a double Wrong, and wou'd promise no better Consequences; and I wish that my Account cou'd furnish more Matter of Excuse for the Behaviour of that unhappy Lady.

I think, said *Ethelinde*, Fate has been very kind in taking her from the World, before her Disgrace receiv'd its full Completion; and, since it has happen'd so, the greatest Act of Friendship that can be paid her, is not to mention her, and endeavour to forget there ever was such a one, as much as possible.

This Age, cry'd *Lucilius*, has been strangely fruitful in Inventions such as *Berinthia's*: A Lady, who brings a large Fortune to her Husband, and afterwards takes it into her Head to like another Man better, has only to excuse herself by presently accusing him of a natural Impediment!—Wou'd it not therefore be a very wholesome Law to oblige both Parties to make Trial of each other before the Ceremony is perform'd, which costs so much Time and Money to render afterwards invalid?

The Gentlemen of the long Robe wou'd scarce thank you for this Proposition, reply'd *Dorinthus*; but cannot help agreeing with you, That we have had so many Instances of the Ladies taking this Method of covering their Portions and Persons, as makes it in a manner necessary some new Forms of securing them to themselves should be found out. Who that saw the Marriage of *Horatius* and *Rosinda*; He, justly accounted a Man of the strictest Honour, best Sense, and great Accomplishments; She fam'd for an uncommon sweetness of Disposition, and exemplary Virtue: Who, say, that had seen such a Pair united, but wou'd not believ'd they had been so for Life? And yet, in short a Time was he become a Husband, before

fore his elop'd Wife left him to mourn her Loss in a widow'd Bed! And for whom were her Affections thus perverted from their right Channel? Why, for an Object as inferior to her noble Spouse, as she was in Beauty to that Lady who had been rejected for her Sake, and who, constant to her first Flame, still preserves the tenderest Wishes for him she could not inspire with Love.

Who, that knew with what a real Satisfaction the fair *Amiana* was conducted to the Altar, and pledged her Vows to *Lisimore*, but wou'd have been assur'd she never cou'd have thought a second Object worthy to supplant him? Yet, after a few Months, did she not fly from his House, nay, to be secure from his Pursuit, the Kingdom, and contented herself to live in a foreign Climate, mean and obscure, with a Man low born and bred, and who had no one Thing in him to excuse the Folly she committed? And have not both these Ladies had recourse to the same Stratagem, *Berinthia* made use of, to free themselves from the Tie no longer agreeable to them?

Many Examples of this Kind, indeed, have happened, said *Aristo*; but none that to me seem'd more astonishing, till I heard some late Accounts, than that of *Elismonda*; a Lady educated in the severest Principles of Virtue, and of so timid a Modesty, that the most respectful Salute from any but her Lord wou'd call the Bloom into her Cheeks: Yet, in a short Time after her Marriage, she seem'd to take a Kind of Pride in letting the World see she had enter'd into the most criminal Correspondence with *Avicio*; and when reprov'd by a near Relation of her Husband's, and at last menac'd with a Bill of Divorce, had the Front to reply, That there were certain Occasions which allow'd a Wife the same Privilege, and, if she heard any further Liberties taken with her Conduct, herself wou'd be the first to claim.

I am far from justifying *Elismonda*, said the sweet *Isabelinda*; but if there are in Nature any Excuses to be made for a Wife, who offends in the Manner she has done, they doubtless all are on her Side. She was in the Bloom of Beauty when made a Bride, her Soul gentle and generous, and as entirely free from all Art and Affectation

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tion as her exterior Form. A thousand good Qualities gave the World a Promise she wou'd be one of its chief Ornaments; nor wou'd her Actions, I am confident, ever have bely'd that Hope, had she been marry'd to a Person who had known the Value of her, and treated her according to her Merits; but the Delicacy of her Way of thinking ill agreed with the rough, unpolish'd, Behaviour of her Lord:—She had too much good Sense not to perceive his Want of it; and her extream Youth render'd her incapable of reflecting, That, unworthy as he was, yet, being her Husband, it was her Duty to endeavour at least to be blind to his Follies, and patient with his Infirmities. Greatly wou'd her Case have merited Commiseration, and no less illustrious wou'd have been her Virtue, had her Wit been accompany'd with Discretion, or cou'd she have restrain'd that Excess of Softness and Good-nature, which, wanting a proper Object at Home, diffus'd itself Abroad. On the whole her Circumstances are such, as while we condemn her Actions, we cannot help passing a Sentence no less severe on the brutal Behaviour of him that occasion'd her committing them.

Never, Madam, cry'd *Miranda*, did you more make known the Justice and the Excellence of your Nature, than in thus favourably distinguishing between the same Errors proceeding from different Motives; for tho' *Elismonda* sinn'd, as *Berinthia*, *Rosinda*, and *Amiana*; yet the Circumstances which led, or, as I may say, forc'd her to inlist herself in the Roll of transgressing Wives, make a very great Alteration in the Nature of the Crime.

I must own in Favour of *Elismonda*, said *Lucillius*, That a great Character, purchas'd at the Price of one's internal Peace, is rather too dearly bought: The Humours of some Men are intolerable, and when we find a Woman, whose Conduct till Marriage has been unblameable, commit any Irregularities after it, we ought to be well assur'd of the Husbands Behaviour in private, before we lay the Fault wholly on her.

What *Lucillius* has observ'd, rejoyn'd *Bellimante*, puts me in mind of the most amiable, and unfortunate,
Semanthe,

Semanthe, that great Example of suffering Virtue, and Martyr of a too rigid Duty.

Ah, *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*, you have often begun to relate the History of that accomplish'd Lady, but some unlucky Interruption has still depriv'd me of the Pleasure I propose in knowing the Particulars which brought her to so untimely a Fate. If you will now favour me so far, I believe you will also lay an equal Obligation on the whole Company.

Whatever is enjoin'd by *Ethelinda*, reply'd that beautiful Lady, cannot be otherwise than approved by every one; Apologies therefore would be impertinent, because needless, and but delay fulfilling your Request, so I shall do it in as brief a Manner as the Circumstances, I have to relate, will admit of.

Here she paus'd a little, to recollect the Passages she was about to deliver, and then, addressing her Discourse to *Ethelinda*, began in these Terms.

THE HISTORY

OF

ADRASTUS, SEMANTHE, and APAMIA.

YOU all know, said she, that *Adrastus* is more indebted to the Gifts of *Fortune* than to those of *Nature*, for the Respect paid him by the World; yet some, who look on him with less distinguishing Eyes, allow him a fine Gentleman: It is certain he has a gay, polite, Behaviour, can give his Opinion agreeably enough on the Amusements in vogue at present, goes often to Court, and can tell you what Dish the King eats ofteneft of, and when his Majesty has a good or bad

and Night, as well as his Cook or Physician : Hunts with Lord Orford, and, of late, has the Honour of being intimate with Lord and Lady Bath : Besides this, he dances well, and can play some of *Handel's* Tunes on the Harpsicord and Violin.

These Perfections were so enchanting to *Apamia*, that he no sooner made his Addresses to her, in common with all the Ladies he saw, whom he found young and dress'd well, than she thought herself the happiest Creature upon Earth ; and endeavour'd, by pretending the warmest Passion for him, to secure him from all her Rivals : As he has the most tender Affection for his own Person, it was indeed natural for him to like her best who seem'd most to admire him, and her Artifices succeeded so well, as to engage his Promise to make her his Wife ; but, as there was not the least Probability his Father wou'd ever be brought to give his Consent, there was an absolute Necessity the Ceremony of Marriage should be deferr'd till his Death : That Love could not attend the tedious Form. —

Adrastus was impatient for the Completion of his Desires, and *Apamia*, fearing a Denial wou'd give him Cause to call in question the Sincerity of her Passion, yielded her Honour into his Possession, on his solemn Vow of restoring it to her before the Altar, as soon as Circumstances wou'd give him Leave to do it, without involving them both in Ruin.

But, while they were indulging their mutual Wishes, the Father of *Adrastus* was carrying on a Treaty of Marriage for him with *Semanthe*. The Parents of that excellent Lady having no Objections to make against his Proposals, and she, all Obedience to their Will, and unpossess'd with any Idea of Love, not in the least opposing it, every Thing was agreed upon before *Adrastus* was told, there was such a Design in Agitation. When inform'd of it, and commanded to visit *Semanthe* on that Score, he was neither pleas'd at the Happiness intended for him, nor shock'd at the Injustice he must be guilty of to *Apamia* ; but, quite insensible of either, set himself about obeying his Father, and addressed that young Beauty in Phrases he had too much accusom'd himself

himself to, to be at any Loss for. She, who had never before been permitted to hear the Sound of Love, took all his Common-place Professions as so many Testimonies of a real Passion, and, looking on him as a Man whom it would be soon her Duty to love, cherish'd the most favourable Inclinations for him.

As every Thing was previously determin'd, the Duration of Courtship lasted no longer than was necessary for getting ready Cloaths and Equipages, and the Marriage was solemniz'd with a Pomp suitable to their Quality.

Apamia, to whom *Adrastus* had never communicated the Affair, and, to prevent her from hearing of it by any other Hand, had prevail'd on her to go into the Country, with a Promise of coming shortly to her. She knew nothing of any such intended Marriage, till publick Papers inform'd her of the Consummation. The Surprize and Indignation she was in may more easily be conceiv'd than related: She instantly order'd her Coach to be got ready, and was just going to enter into it in order to come to *London*, when *Adrastus*, who thought it best to meet the first Fury of her Resentment in that Retirement, came down according to his Promise. The first Words she accosted him with were Monster! Traitor! To which he made no Reply, gently taking her in his Arms, oblig'd her to turn back, and go with him into the House, where, as soon as they were enter'd, she discharg'd a whole Volley of Reproaches on him. — Conscious how much he merited them, he suffer'd her to go on without offering any Interruption, till he found she had exhausted her whole Stock of harsh Epithets, as well as Breath; and then throwing himself on his Knees before her, All this, divine *Apamia*! cry'd he, is too mean a Punishment for the Crime I am guilty of. — Here, said he, presenting her with his naked Sword, let this revenge your Cause, all the Reluctance with which I shall receive the Blow is, That, in piercing my still faithful Heart, you may also pierce your own dear Image there. — Death, continu'd he, after what a cruel Father has enforc'd me to do, would be a Blessing, and doubly so from *Apamia's* Hand; for, if divorc'd from all I ever

er ever can love, I never will yield to live with one I hate.

These Words, so soothing to that Vanity of which few Women have a greater Share than *Apamia*, disarm'd a good Part of her Resentment; but then, reflecting that, whatever he said, he had put another in Possession of that Title she had thought herself secur'd of, it renew'd again, and he was oblig'd to bear a second Storm of Upbraidings, which at last ended in a Torrent of Tears, on the Consideration that the Evil was irremediable. With much Entreaty he prevail'd on her to sit down by him, and then told her a long story of the Necessity he was under of complying with his Father's Will, or have been cut off from all his Patrimony; assur'd her, that he had the most implacable aversion, to his Bride, and that he had contriv'd a scheme to get rid of her, and be once more in a Condition of doing Justice to her, who only had a Right to him, and whom he look'd upon as his real Wife, tho' another at present enjoy'd the Name.

The latter Part of his Discourse had the most Effect upon her, and she presently cry'd out, But how is it possible for you to render invalid a Marriage solemniz'd and consummated as yours has been? — By provoking me, reply'd he, by the worst of Usage, to quit my house, or, if she continues obstinately patient, to do, as you know an Acquaintance of mine has done, get my Friend to be found with her in a Manner which may serve as a Pretence for suing out a Divorce.

On this a Gleam of Joy diffus'd itself all over her face, and looking kindly on him, And have you then enough of Love and Honour, said she, to undertake this Stratagem for my Sake? I wou'd undertake not by what I have said, reply'd he, but every Thing that either Heaven or Hell could suggest to rid me of this detested Tie, and restore me to my ever dear, my ador'd, *Apamia*. With these, and such like flattering Assurances, did he win her, not only to an entire Forgiveness, but also to permit him a Continuance of those Endearments which at first had been the Consequences of the Contract between them.

The Truth is, he preferr'd the coquet Airs of *Apamia*, and her affected Passion, infinitely to the modest Tenderness with which *Semanthe* return'd the Endearments he sometimes vouchsaf'd to treat her with; but, with how much Indifference soever he regarded her, he was far from daring to treat her in the Fashion he had promis'd to the other: The greatest Proof of his Neglect she receiv'd, was his being little at Home, and when he was so, talking more to his Dogs and Monkey than to her.

She wou'd often sigh, and tell him, She had always thought the chief Happiness of a marry'd Life consisted in having an agreeable Companion, and a certain sincere Friend to bear a Part in every Pleasure, and soften the Weight of every Care. To which he wou'd answer, in an indolent Way, That she was quite mistaken in her Notions, for when People were marry'd a Month, they had said over all they could to one another, and had nothing further to furnish Conversation, and then either hum a Tune, or Look out of the Window, to prove the Truth of his Argument.

How disagreeable such a Behaviour must be to a Woman who had a great deal of Sense, had read much, and was capable of entertaining, and being entertain'd in the most elegant Manner, any one may judge; yet she forbore any Reproaches on that Head, and, seemingly contenting herself with such cold Civilities as he was pleas'd to shew her, bore all his real Slights without the least Murmur to him, or Complaint to others.

She became pregnant in a short Time, and that Condition flatter'd her with the Hope of inspiring him with more Tenderness; but, on the contrary, he rather grew worse, and by Degrees, converted the indolent Air with which he had behav'd to her before, into one altogether fullen and morose, the Cause of which she was very much at a Loss to guess, tho' she was almost the only Person who was ignorant of it. Whether it was that she had not a Strength of Passion sufficient to give her any jealous Emotions, or whether she was not by Nature capable of it, I will not pretend to say; for, in spite of the Intimacy between us, she always spoke of

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every Thing relating to her Husband with the greatest Reserve.

It was not, however, *Apamia*, but a new Object of his inconstant Wishes, that had occasion'd this Change in him from bad to worse. The gay Relief of his own Brother was now the only one of her whole Sex who had any Charms for him: He was never easy out of her Company; and she, too much a Coquet by Nature, both heighten'd and encourag'd the Passion she perceiv'd he had for her, by all the little Arts she was Mistress of. *Apamia*, who had always her Spies over his Actions, was not long before she discover'd this new Amour, and, finding he cou'd neither clear himself from the Accusation, nor took any Pains even to deceive her on this Point, bent her whole Mind on Revenge. To this detested End she sent an anonymous Letter to *Semantbe*, containing a full Account of the whole affair between *Adrastus* and herself, their Contract, his Aversion to marry any other, and the Design he had form'd to get rid of his Engagements: — Then proceeded to relate all she had discover'd (perhaps with some Additions to the Truth) of his new Amour with his Brother's Widow; in fine, a whole Sheet of Paper was crowded with Circumstances so stabbing, that *Semantbe* had no sooner read it, than she fell into a Swoon: I happen'd to come in while her Women were endeavouring to bring her to herself, and, seeing this Letter lie open on the Table, took it up, and put it in my Pocket, designing to give it her on her Recovery.

The first Thing she did indeed, after she open'd her Eyes, was to send them in search of it, and, remembering where she had left it, ask'd, Who had been near her Toilet? On which, to save the Women the Trouble of looking, I told her I had the Paper I believ'd she meant; but, as I fear'd that had been the Occasion of her Indisposition, it wou'd be better she shou'd permit me to burn it, than give it a second Reading. I will do neither the one nor the other, answer'd she; but, since you have it, insist on your examining the Contents, and then give me your sincere Opinion what Credit I ought to afford them.

Tho' I had but just cast my Eye upon this Letter in folding it up, I had seen enough to guess the Purport, and was sorry I had so unfortunately brought myself into the Dilemma of either falsifying my Sentiments, or, by speaking the Truth of them, add to the Affliction I saw my Friend was in. I was oblig'd however to comply with her Request, and retir'd to a Window, under pretence of having a better Light, but indeed to consider on what I should say after having finish'd the Perusal of this malicious Scroll.

Well, my dear *Bellimante*, said she to me, as soon as she thought I had read it, am I to accuse my Fortune and my Husband of Injustice, or the Author of that cruel Intelligence? The latter, doubtless, answer'd I; for were *Adrastus* capable of wronging you in this Manner, the Discovery would be made by none but an Enemy to your Peace; and from such a one every Thing ought to be suspected.

This I might very truly say; for none, but a Person delighting in ill Offices, would have been the Reporter of such News, how real a Foundation soever they had for it. But I was in much more Perplexity at the second Question she put to me. Do you believe, said she, that *Adrastus's* Marriage with me was an Act of Compulsion? That he lov'd and was contracted at that Time to *Apamia*? Or that he can now entertain any dishonourable Designs on her who was the Wife of his own Brother? I must confess I was at a very great Loss how to reply, and I believe hesitated so much, that she could not but see what my Opinion was, and that I only study'd for an Evasion. At last, Dear *Semanthe*, said I, think no more of so palpable a Baseness. — 'Tis plain all this is wrote meerly with an Intention of giving you Disquiet, and, perhaps too, to irritate you to a Behaviour to *Adrastus* which might render you both eternally unhappy. — For my Part, I should, with the utmost Difficulty, be brought to believe there could be such a Man in the World as this Letter has describ'd, and nothing but the most glaring Proofs, ought to make you condemn your Husband, even in Thought.

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Very right, answer'd this amiable Lady ; and I am resolv'd not only to assure myself he is entirely innocent, but also to redouble all my former Tenderness, and give him such Proofs of it, as even if he were guilty should reclaim him, and make him blush within himself for having ever wrong'd so sincere and perfect an Affection.

Heavens ! continu'd *Bellimante*, wiping away some Tears, which in spite of her stole down her Cheeks at the Remembrance of her fair Friend. How did my Heart bleed for the Wrongs I too well knew were done to this suffering Innocence ! this most perfect Pattern of conjugal Virtue ! But I disssembled my Concern as well as I could, and taking her in my Arms, applauded, as it deserv'd, so generous a Proceeding.

What she had promis'd she made good : She never once mentioned her having receiv'd any such Letter to *Adrastus* or any other Person ; and from that Time forward testify'd so ardent a Love for him in all her Words and Actions, that he could not, without proclaiming himself the most brutally savage of all that ever had the Shape of Man, avoid using her with Civility in Publick : How he behav'd in private Heaven and themselves alone can tell ; but I have been inform'd, that she has often been surpriz'd pouring forth the Anguish of her Mind in Tears. One Thing I cannot omit mentioning, which is, that, being never very fond of walking, and now by her Condition render'd more averse, because less capable, he was for ever proposing it, and, to engage her to it, would accompany her himself, telling her it was good for her Health, and besides a Recreation that was extreamly in Fashion :—Her late Majesty, would he say, walk'd much when she was pregnant :—The Princesses walk, and I should be sorry to have a Wife so unpolite as to sit still like a Mope. To oblige him she indeed walk'd beyond what was consistent either with her Strength or Inclination, and it seems highly probable that so much of that robust Exercise, ill-agreeing with the Delicacy of her Frame, help'd to render her Spirits too weak to bear up against the many Causes she had of Discontent, and contributed

to throw her into those Fits which occasion'd an Abortion, and at the same Time depriv'd her of Life. Whether her cruel Husband had any Intention of getting rid of her by this seeming Kindness I dare not affirm; but his Behaviour since her Death has convinc'd all the World, how well satisfy'd he is in the Effects of his Prescription.

As for *Apamia*, the Letter she wrote to *Semantbe* being found after her Decease, and the Hand being known by *Adraffus*, gave him a sufficient Pretence to break entirely off with her: As she has no further Means of Revenge in her Power, she is oblig'd to content herself with what Consolation she can find in new Addresses, which she receives promiscuously; none that offer themselves being refus'd Admittance into the List of her Admirers.

Adraffus as yet continues his Devoirs to his Sister-in-law; how long his inconstant Heart will find the same Charms in her Society is uncertain; but she is of that happy Disposition, as to be easy under any Circumstances, and will scarce lament the Loss of his Affection above a Day, whenever he shall withdraw it for a new Object.

These, said *Bellimante*, are all the Particulars I am able to inform you of concerning this unhappy Adventure, nor had I known so much, had it not been for the Letter *Apamia* wrote to *Semantbe*; so strictly did that amiable Lady conform to all the Duties of a Wife, that while her tender Heart was burbling at the Ingratitude of a Husband so unworthy of her, she forbore even to utter a Groan that might give Suspicion of the Cause; but dy'd, as she had liv'd, a Model to our Sex; which I am afraid very few, if in her Circumstances, would be able to copy.

Not to be guilty of *Adraffus*'s Vice, Ingratitude, said *Ethelinda*, I thank you, my dear, for the Satisfaction my Curiosity has receiv'd; but I assure you at the same Time, you have been compell'd to give me a kind of Pain mix'd with Pleasure, and excited in me a Passion, which to me is the most uneasy of any.--I have a thousand Times, since the beginning of your Recital, been

ready

ready to interrupt you, by enquiring, If Providence sent no uncommon Calamity to punish such uncommon Cruelty? But I must endeavour to moderate my Resentments, and only wish to hear that, some time or other, he may be truly sensible of the Value of a Jewel, he always hung so carelessly about him, and at last threw away beyond all Possibility of Recovery.

I am of Opinion, Madam, reply'd *Philetas*, that will one Day be the Case; *Adrastus* is yet young, and when Time and Experience shall correct the Errors of his Judgment, he will then look back on his Usage of this Lady, with a Horror, which, tho' no Atonement to the World, or to her mournful Parents, will at least revenge them for the Loss he has occasion'd them.

I think, said *Emilia*, one may behold in the Characters of *Apamia*, *Adrastus*, and his Sister-in-law, a lively Picture of modern Love and Honour: *Semantbe* seems like some blest Spirit wander'd from its Sphere out of Curiosity to prove Mankind, which having done return'd to its first Orb of Light, amaz'd and frighted at the Degeneracy of this lower World.

Indeed, added *Miranda*, one would scarce believe her altogether human; Who could sustain Injuries so unparallel'd, without harbouring the least Thought of doing any Thing to retaliate them, or even complaining of her ill Fate? I think, for my Part, she bore much more than either Virtue or Duty requir'd of her; and I should be so far from one of those who wou'd be able to imitate her in this Part of her Character, that I wou'd not so much as attempt it.

I must own, said *Dorintbus*, that tho' I am very much of Mr. Dryden's Mind, who says,

*Secrets of Marriage should be sacred held,
Their Sweet's and Bitters by the Wise conceal'd.*

Yet do I think, under such Provocations, *Semantbe* had been perfectly justify'd, if she had complain'd to her noble Parents, and entreated to be receiv'd into their Protection. So that by suffering herself to be destroy'd by a secret Grief, she answer'd the Character another Poet gives of a Lady, who we may

suppose exercis'd her wisely Virtue in this superlative Degree.

*She was in all Things more than Woman shou'd,
And err'd by being exquisitely good.*

I never yet, resum'd *Miranda*, could hear any substantial Reason assign'd, why that should be a Glory in one Sex, which is a Shame in the other.—I do not mean as to Chastity, that being undoubtedly the peculiar Characteristick of Woman-hood, and the Loss of Modesty is generally speaking the Loss of all other Virtues: But as to that patient Sufferance of Injuries, for which *Semantbe* is so much celebrated, a Man would justly be laugh'd at for his want of Spirit, who shou'd tamely endure ill Treatment from his Wife; and wherefore it should be Praise-worthy in a Woman to submit to it from her Husband, has, I must confess, always been to me a Mystery.

O Madam, reply'd *Acasto*, there are many undeniable Arguments in our Favour in this Case; but the chief is from the immutable Decree of that Power, from which you have no Appeal, in the third Chapter and sixteenth Verse of *Genesis*; tho' I am far from thinking the Almighty Law-giver meant it as a Sanction for Unkindness: The Man who makes an ill Use of the Power put into his Hands, is not only to be condemn'd for his tyrannick Disposition, but also answerable for all the Errors the Woman may be provok'd by it to commit.

'Tis well *Acasto*, said *Philetas* with a Smile, that the Close of this Observation has made the Ladies some Amends; for I protest I trembled for you in the beginning.——Superiority is a bitter Pill, and the fair Sex, especially all over *Europe*, are so accusom'd to command before Marriage, that they can ill descend to submit after it.

To put an End to this Dispute, said *Ethelinda*, and not terrify these Ladies from entering into a State, which appears so full of Bugbears.——There is a Mystery in Marriage, which gives to both, and yet to
neither,

neither, the Superiority over the other: Their Affections and Desires are undistinguishable, and which ever of them speaks, the Mouth is but the Oracle of the other's Heart. — Their Minds converse by Intuition, and are so blended as not to have the Power of acting separately: He rules in her, and she in him; each executes no more than the other wills, and each in effect but obeys their own Injunctions.

This certainly, Madam, reply'd *Miranda*, was the Union instituted by Heaven; but it is so much of a Piece with Heaven, that I should doubt if it were to be found on Earth, did not your own illustrious Example give the Proof.

All wou'd be so, resum'd this admirable Lady, were proper Care taken by those who have the Disposal of us; for of ourselves we are too liable to be sway'd by a partial Inclination. Our Senses have too much Power over our Reason, and the Beauty, or what to us seems Beauty in the exterior Part, either renders us negligent of the more valuable part of the Mind, or represents it to our deluded Fancy, often very different from what it is in Reality: It is not a violent Passion, for that of itself in free Possession will decay, as will the Charms that excited it, but a Sympathy of Humours and a Conformity of Principles, that must give lasting Happiness, and silence all those idle Terms of Superiority and Dependence, Command and Obedience, which in effect only serve to perplex weak Minds, and occasion Discord, where else perhaps there might be perfect Harmony.

Indeed, Madam, said *Acasto*, I have often observ'd that in Marriage, as in Religion and Government, People differ more about *Words* than *Things*, and losing their Time about Matters of *meer Form*, wholly neglect those which are the *Essentials* of Happiness. The Ceremony of Marriage appointed by the Church is plain enough, the Parties take each other for better and for worse; and if they would but as plainly consider, that they are to live always together, common Policy wou'd tell them, it was their Interest as well as Duty to bear with each others Failings, and to en-

deavour mutually to oblige the other to a kind Behaviour, by shewing an Example in themselves, we should see no such Thing as conjugal Dissention; but where there is an assuming Arrogance on the one Side, or an over Delicacy on the other, a secret Discontent, if not an open Breach, must be infallibly the Consequence.

All the Company agreed to *Acasto's* Way of Reasoning; and *Ethelinda* and *Philetes*, who had been long acquainted with him, made him many Compliments on the Harmony, which subsisted between him and his Lady, who I found by what they said had been dead some Years. After which *Emilia* told him in a gay Manner, that, since she found he knew so well how to live with a Wife, she wonder'd he did not marry again; to which he answer'd, That, tho' as he had no Children living, he might have a better Excuse for entering again into that State than many others, yet he could never approve of second Marriages.

—He said, That, in spite of all could be alledg'd in favour of Matrimony, he look'd on it at best but as an uncertain Ocean, where every Gust of Passion threaten'd Wreck, and therefore thought he ought to content himself with having made one prosperous Voyage.—Bless me! then, said that amiable Lady, since there is so much Danger, I think it best not to venture at all.

You have said enough *Acasto*, cry'd *Lucillus*, to furnish *Emilia* with Arguments against Marriage for this Month at least: I dare swear your Simile will be quoted by that beautiful Mouth every Opportunity that arises; and a Lover must employ all his Wits to answer it with another equally just in her Opinion.

Tho' nothing could more gratify my Vanity, reply'd he, than to have any Thing of mine repeated by one, who can speak so much better herself, yet I would not wish to purchase that Honour at the Expence of *Lucillus*.

Philetes and *Dorinthus* were both about to take up the Word, when *Ethelinda* perceiving some little Confusion in the modest Checks of *Emilia*, prevented what they

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they were going to say. — I bar all Particulars of any one in Presence, cry'd she; and, as I think we have had enough of Love and Marriage, should be oblig'd to whoever shall change the Topick for one less serious and interesting.

Permit me, Madam, then, said *Philetus*, to be the first to obey you, in relating a Piece of News I have just receiv'd from a Friend of mine at *Vienna*; which is, that her *Hungarian* Majesty intends to write a Letter of Thanks with her own Hand to the King of *Great Britain*, for the late Assistance given her on the *Rhine*.

Not the most grave in the whole Company could refrain smiling at this sudden Turn he gave to the Conversation, *Lucilius* and *Dorinthus* laugh'd excessively, and the former cry'd out, A most important Article indeed! And, whether your Intelligence be true or false, will add some Thousands to the Sale of the *Daily Advertiser*, *Gazetteer*, and other publick Papers.

Not if People were of my Way of Thinking, said *Bellimante*, for the Papers you mention have been so long cram'd with nothing but Letters from that Queen, and Paragraphs concerning her Case and Situation, that the News Men have lost a Customer of me, being resolv'd to read no more, 'till I am well assur'd they shall vouchsafe to insert something of more Consequence to my own Country.

Take Care what you say, lovely *Bellimante*, reply'd *Lucilius*, if you Talk in this Manner before some Companies, you'll be in Danger of being suspected of a *French Heart*, and an Enemy to the *Ballance of Power*.

I am no Visionary, resum'd that Lady, but, as I pretend to no more than a superficial Skill in Politics, I will not dispute whether this same *Ballance of Power* be any Thing more than that *chimerical* Balance the *Astronomers* have set up in the Heavens; but this I assure you, that I am very far from having a *French Heart*; for how much soever I may have declared myself in favour of that Nation in some Particulars,

Particulars, I cannot approve their manner of acting in those foreign Affairs, they have lately intermeddled with.—They can at best be term'd but *luke-warm Friends*, which is a Character I *detest*; and I think by their bad Management they have prov'd themselves *enervate Enemies*, which is what I equally *despise*.—Their Negotiations and Schemes of Battles are alike ill laid and worse conducted, so have been easily seen through and disconcerted. Their Behaviour in regard to *Stanislaus*, a Prince so nearly allied to his most *Christian Majesty*, and so worthy of the Throne, to which he had twice been call'd by the Voice of the People, first gave me an ill Opinion of both their Politicks and Sincerity; and their concerning themselves in giving a Head to the *Germanick* Body, and thereby furnishing an ambitious Princess with a Pretence for following her Fathers Steps, and setting all *Europe* in a Flame a second Time, may convince any one, that they are not in reality the *Peace-makers* of the World, as the weak Assistance they have afforded an Emperor of their own setting up, may of the Instability of their Councils, the Inactivity of their Arms, and the little Dependence to be placed on their Promises.

Not, continu'd this beautiful Declaimer, that I should consider these Things, but with the same indifference I do the Histories of Times long since past over, had not *Great Britain* too deeply interested itself in the fatal Struggle, and that too at a Crisis, in my poor Opinion, equally unseasonable for its Interest and its Glory. We were already engag'd in a most justifiable, because necessary, War with a mighty Power, our Wealth was drain'd to the very Vitals by foreign Depredations and home Supplies; our Commerce visibly decay'd, when, by some Motives too deep for my Penetration, we ran to the Assistance of a Family, not over grateful for good Offices, and neglect the Calls of Self-defence.—I could say more, but my Zeal, for the Welfare of my Country, might perhaps transport me too far.

You have said enough, Madam, answer'd *Philetas*, to convince us you have made the Study of Politicks
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more your Care, than you would seem to have done; and also that you were not of the Number of those who encourag'd a Proposal, made some Time in the publick Papers for a voluntary Contribution among the Nobility and Gentry, in order to make a Present to the Queen of *Hungary*.

No indeed, cry'd she hastily, and was with some Difficulty persuaded, that any one could ever think of such a Thing in earnest.—It was a Piece of Generosity which, I dare say, *Marilla* never found equall'd in all the Romances she had read: For tho' I think there have been Heroes who neglected the Defence of their own Dominions to establish other Princes in theirs, yet I never heard their Subjects contributed their Money, as well as Blood, for carrying on the War.

How niggardly you are, *Bellimante*, said *Ethelinda*: I know a Lady who intended to sell all her Plate and Jewels for that Purpose: Now, I warrant you would rather dispose of yours to purchase Ammunition for our Fleet in the *West-Indies*.

Well, Ladies, said *Dorinthus*, since you have these Notions, I know not whither I dare venture to show you a Scheme drawn up by a Friend of mine, who is a great Projector, in order to be presented to Parliament next Session, for the Relief of the Queen of *Hungary*.

It must be a good Invention, reply'd *Ethelinda*, that can find any new Ways of raising Money, when there is scarce sufficient in the Nation to supply the old; therefore I beg to hear it.

Dorinthus, at these Words, took a Piece of Paper out of his Pocket, and read as follows.

A P R O P O S A L,

Humblly offer'd to the Consideration of both Houses of
P A R L I A M E N T.

Containing an easy Method of raising Money for assisting the QUEEN of *HUNGARY*, humbling the
P O W E R

POWER of FRANCE, preserving the BALANCE of POWER in EUROPE, and securing his MAJESTY's foreign DOMINIONS.

I. **T**HAT all Gentlemen, of what Degree soever (the Right Reverend the Bishops not excepted), possess of Sine-cures, should be oblig'd to relinquish, for the aforesaid Purposes, all Profits arising from thence, over and above what is receiv'd by the Persons who actually officiate.

II. That all Noblemen, Gentlemen, or others, who receive Salaries from the Crown, exceeding three Thousand Pounds per Annum, should, out of every Thousand over and above the said Sum, allow three hundred Pounds; and this to be paid at the Time of their receiving the Whole.

III. That all Lovers of Italian Painting should, for every Piece of such Ornament in their Houses, valued at above five hundred Pounds, pay Fifty Pounds into the Hands of the Government, for every hundred Pounds it can be proved to have cost upwards of the said Sum of five hundred Pounds.

IV. That all Actors of Plays, and Interludes, or that are Singers, Dancers, or otherwise perform in the Entertainments, who have Salaries amounting to more than four Pounds per Week, should pay two Shillings out of every Pound they receive above the said Sum of four Pounds.

V. And that all these Sums should be receiv'd by Collectors who shall perform this Office gratis, and without any Deduction for Trouble or Expences of what Kind soever, which may attend the Gathering in of the said Sums.

This Proposal gave a good Deal of Diversion to us all, and Ethelinda said, That, if it had been serious there could not be a less oppressive Taxation, since nobody would have any Thing taken from them but what they might very well spare. But as for Buildings, added she, Gardening, Jewels, Plate, Equipage and Tables, they keep our Poor from Idleness, employ our Artificers, and are an Encouragement

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Trade in general; therefore are Luxuries which merit Indulgence, and ought never to be tax'd but in the last Necessity, which I hope will never be our Case.

These whimsical Proposals would doubtless have furnish'd a long Conversation, had not the Hour arriv'd in which we generally took Leave. The gracious *Ethelinda* told us at parting, she desir'd we would anticipate our next Visit a Day sooner than that on which we were accustom'd to wait upon her; because, said she, I intend to set out for the Country the next Morning, and shall be glad your engaging Conversation may be the last I hear in Town, to the End my Memory may be the better able to carry it with me on the Road.

So obliging a Complement demanded the most grateful Acknowledgments from us all; but we could not hear our Happiness was so near a Close without testifying the utmost Concern, which also receiv'd a considerable Addition by being told the charming *Bellimonte* was to accompany her in that Journey, and that they did not purpose to return 'till Winter.

T H E

Lady's Drawing Room.

DAY the SIXTH.

THIS being the last Day on which we were to see the admirable *Ethelinda* for a long Time, was not to be doubted but her Assembly was extremely full, and that every Body came as early as was consistent with the Decorum of the Place; but it was here, as I have often observ'd elsewhere, that so much Company spoils Conversation; and where there are a great many Speakers, there is least said, I mean there are fewer Discourses of a Nature edifying enough to be either remember'd or repeated: The Reason

Reason is plain, they cannot all join in Conversation, and therefore divide themselves into little separate Parties, each of which are engag'd on different Topicks. — *Philetas* and *Dorincus* were complaining to *Belimante* of the Misfortune the Town would have of her enlivening Presence, and were almost ready to accuse *Ethelinda* of Cruelty, in not only depriving it of herself, but also taking with her the only Person who could supply her Lois. *Lucillius* had singled out *Emilia*, and was entertaining her in a low Voice with some Discourse which often call'd a Blush into her Cheeks, yet did not seem greatly to displease her. — *Acasto*, with two Gentlemen, whom I had never seen there before, were at one Window talking of the *Germanick* Affairs, while some had got *Rodomond* to another, and were informing themselves of the *Indian* Ceremonies and Customs: Nor was his beautiful Wife disengag'd, several Ladies were endeavouring to satisfy their Curiosity with the Particulars of her Story. — And *Ethelinda* with *Miranda* were encompass'd by a Crowd of both Sexes, who all seem'd to speak at once, and were expatiating on the Pleasures she was going to enjoy in the Country, and the Melancholy she would leave behind her on her Departure: With which Compliments that amiable Lady seem'd rather embarrass'd than pleas'd; and, tho' she return'd them with the utmost Politeness, yet it was easy to perceive she would not have at all regretted the Absence of some of those, who affect to look on her's as the greatest of Misfortunes. There were I found among them great many Dealers in Hyperboles, and, without being honour'd with the least Intimacy with her, one would have thought, by some of their Expressions that they were about to part with a Bosom Friend. One compar'd her Presence to the Sun, another to the Moon; a Third would have her the *Venus*, Fourth the *Minerva* of the World. — In fine, every one endeavour'd to display their own Wit, as much as possible, in Encomiums on her; and a Poet, who had been going to write a Panegyrick, in listening to this Company would have had no Occasion to have

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recourse to his Common-place Book, since all the Similes and Allusions that ever could be drawn from Truth, or invented by Fancy, were on this Occasion enumerated. Indeed they seem'd utter'd with an Eagerness and Volubility, which would make one think they were before study'd for that Purpose, and each was afraid of having the fine Thing he had to deliver unattended to.—At length, having I suppose gone through their whole String of Phrases, the greatest Part of them made their last, and I dare answer, the most welcome, Compliments, and withdrew to the Apartment of *Alario*, in order to take Leave of him, as to be suppos'd, in much the same Manner they had done of his excellent Spouse.

When they were gone, we that remain'd had Opportunity of approaching that Lady, which before there was no Possibility of doing, and the Conversation became more general. I can assure you, *Dorinda*, said *Ethelinda* to that Nobleman, you have been with me ever since I saw you last, your Friend's Propositions to Parliament have so much taken up my Mind, that I have scarce thought or talk'd of any Thing else. That, Madam, answer'd he, is an Honour neither the projector, nor myself could ever have hop'd for; but, whimsical as the Scheme may appear at first reading, I am of Opinion that, if the Queen of *Hungary* must be assisted, it is still better to do it with Money than Men; and I believe it will be puzzling to the most expert in the draining Art to find any Means, except on the Luxuries of the Age, for laying new Imposts.

In that I agree with you, resum'd *Ethelinda*; but there is still another Way of obliging that Princess, since the Obliging her is made of so much Consequence to the Government, without burdening the Nation.—Every one knows the great Tendernefs Queen *Ann* shew'd for her People when the most necessary Expedition was on foot; and it was represented to her, that the great Debt, the Revolution had involv'd the Kingdom in, had left no Possibility of raising Money but such Ways as that charitable Princess could not bear the Mention of: She immediately order'd a considerable

considerable Deduction to be made out of her civil List (small as it was), chusing rather to retrench some Part of her exterior Grandeur, than that the meanest Person of her Dominions should be depriv'd of any one Necessary of Life by its being too dear to be purchas'd: What may we not then imagine his present Majesty, out of his immense Revenue, will contribute largely to the Support of a Cause which he seems to have made his own? Did the Royal Example once bring it into Fashion, 'tis also possible some overgrown, opulent, Subject who for so many Years, like the *Leviathans* of the Sea, have been devouring what would make fat Millions of the lesser Fry, may be brought to disgorge some Part of what lies undigested in their ravenous Maws. Then there would be no Occasion for new Taxation either for this or any other Enterprize the Interest of Great Britain or Hanover may seem to require.

Philetas was just going to make some Reply, when an Inundation of fresh Visitors rush'd into the Room and gave a second Interruption to the Conversation. I call them an Inundation, not from their Number but Impetuosity. — The first that enter'd were five Children, all in hanging Sleeves, follow'd by the Mother, like the Matron of a Boarding-school, with as much affected Gravity in her Air. — The next was her elder Sister, who, tho' near Fifty, was still call'd *Miss* because unmarried, and seem'd as childish as any of her little Nieces. — The third was somewhat younger than the former, but no more agreeable. Having made their Honours, as the Dancing-masters term it, *en passant*, they hurry'd to the Sopha where *Ethelinda* sat, and the Mamma, having presented the Children to her one after another, told her that she could not have forgiven herself not to have brought them to pay their Respects to her before she left the Town, and then ran on with a long Account of what they learn'd, who they learn'd of, how much she paid per Quarter to this Master and that Mistress, and how great a Progress each of them made: — Said that, tho' the World knew

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Baron could give them good Fortunes, she was resolv'd to bring them up good House-wives, that they might know the better how to correct their Servants;—Then began to exclaim against the Badness of those creatures in general, and relate how she had been us'd by a Maid she hir'd about a Week ago:—That there was no depending upon Characters, and she was resolv'd to send her to the House of Correction.—That she had also two very idle, drunken, Footmen, who should be oblig'd to turn away as soon as she got orders in their Places, but could not part with them at present, because the Baron had a great Cold, and they knew the Ways to the Doctors and Apothecaries, and would fetch them any Hour of the Night:—That the Butler also was not so good as he ought to be; so that she was so hurry'd and perplex'd, having all the Care on her own Hands, that it was with the utmost Difficulty she comply'd with her Inclinations to make the Visit she did.

Miss was all this Time wadling from one to another of the Company, asking one Lady, Who had the Honour of making her Cloaths? Looking at the Fan of another, and comparing it with her own:—Then hum'd a Tune, ran to a Glass, adjusted her Hair; then to the Ladies again; but was too modest to speak one Word to the Men, or look towards them, but from the Corner of her Eye. The third of this amiable Company was a perfect Hoyden: She gave Lucilius, as he was saying something to *Aristo*, such a knock by the Arm as twirl'd him quite round, and deliver'd a Push upon the Back, while he stoop'd to pick up a Handkerchief she had dropt, as made him fall into *Bellimante's* Lap, at which she clapp'd her Hands, and laugh'd so loud, that had the Room been empty, it must infallibly have echo'd back the sound: A Five-bar-gate, or a Stack of Hay, I thought, would have been more proper Stages for this Lady to show her Activity in, than the Drawing Room of the politest Person upon Earth. Had she been any where else, indeed, I judge by the Countenances of some of that Company, they would have testify'd the little Pleasure

Pleasure they took in the rough Civilities she treat them with, especially *Lucilius*, who tho' extream well-bred, and good-natur'd, had somewhat in him what the *French* call *Brusque*, and would doubtless, th in a genteel Manner, have return'd the Favour she d him: As for *Philetus*, he only thank'd her for the Ha pinefs she procur'd him in touching the Knees of *Bellimante*, which gave her an Opportunity of fendin forth a second Shout little inferior to the former.—

At last, Heaven be prais'd, they took themselves away, leaving thofe who had not seen them before the utmost Confternation, that there could be fuch People in the World. *Miranda*, tho' far from a fatyrical Difpofition, could not forbear defcantiing upon the different, tho' equally ridiculous, Behaviour of each; and *Emilia* could not believe they were really People of that Condition, 'till *Bellimante* assur'd her they were fo. It is fometimes a Misfortune, faid *Ethelinda*, to be of Rank above Reproof, and which commands a Kind of Refpect even for our very Failings: There are fuch People whofe Judgment is a true Mirrour to themfelves; but I muft tell you, Ladies, that as fevere as you have been on the Behaviour of thefe late Vifiters, they pay not only in their own Opinions, but in that of fome others alfo, for Wits of different Claffes. The Baron is accounted one of the moft notable Women of the Age, and is confulted by all who are, or would be thought, excellent Houfe-wives.—Her Sifter has as great a Reputation for what is call'd Decorum: is the moft punctual Woman in the World in her Vifits and How do-ye's, and was never known to forget the Name or Title of any one fhe converfes with in her whole Life.—The third, who is Coufin german to the other, is look'd upon as the moft cheartful and fpirituof of her Sex, becaufe fhe is not only always in Motion herfelf, but obliges every one elfe to be fo too.

Yet it is ftrange methinks, faid *Bellimante*, that People of common Underftanding fhould not confider the Difference of Places; what would be very well feid in a Nursery or Pantry, founds ill in a Drawing Room: Befides, nothing can be more abfurd than

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certain others with the little private Affairs of one's own Family; and that makes me look on the Baronefs, who perhaps the best Woman, as the worst Companion, of the three.

It is a sure Sign, Madam, said *Acasto*, that you are in no great Pain for the disconcerting your Dress, else you would infallibly have given it against the rough behaviour of the Rumping Lady. I was told, with how much Truth I will not say, That, pretending to take Spot of dirt off the Face of a certain Lady, she pluck'd both her Eye-brows. That she might very easily cry'd *Emilia*, if they were no faster on than those of a Person I am well acquainted with, who dropt one of them into the Glass as she was drinking.

Come, resum'd *Ethelinda*, I find we are all in Danger of growing censorious; therefore, to put an End to the Discourse, I'll read you an old Manuscript, which I found the other Day in my Father's Library, and prevail'd upon him to let me take Home with me. Every Body thank'd her for the Favour she was about to confer upon them, while she open'd a little Cabinet, and took out the Book she mention'd, and, without any of those Apologies which serve only to delay time, and keep Curiosity on the Rack, began to read.

THE HISTORY

OF

LYAMON and *CONSTANTIA*.

Or, The Force of

LOVE and JEALOUSY.

ON a Time, when *Roman* Spirits dwelt in *British* Breasts; when *Honour* was not to be purchas'd by

by *Promotion*, and a Man who gave up the Interest of his Country was look'd upon as a Monster; while Beauty was more sought than Gold, and Sympathy of Hearts join'd Hands, and Vows once made were every sure to bind; there liv'd two Gentlemen call'd *Ellwald* and *Oakley*. They were both of antient Families, had large Estates, great Influence in the Senate, of which they had long been Members, and were alike famous for the Services they had done their Country. The Parity of their Ages, Sentiments, and Inclinations, united them in the strongest Bonds of Friendship; and, as they liv'd near each other, their Families seem'd but as one. *Ellwald* had a Son of very promising Expectations nam'd *Clyamon*, and a Daughter nam'd *Emeline*. *Oakley* had several Children, of whom the Eldest was *Constantia*, a Maid of most exquisite Beauty, and but three Years younger than *Clyamon*: From almost their Infancy they had a mutual Tenderness for each other, which, as they encreas'd in Age, encreas'd in Strength. The Parents of both observ'd with Pleasure their innocent Affections, and resolv'd, that as soon as Time wou'd ripen them into Passion, to crown their Wishes by a happy Marriage. They soon learn'd what was design'd for them; and had been accusom'd to give each other all the Marks in the Power of Kindness, that, when they became more acquainted with the Nature of the Sentiments they were inspir'd with, *Clyamon* had none of those Anxieties Lovers feel in the first Declaration of their Passion; nor *Constantia* of the Constraint young Virgins put upon themselves on such Occasions: And tho' their Actions never transgress'd beyond the Bounds of Modesty, yet as far as that permitted, they indulg'd their Passion.

Clyamon was in his twentieth, *Constantia* in her seventeenth, Year, when their Parents began to talk of having them united in a short Time: They had agreed on every Thing relating to Fortune and Settlement, and only waited 'till the Time of Mourning for the Death of the Mother of *Constantia* shou'd be expired for fixing the Day so much languish'd for by the equally enamour'd Pair, when, all at once, what they had thought

ought themselves so secur'd of was snatch'd from
their Expectations.——A fatal Accident tore them
from each other's Arms; and, instead of that Heavenly
Love they had been made to hope, plung'd them
to the lowest Hell of Desperation.

Ellwald, who long had stood firm as a Rock against
Temptations to ensnare his Virtue, and had pre-
sented the glorious Name of *Patriot* to the most pom-
pous Title Royal Power cou'd offer, was on a sudden
guil'd by the Insinuations of the most wicked Mi-
nister of his Time, to give his Vote in direct Opposition
to the Interest of his Country. 'Tis hard to say whe-
ther his falling off from a Cause, he had so long and
bravely defended, afforded more Surprize than
grief to all honest Men; but *Oakley* felt a much great-
er Share of both, in Proportion to the Confidence his
Friendship had plac'd in him.——Scarce cou'd he believe
his Eyes, when he saw him in close Conversation with
those who were justly look'd upon as the Enemies of
the Constitution; but when he heard him openly avow
their Principles, and join his Voice with theirs in a
Measure on which a great Deal depended, he was oblig'd
to quit the House, to prevent the Effects of an Indig-
nation too outrageous for that Place.

The first Time they met, which was soon after the
Assembly broke up, *Ellwald* accosted him with his ac-
custom'd Familiarity, and was beginning to give some
Reasons for his late Behaviour; but his Arguments
seem'd so weak and trifling, that they rather increas'd
than diminish'd the Rage of the impatient *Oakley*, who,
with a true *English* Spirit, call'd him Apostate,
Traitor to his Country, Betrayer of the People; which
the other, tho' conscious of deserving such Upbraid-
ings, had too much Fire in his Composition tamely to
endure, and return'd with the Epithets of blind Zeal-
ot, Malecontent, peevish Oppugner of the Royal Plea-
sure:—In fine, such hot Words were urg'd between
them as neither thought it consistent with his Honour
to resent in a different Manner; and, agreeing to
separate together into a more retir'd Place, both drew their
words at the same Time, and all Remembrance of
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their long Friendship being utterly extinguish'd in the present Fury, each fought as if wholly regardless of his own Life, provided he could take that of his Adversary. *Oakley* receiv'd several Wounds, but had the good Fortune to return them with Interest, and also give the other so deep a one in his right Hand, that he was oblig'd to drop his Weapon; but, too generous to take the Advantage, he stepped back a few Paces. Don't thank me for your Life, cry'd he, which I grant unask'd, that you may receive the Treatment due to your Treachery from the Contempt and Hate of the whole injur'd and abus'd Nation. Then, without waiting for any Reply, turn'd hastily away; and, his Wounds bleeding very fast, he was oblig'd to get into the first Chair he found, and be carry'd Home.

Clyamon was sitting with his dear *Constantia*, giving and receiving a thousand Marks of a sincere Affection, when *Oakley* was brought in, cover'd with Blood, and almost fainting with the vast Effusion: The Lovers rag'd and agitated by an almost equal Concern, to support him; but the Sight of *Clyamon* giving him fresh Spirit. Touch me not, young Man, said he; sooner would I sink as far beneath the Earth as I am above it, than receive Assistance from the Son of so abhorr'd a Traitor.—Hence from my Sight, and never come into my sight more, unless you wish to be treated as your whole Race deserves.—What Words were these for a Person to hear, who knew himself not guilty, even in Thought of ever offending! 'Tis certain he would have answered in a different Manner to any other than the Father of *Constantia*; but the Respect and Love he had for him, being little less than what he felt for his own, made him fall at his Feet, and entreat him to explain this cruel Riddle.—Go Home, and learn it, cry'd the furious *Oakley*.—One of the Surgeons, who had been immediately sent for, came into the Room, and prevented any further Speech; but he would not suffer them to touch his Wounds 'till he had made *Clyamon* be put out of the House, whom the poor amaz'd *Constantia* follow'd with her Eyes, but durst not open her Lips, either to intercede for his Stay, or enquire into

the Meaning of this Change in her Father's Behaviour. But what became of her, when inform'd, as she soon was, not only by whom her Father had been render'd in the Condition she saw him, but also the Occasion of this fatal Quarrel! Never did Despair and Grief agitate a young Heart with greater Violence, than that which this beautiful Maid now experienc'd. — She knew her Father, tho' a Man of the strictest Honour in the World, was implacable in his Resentments; and, as he was steady in his Friendship, where he found the Object worthy of it, so he could never forgive where he had been once deceiv'd. — She doubted not but *Ellwald* was no less incens'd; and, which ever Way she turn'd her Eyes, cou'd see nothing but the sad Prospect of an eternal Separation from her dear *Clyamon*. The first Thing *Oakley* did after his Wounds were dress'd, was to give a strict Charge to his Servants to hold no Communication with any of the Family of *Ellwald*; but, above all, not to permit *Clyamon* to come within his Gates, or to receive any Letter or Message from him: Then, speaking to *Constantia*, he commanded her not even to think of the Son of so unworthy a Father, much less to encourage any clandestine Correspondence with him; protesting at the same Time, that, if she swerv'd in the least from her Obedience in this Point, he wou'd turn her out as an Alien to his Family.

To this severe Injunction the trembling Maid cou'd only answer with her Tears, till several times repeated, and enforc'd with the most dreadful Menaces, she at last sobb'd out, She would endeavour to obey him. — But he, thinking this Promise insufficient to assure him of a sincere Compliance, perhaps remembering, that Duty is but weak when oppos'd by Love, he resolv'd to take a more effectual Way to have his Will perform'd; and the next Day sent her, though it was then the Depth of Winter, to his Country-seat, which was near a hundred Miles from *London*, under the Conduct of an Aunt, who was an old Maid, and had all the Preciseness and Ill-nature imputed to that State.

It would be needless to attempt, and impossible to accomplish any just Description of what the disconsolate *Constantia* suffer'd, both during the Journey, and after she came into this melancholy Solitude. Instead of the Pleasure of one of the most gay and opulent Towns in the World, and the much more enchanting Society of her dear *Clyamon*, she had now no other Entertainment than to wander through the spacious Rooms of an old Mansion-house, whose arch'd Roofs, supported by Pillars, echo'd back her Sighs. — No Company but her Aunt, who was perpetually inveighing against the Follies, and Indecencies of Love; an old Man and his Wife, who were always left to take Care of the House while the Family were in *London*, and their associate in the Guardianship; a huge Mastiff-dog, equally conversable with any of the others. If she look'd out of the Windows, the naked Trees, stript of their leafy Ornaments, seem'd an Emblem of her State, depriv'd of all the Joys of Youth. — But alas! cry'd she, their's will return, the Boughs again shoot forth, and intermingle in a friendly Neighbourhood with each other. — My Spring is gone for ever! the Sun, which cheers the whole Creation, will afford no Comfort to the lost *Constantia*, nor bring back *Clyamon* to my longing Eyes.

Thus would she bewail herself at sometimes, at others accuse *Clyamon* of Forgetfulness or Neglect; she imagin'd that, had she been at Liberty, she should have found some Stratagem either to convey a Letter to him or see him; but these Suspicions seem'd too injurious to him to be long harbour'd in her gentle Bosom. — She rejected them therefore as Enemies to her Peace, and chose rather to paint him as a Patern of Fidelity and preserving Love; that, in Spite of all the Oppositions now to their Wishes, he would remain ever hers; and that, after the Death of both their Fathers, they might still be happy. It was these consolatory Ideas, that alone enabled her to support the Calamities of her present Condition, without sinking beneath their Weight. She wonder'd at first that some of her Female Acquaintance, who were not ignorant of the

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Tenderness between her and *Clyamon*, did not write to her, to condole the Misfortune of their Separation, and acquaint her in what Manner he bore it, and fancy'd herself forsaken by all the World; but these Apprehensions ceas'd, when she consider'd, that doubtless all Letters directed to her, unless they come from her Father, would be broken open by her Aunt, and Consequently none deliver'd to her that had any mention of *Clyamon*. This she was afterwards convinc'd of, when, as she was going up Stairs one Day, she saw a little Piece of Paper lie before her, crump'd up as if it had been worn some Time in a Pocket: Tho' she had no Suspicion it was of any Consequence, much less that it had any Relation to herself, she took it up by Chance rather than Design.—But how was she amaz'd, when she found it was Part of a Letter, which, by the Hand as well as Expressions, she had no room to doubt was written by her dear *Clyamon* to herself: The Fragment had in it these Lines,

—————*But whatever happens, be assur'd not Land or Seas, not all our inexorable Fathers can do, shall ever divide my Heart from my dear Constantia.—Be you but as faithful, and we*—————

What follow'd was torn off, as was the beginning, but this was enough to make her see she had wrong'd him, by imagining he had not endeavour'd to give her an Assurance of his Constancy.—What would she not have given for the rest of this dear Epistle, or to have known the purport of it. — She fancy'd that, by his mentioning *Land or Seas*, he was about to be sent into some foreign Parts, and that it possibly might contain some Directions where she might write to him;—If so, cry'd she to herself, how unkind must he think me, not to return an answer to the Assurances he gives me of his Affection.—Cruel Father! Hard-hearted Aunt! to deny me so small a Consolation in the Agonies they make me suffer.

She had led this solitary Life for about nine Weeks, when the Approach of Spring began to give a Verdure

to the Earth, and frequently invited her to pour forth her Complaints in a little Arbour at the farther End of the Garden.—She was one Day sitting leaning her Head upon her Hand, a Posture befitting the Melancholy of her Heart, when she saw a Hand thrust a Paper in between the Leaves, which were then just sprouting out, in order to give a Shade to that retiring Place; she presently started up, and found it directed

To

The beautiful CONSTANTIA.

Her bounding Heart inform'd her it was the Character of him who engross'd her whole Meditations, but equally curious to know by whom it was brought, as what it contain'd, look'd eagerly round for the Person to whom the Hand she had seen belong'd, but could discover nothing but a Man on the other side of the Wall, running as fast as he cou'd, at some Distance, and who was so immediately out of Sight that she cou'd form no Idea of who or what he was.—She then sat down again, and, hastily opening the Letter, in the utmost Transport read the following Lines.

Not able to live without the Sight of my dear adorable Constantia, and besides fearful what Construction you might put on my enforc'd Absence, I return to throw a faithful Heart beneath your Feet, and to consult on Means to deprive even Fate itself of the Power of separating us more. —Receiving this will inform you I have found Means of getting into the Garden, but dare not trust myself to stay, lest I shou'd not be able to retire so soon as I ought, to prevent a Discovery which would infallibly ruin all my Hopes:—Darkness may be more favourable, —steal therefore an Hour from your Repose after your watchful Guardians are in Bed, and you will find at the lower End of the Jessamine-walk, your impatient

CLYAMON.

Rejoyc'd

Rejoyc'd as she was to find him constant, and so near her, she trembled at the Danger he wou'd be in from the great Dog who was always unchain'd at Night, and let to run loose about the Garden, to prevent any Attempts that might be made upon the House that Way: Besides, tho' her Lover shou'd escape receiving any Hurt from this furious Animal, she knew he wou'd infallibly bark at the Approach of any Stranger, and that then the old Man would immediately ring an Alarm-bell they had in the Turret, on which the Country People wou'd presently surround the House, and nothing cou'd prevent him from being seen: What to do in this Exigence she knew not.—How much did she condemn his over Caution, in not imparting his Arrival and Design to her by Word of Mouth, that she, who knew the Place, and all the Dangers of it, much better than he, a Stranger to it, cou'd pretend to do, might have appointed a much safer Method for their Meeting.—Heavens! cry'd she, every Thing, even *Clyamon* himself, is against us!—What but Discovery and Misfortune on Misfortune can be the Consequence of this ill-contriv'd Assignment! But Complaints were fruitless, she knew not where he was, nor how to apprize him of the Mischief she so much dreaded, and therefore set herself on thinking, if there were any Way to avert it; all her Fears were of the Dog.—It seem'd impossible *Clyamon* cou'd enter the Garden any other Way than by climbing the Wall, and it was next to impossible that the Creature wou'd not lay hold on him the Moment he jump'd down, and at the same time alarm the Family.—What wou'd she not now have given for some Drug that might have lull'd this Animal to sleep, or that she cou'd by some Means have destroy'd him; but, having neither of these in her Power, all she cou'd do was, to get a young Kid, which had been kill'd that Day, and conceal it in her Chamber, intending to make Use of it as a Bait, to lure him from the Place *Clyamon* was to descend. This Stratagem succeeded: She went down as soon as she found the Family were gone to Bed, with the Kid, in her Hand; and, having open'd the Door that led into the Garden with as little Noise as

possible, call'd the Dog in a low Voice, and, having thrown the Temptation in his Way, shut him into the Passage, and went in search of her Lover, whom, by the Light of the Moon, she soon saw come up to the Top of the Wall:—*Clyamon*! said she: To which he immediately answering, and coming down at the same time, Go back, cry'd she, and go round to the Fore-Part of the House, there is a Window I can easily unbar and give you Entrance; this Way you must not come. As he doubted not but she had good Reasons for this Precaution, he obey'd: On which she run back into the House, and, having turn'd out the Dog with his Prey into the Garden, went to the Window, where *Clyamon* was waiting, and was receiv'd, by his endearing *Constantia*, with all the Demonstrations of Joy he could wish or expect.

After the first Transports of their meeting was over, she acquainted him with the Cause of her not permitting him to enter by the Way he had intended, and then began to ask him, What had happen'd since their parting?—'Tis a long Story, answer'd he, tho' of a short Time, and methinks these precious Moments might be better pass'd, in contriving how we may be for ever together for the future; but she insist'd on hearing what had befallen him, and, to engage him to relate it, told him, There was no Danger of their being interrupted, that her Aunt's Chamber was at a great Distance from where they were, and that the old People lay still further, so he might stay with Safety 'till Day-break: On hearing this, he satisfy'd her Curiosity in these Terms.

Tho' by your Father's Treatment of me, said he, and the Condition I saw him in, I had too much Reason to apprehend the Truth, yet, till I came Home, I was not quite convinc'd of it: The first Thing I heard, when I enter'd within the Doors, was one of the Servants cry out to me, O Sir! *Oakley* has kill'd my Master! I must own to you, my dear *Constantia*, that, in the first Surprize these cruel Words gave me, Nature prevail'd to make me think with Horror on the Parent of my Love.—I flew to the Room which I was inform'd contain'd the Corps of him who

gave

gave me Being, and had no Reason to hope I had been misinform'd: He lay speechless, motionless, and seem'd to have no Sign of Life about him; he was however only in a Fit; for some Moments after I came in he open'd his Eyes, and spoke, but in a Voice scarce intelligible. The most skilful of those who attended him told me, that he found none of his Wounds mortal, and that his greatest Danger was the Loss of Blood. Indeed a little Sleep so much compos'd him, that the next Morning he talk'd with a good deal of Strength. He related to me all the Particulars of this unhappy Accident, and concluded with commanding me to think no more of the Daughter of a Man who had so cruelly insulted him. As I cou'd not promise Compliance to so unjust as well as impossible an Injunction, so, in the Condition he then was, wou'd not absolutely contradict it, and only said, That he need not doubt but I shou'd look on all his Enemies as my own; which I might well promise, my dear *Constantia*, you having no Share in what had happen'd, and I knew was of too gentle a Soul to be the Enemy of him who gave Being to your *Clyamon*. He seem'd contented with what I said; but I soon found he saw into the Equivocation, and, to prevent either my endeavouring to see, or write to you, oblig'd me to stay continually in his Chamber.

Some Days after, being alone with him; *Clyamon*, said he, have you well consider'd on the Villainy of *Oakley*, and how much you ought to hate him, and his whole Race?—If you have, I need no farther urge the Command I have already given in relation to *Constantia*. I now took Courage to reply, That however Party-rage might influence your Father, you were entirely innocent of every Thing, and doubtless look'd on this Accident as the most unfortunate one that could befall. —I then represented to him how cruel it would be to blast an Affection he had cherish'd; and that I had too sincerely obey'd his first Command, in giving you my Heart, to be able to withdraw it on his second. But he had too little Patience to listen to any Thing I said on that Head, and

sternly told me, That, if I did not give over all Thoughts of you as a Wife, I must expect he would give over all Thoughts of me as a Son. — Company coming in for that Time reliev'd me; but the next Day, and several succeeding ones, the same Discourse was renew'd, which had no other Effect than to prove we were equally unshaken in our different Resolutions. — During this Time I pass'd frequently by your Door, in hopes of seeing you at some or other of the Windows, enquir'd of the Servants concerning your Father's Health, and, as artfully as I could, endeavour'd to draw something from them of you; but they all appear'd so reserv'd and shy, that it was easy for me to perceive what Orders had been given them. I went so far once as to attempt to bribe the Butler, whom I one Day met in the Street, to deliver a Letter to you; but he was Proof against all the Temptations I offer'd, and told me, His Master had given Orders to the contrary, and, tho' he was sorry for our Separation, wou'd not betray his Trust. — At last one of the Maids inform'd me you were sent into the Country, with whom, and in what Manner; so that it would be impossible to get any Letter deliver'd to you. I thank'd her for this good-natur'd Intelligence, which I was resolv'd to improve into the Means of seeing you some Way or other, and was labouring for a Pretence to quit my Father for that Purpose, when one Morning he sent for me into his Chamber (which he had not yet left) *Clyamon*, said he, your obstinate Persisting in an Affection which I have thought fit to oppose, has made me resolve to send you from my Sight, 'till your recover'd Duty shall make me think you merit to be recall'd. — Pretend not, continued he, perceiving that I was about to say something, to urge any Thing in Contradiction to what my Resolution is so much fix'd upon, that I have order'd every Thing to be prepar'd for your Departure before I suffer'd you to know any Thing of it: — And this is the last Hour of your remaining in a Place where I find you cannot forget what wou'd be your utter Ruin to remember. While he was speaking he rung his Bell,

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on which immediately enter'd an old, grave, Gentleman, whom I had never seen before, and a Servant, who had liv'd several Years in the Family. This, said my Father, pointing to the Stranger, is the Person I have made Choice of to be your Governor, and expect you to pay the same Regard to his Advice you ought to have done to mine; and, to show how unwilling I am to throw you entirely off, I give you this Servant to attend you, and shall not fail of sending you what Remittances I shall hear are needful to support you in a Fashion becoming my Son. Judge, my dear *Constantia*, what I felt at this surprizing Turn: But I saw all Arguments, all Entreaties against it would be fruitless, so was oblig'd to feign a Content I was far from feeling; and, being told the Coach wanted, my Father gave me his Blessing, and I went with my new Equipage to my Chamber, where I found every Thing, except a Riding-coat, for me to put on, ready pack'd up, in order to be sent after us by the Carriages.

Thus, without the least Warning, without the least Leave taking of any of my Friends, even my Sister, who I believe you have heard was at a Boarding School not five Miles distant, without even knowing where I was to go, was I at once hurry'd away. My Governor, during the whole Journey, and indeed for the whole Time I was with him, behav'd with a great deal of Politeness, and was agreeable in his Conversation, I believe more in Compliance with the Promise doubtless my Father had exacted from him, than to his own Inclinations. He sometimes remonstrated to me the Duty of a Son to his Parents, and that a young Man ought never to settle his Affections on any Woman, so as not to be able to withdraw them when any unforeseen Inconvenience attended the Pursuit of them. I told him I shou'd be oblig'd to him if he desisted all Discourse on that Head; and that the Way to forget Persons was to avoid speaking of them: On which he said no more.

I soon perceiv'd our Journey was to *Dover*, from which Port we embark'd for *Calais*, where I stole

half an Hour to write to you; but much doubt whether the Letter came to your Hands. We stay'd no longer than to refresh ourselves, and went by Post-chaise to *Paris*. The Magnificence and Beauty of that City, the Variety of Diversion, and elegant Gaiety of its Inhabitants, wou'd have afforded me an infinite Satisfaction, cou'd I have been capable of taking any at that Distance from you; but, tho' I went to all the Places worth a Stranger's Notice, I can swear with the utmost Truth, That not all the Curiosities they shew'd me, nor all the Beauties of the *French Court*, had the Power to banish your Idea one Moment from my Mind.

In fine, tho' I seem'd present, I was in Effect absent: My Thoughts were continually ruminating on which Way I shou'd make my Escape, and unite my Body to that Soul I had left behind with you. — Hearing from my Governor, That my Father's Orders were to make no long stay in *France*, but to proceed to *Italy*, it seem'd more easy for me to quit him there, than it wou'd have been when I had arriv'd at a greater Distance, especially as I spoke *French*, and understood not a Word of *Italian*; but, knowing that, if I took the Road to *Calais* I should be infallibly pursued, and knew not what Method they might take for detaining me, I resolv'd to take a different Rout, without acquainting the Person, from whom I hir'd Horses and a Guide, the Road I was to go. So that, had they enquir'd at the very Inn I set out from, as possibly they did, they must have been directed to a contrary Place from that I really went to, which was *Rebays*, then to *Roan*, and so took my Passage from *Deiye*, to *Rye* in *Sussex*.

What very much facilitated my Escape was, that my Governor, being a little indispos'd, kept his Chamber, and I had none but the Servant with me, who I sent on a pretended Business, bidding him come to me at a Convent I told him I was going to, and as soon as he was out of Sight went to the Inn, where I had before order'd the Horses to be got ready, and I believe was quite out of *Paris* before I was miss'd.

Thus,

Thus, my dear *Constantia*, have you heard the History of my Adventures, since that fatal Day in which I was driven from you.—Yours I know, and shou'd be sorry to lose any farther Time, on what hereafter we may at Leisure discourse of.—I come now to claim the Promise you a thousand times have made me of being mine.—When once united, it will not be in the Power of either of our Fathers to sever us again; and, if you truly love, you will not let slip this Opportunity, which if once lost may never come again.

O Heavens! cry'd she, what Opportunity? Fly, said he, as I have done, and shew our cruel Fathers how weak all restraints are when oppos'd to Love. That I fear would ruin us for ever, answer'd *Constantia*.—On the contrary, resum'd he, the indissoluble Knot once ty'd, they must forgive what else they would never consent to.—Perhaps to prevent, compel us to bestow ourselves elsewhere:—Me they never shou'd, but, my Dear, how wou'd your timid Innocence be able to resist the imperious Commands of a tyrannick Father.—You might be menac'd, driven to the Altar, and enforc'd to give those Vows to some persisting Lover, which only are the Due of *Clyamon*.—Then think what Scenes of Horror must ensue.—I cou'd not, wou'd not live myself, nor wou'd permit my hated happy Rival to triumph in my Ruin.—The Day that join'd shou'd separate you for ever, and instead of a Bride-bed he shou'd find a Grave.

The tender *Constantia* cou'd not hear these Words without trembling; but assur'd him no Force shou'd make her falsify her Vows, and that she wou'd sooner die than suffer herself to be another's.—But, cry'd he, is there a Possibility you can be mine, but by the Way I mention? Is the inflexible *Oakley* to be mov'd by the soft Pleas of Love? Is not the Quarrel between him and my Father grounded on a Motive, which takes away all hope of Reconciliation? No, my ador'd *Constantia*, we may grow old in Misery before their unrelenting Hearts would yield to put an end to our Despair, while it was in either of their Powers to continue it.—Let us therefore resolve to obey the Dictates

of an Affection, which they first encourag'd; in doing so, we but fulfil their own Engagements, and force them to be just against their Will.—Be assur'd they will hereafter think of this as they ought, and ratify what they cannot recal.

By such-like Arguments as these, join'd to the most endearing Persuasions, he at last prevail'd upon her to go with him, and, the succeeding Night being pitch'd upon for that Purpose, she pack'd up what few Jewels she had, and some other little Necessaries, and made her Escape out of the same Window which had given him Entrance. He had a Horse ready, on which both being mounted, they rode 'till Day was pretty far advanc'd, by which Time they arriv'd in a small Town, where they stopt to take a short Refreshment, and then pursu'd their Journey. No Accident happen'g, I shall pass over the Particulars, as also all the tender Demonstrations of Love each gave the other; the Reader's Imagination will questionless furnish him with better Ideas than any can be given by Description.

As soon as they arriv'd in *London* *Chyamon* prepar'd a Lodging in one of the most remote Parts of the Town; and, having left *Constantia* to take some Repose after the Fatigue of her Journey, went to get a Licence, which having easily procur'd, they were marry'd, and a Stop put to all could be done to prevent it.—A short Time longer, and they had been disappointed; for the Aunt of *Constantia*, having wrote an Account of her Flight, *Oakley* went directly to the Commons to forbid any Licence being granted, but found, to his inexpressible Vexation, that they had been too quick for him, and that the Marriage was register'd in all its Forms.

The Flight of *Constantia* reach'd the Ears of the Town before her Marriage: *Ellwald* heard it with Pleasure; and, little suspecting it was with his Son, whom he imagin'd far enough off, was just about writing an Account of it to *Paris*, not doubting but this News would effectually set the Heart of *Chyamon* against her, when he receiv'd a Letter from the Governor, acquainting him, that the young Gentleman had

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eluded all his Care, and that all the Enquiry he had made after him had yet been fruitless.

All the malicious Joy *Ellwald* had lately felt was now turn'd to an adequate Confusion: He concluded, that his Son had not left *France*, but to return to *England*, and that *Constantia* alone had been the Motive. He had scarce given vent to the first Decates of his Fury, when he receiv'd a Letter from him, to this Effect.

Most dear and ever honour'd Sir.

As from my earliest Years you encourag'd a growing Passion in me for the lovely and deserving Constantia, it soon became so much a Part of me, as to render it impossible to be extirpated without breaking the Links which unite my Body to my Soul. — Believe, Sir, That neither Time, Absence, or any other Object could have made either of us forego the firm Affection we have so often, with your Approbation, vow'd shou'd be eternal. — If therefore we have, without your Leave, anticipated that sacred Ceremony, which I flatter myself you wou'd one Day have agreed to, pardon it, I beseech you; and believe, that in every other Command, tho' at the Hazard of my Life, I shall always make it my whole Study to prove myself, as I ought,

Your most dutiful Son,

CLYAMON.

This Confirmation of what he had before conjectur'd was so far from making any Abatement in his Rage, that it very much encreas'd it. — He had not Patience to read the Letter over, but tore it in a thousand Pieces. Tell the disobedient Wretch that sent me this, said he to the Person that brought it, what you have seen me do; and bid him assure himself, That, as I tear this impudent Avowal of his Crime, so will I tear him from my Estate and Heart. — As he could not live without the Gratification of a Passion I thought

thought fit to forbid, let that Passion be his Support; but warn him to trouble me no more with unavailing Apologies.

Constantia wrote to her Father much the same as *Clyamon* had done to his, and had much the same Reply: That Likeness of Temperament, which had so long continued the Friendship between these two Gentlemen, still subsisted in Enmity, and it is difficult to say which of them was most implacable. *Ellswald* could not dispose of his Paternal Estate without Consent of the Heir; so, to make good the Word he had sent him, he mortgag'd it for almost the whole Value, and bought other Lands, which he might bequeath to whom he pleas'd.—*Oakley* made his Will, in which he left all he had in the World to be equally divided among his other Children, cutting *Constantia* entirely off from a Child's Portion. This cruel News soon reach'd the Ears of our new-wedded Pair; and tho' it was far from diminishing any Part of the Tenderness they had for each other, yet it serv'd to shew them the sordid Disposition of those they convers'd with, most of whom now took upon them to condemn the Force of a Passion they had before applauded, and to behave in so cool and negligent a Manner, that it was easy to perceive they wanted to throw off all Acquaintance with Persons whose Necessities might in Time render troublesome. As neither *Clyamon* or *Constantia* wanted Penetration to see, or Spirit to despise the Motives on which this Indifference was founded, they thought it best to retire in Time from the Insults they must expect, on a more plain Discovery of the Wants they already began to labour under. Both of them had dispos'd of most of the Things they had of Value, to procure those which were more essential to the Preservation of Life, and could appear no longer in any Manner suitable to their Birth; they therefore quitted the Lodging where they were, and hir'd one the most cheap and obscure the whole Town afforded.—Whether they look'd round them with external or internal Eyes, without, within, all was Misery and Desolation!—Yet did they not,

like

like some mean Souls, augment their Calamities by repining at their Fate, or upbraiding of each other; but, on the contrary, *Clyamon* endeavour'd all he could to cheer *Constantia* with Hopes he was far from entertaining himself; she did the same by him: Each Breast concealing its own Share of Anguish, fearing to impart it to the other, and the only Contention between them was which should do those necessary, but servile, Offices, which those who are oblig'd to be their own Servants most submit to; and which should eat most sparingly, that the other might have sufficient of that scanty Morsel they were oblig'd, at sometimes, to content themselves with.

In fine, they were reduc'd to the lowest Straits Humanity can sustain: Both sent repeated Letters to their several Parents, but without Success; and when at any Time either *Oakley* or *Ellwald* were solicited to more Mildness to the offending Pair, by those who had a Regard for both, it rather seem'd to heighten their implacable Resentment, agreeing in this, tho' the most inveterate Enemies in every Thing beside.

How will the Want of Bread compel the most haughty Tempers to yield! yet did it not make either *Clyamon* or his *Constantia* submit to ask any Favours of those they had ever been acquainted with; he chose rather to descend to what one should never imagine he could have thought of: He put a Patch upon one Eye, discolour'd his Face, and turn'd up his fine Hair under an old Periwig, which he some where or other procur'd, and, in this Disguise, waited at a Tavern-door, to be employed in going on such Errands as he should be sent upon, while his beautiful Wife sat at Home, and work'd with her Needle on Purfes, Pin-cushions, and such little Trifles, which in the close of Day she would go out, and sell at the Milleners.

Thus were two young Persons, who had been educated with the greatest Delicacy, reduc'd by their mutual Affection to earn a miserable Livelihood by their Labour, in the most abject Manner; yet still did Love triumph over Poverty and Wretchedness. Ill-fortune could not, by all the Disappointments she inflicted,
make

make either repent of what they had done; so now took another Way to subdue a Fortitude which had seem'd proof against the severest Attacks.

One Day, as *Glyamon* was at his usual Stand, he was call'd by a Gentleman, who put a Letter into his Hand, and order'd him to deliver it as directed, paying him at the same Time for his Trouble. He no sooner cast his Eye on the Superscription, than, seeing it directed for *Constantia*, to be left at Mrs. *Trimwel's* a Millener, a Place at which he knew his dear Wife frequently went to dispose of her little Merchandise, than he was seiz'd with a certain Disorder which he knew not how to account for: He could not think she was the Person for whom the Letter was intended, yet had a Kind of impatient Curiosity to see what it contain'd. At first he check'd these Emotions in him as impertinent and vain; but they return'd with greater Force, and he could not be easy without knowing the Affairs of a Person who was of the same Name with his Wife, and was also acquainted at the very same House she so often went to: In fine, a Passion he had hitherto been unacquainted with, got the better of his natural Love of Justice, and, with a Hand trembling with Impatience, he broke open the Billet, which contain'd these Words.

How transported am I, my Angel! to find my Love, and a just Sense of the Miseries of your Condition, has at last prevail'd upon you to quit a Man who could have no other View in marrying, than to make you wretched. — I shall not fail to meet you at the Time and Place you mention, and flatter myself that when freed from this unworthy Husband, and in Possession of those Pleasures which Youth and Beauty claim, you will never more raise any imaginary Ideas in Prejudice of

Your ever faithful Lover,

RODOPHIL.

P. S. *If there be any Thing you require before I see you, I beg it may be communicated to the faithful Trimwel.*

A Letter

A Letter, such as this, was an Excuse for almost any Extravagance *Clyamon* could be guilty of: It seem'd too evidently wrote to his Wife for him to make a Doubt of it.—The Miseries of her Condition, her Name,—that of the Woman whose House she often went to, assur'd him it cou'd be meant to no other Person.—Yet, loth to believe her guilty whom he had always look'd upon as Innocence itself, he read the fatal Scroll again, and again, wishing to find something that might give room to hope he had not been so cruelly deceiv'd; but, alas! the more he examin'd it, the more he was convinc'd, that his Misfortune and her Crime were but too real Truths.—At first he stood divided between Grief and Rage; but the latter soon prevail'd: All the Love he had so lately bore her, now turn'd to the extreamest Hate!—Heaven made me not, cry'd he, this strange Discovery of her Crime, but with Intent I should revenge it, and I'll obey its Dictates:—Dearly shall both she, and her accurs'd Seducer, pay for the Injuries they have done a too, too fond, believing Husband. Having stood a while to consider in what Manner he should bring to pass the dreadful Design he had in his Head, he seal'd the Letter again, as artfully as he could, and left it at the Millener's; then return'd to the Tavern, and enquir'd of the Waiter who the Gentleman was that had sent him with a Letter, and where he liv'd? One of them told him, That he was a Man of Family and Fortune, his Name *Rodophil*, and then gave him a Direction to his Lodging.—After which this distracted Husband went into the Fields to ruminate further on this equally strange and sad Reverse in his Condition, and soon brought himself to account for the Manner in which it happen'd.—She has complain'd, said he, to this Woman of the Miseries to which she is reduc'd by our Marriage, and perhaps signify'd an Inclination to be taken into a more easy and affluent Way of Life.—*Rodophil* is inform'd of it,—sees her,—finds her young and beautiful,—makes an Offer of his Service, she too readily accepts:—My name is compleated, and I am to be left to endure alone

alone those Hardships my unhappy Love for her has brought upon me, while she retires to revel in guilty Joys! — False, false *Constantia*! Is this thy Fortitude? this thy Sincerity? — Hast thou endur'd a Woe I have not doubly shar'd, and is it thus I am rewarded for the Loss of Father, Fortune, Friends, and Reputation?

The whole Remainder of the Day did he waste in those Kind of Lamentations; but, composing himself as much as possible, that she might not take notice of any Change in him, he went Home about the Hour he usually did: But his Attempt was fruitless; he was too ill a Dissembler for her not to see his Mind was full of some secret Discontent. She told him of it, and said, She must have a Part in his Affliction: On which he affected a Smile, and reply'd, That he never yet kept a Secret, and that he had nothing in his Thoughts she was not as well acquainted with as himself: But his Eyes, and the Sighs he could not restrain, contradicting his Words, she continued pressing him in the most tender and endearing Manner, to relate whatever it was that had given him this fresh Occasion of Uneasiness: He at last answer'd more sullenly than he had ever spoke to her before, That, there was no need of fresh Occasions, the Condition she had long been in was sufficient. As she found all she could do had no Effect, she forbore any further Exhortations; but was extremely alarm'd to find that all Night, instead of sleeping, he turn'd from Side to Side, sometimes mutter'd to himself, and gave such Groans as pierc'd her tender Heart. — Early in the Morning he threw himself out of Bed, and dress'd himself in a Suit of Cloaths, which in all their Necessities had been preserv'd, in Case any Accident should require him once more to appear the Gentleman; and putting on his Sword, I am now, said he, again the Son of *Elkwald*: — Wretch that I am ever to have renounc'd that Name. These Words, utter'd with the extreamest Vehemence, made her burst into Tears, but he seem'd not to observe it, and went out without either saluting her, or speaking one Word.

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Behaviour so widely different from all she had ever seen in him, gave her an Anguish more poignant than all the Miseries she had sustain'd, and it was now for the first Time she felt the Weight of her Misfortunes.

Clyamon went directly to a Coffee-house, where he wrote the following Lines to Rodophil.

S I R,

If you have Courage to defend the Injustice you have dar'd to be guilty of, come into the Field behind Montague House an Hour hence, and answer for the Dishonour you have thrown on Constantia: the Nature of our Quarrel will admit no Seconds, so expect you'll come alone to,

Yours, &c.

This he sent by a Waiter, who, being bid to say he came from a Gentleman, and waited for an Answer, return'd with the following one.

S I R,

Tho' I might well excuse myself from taking any Notice of a Billet of this Nature, to which the Author is either affraid or asham'd to subscribe his Name; yet as you accuse me of Injustice to a Lady, I will not refuse to vindicate her from any Aspersions may be thrown on my Account: Expect therefore, at your own Time and Place, to find,

RODOPHIL.

Clyamon was too impatient not to be there before the Hour; but he waited not long before his Adversary appear'd, who, seeing he was an entire Stranger to him, Sir, said he, I cannot imagine for what Cause you, who I do not remember I have ever seen before, should pretend to call me to Account for any of my Actions. It belongs to every honest Man to chastise Villainy such as your's, reply'd Clyamon fiercely; but more particularly to me, both as Friend to the Lady you have seduced

duc'd, and her most injur'd Husband;—Draw therefore, continued he, I came not here to talk.—

They had no further Conversation than with their Swords; and *Clyamon* not only gave the other several Wounds without receiving any considerable ones himself, but also disarm'd and threw him on the Ground after which he gave him a Stab in the Breast.—Let this show you, cry'd he, I sought not for Honour, but Revenge; and know it is from the Husband of the perfidious *Constantia* you receive this just Reward for violating the Marriage-bed. *Rodophil* on this, cry'd out to him, to stay, perceiving he was turn'd away, but the enrag'd *Clyamon* had other Designs, which he was impatient to execute. And tho' the other still call'd as loud as his Strength would permit, never once turn'd back; for, doubting not but the last Stab had given him his Fate, and thinking his Vengeance yet but half compleated, went to an Apothecary, and bought a Drug, which, he said, was with an Intent to destroy some Vermin which troubled his House.

Constantia, little suspicious of what was preparing for her, was all this Time endeavouring to form some Conjecture at the Motive which had occasion'd so sudden, and so strange an Alteration in her dear *Clyamon*.—Grant Heaven, cry'd she, it may proceed from any other Cause than a Decay of Love!—If I but keep his Heart, I can endure all else Fate can inflict upon me.

She was forming these tender Wishes, when the Object of them return'd.——The Wildness of his Countenance making her see his Mind was not more compos'd than it had been at going out, she again entreated he would make her a Partner in the sad Secret, of what Kind soever it was.——*Sad indeed*, said he; but you shall know it:—First, continu'd he, pouring what he had prepar'd into a Glass, Drink this,—you'll find it a sovereign Relief for a Disorder you have of late been troubled with. What means my *Clyamon*, cry'd the poor Innocent? I know of no Disorder.—Take it however, return'd he, it is a Husband's Gift.—As such, I will, reply'd she, tho' it were Poison;

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and immediately drank it off. Poison it is, cry'd he; but make no Noise, for if you do, here's that shall silence you before the Time I intended. With these Words, he drew his Sword, and, pointed it to her Breast, while she, between Amazement, Fear, and Horror, was unable to utter a Word: It is not, pur-su'd he, that I should feel any Shock at ripping open this perfidious Breast, which once I thought the Mansi-on of eternal Truth; but I would have thee live, thou Deceiver, to hear the Progress my just Revenge has took.—Know then I have this Moment sent your *Rodophil* to boast in another World the easy Conquest he made over *Constantia's* Virtue, and the Honour of *Clyamon*. You follow next, and I, who to my Shame confess I cannot live without you, shall close the sad Triumvirate of Death. O Heaven, cry'd she, How am I perfidious?—How am I a Deceiver?—Who is this *Rodophil*? For by the Power that governs all! knows all! I am innocent of these cruel Accusations. Hold, said he, quit not the World with such a Fals-hood; nor think that all the Asseverations you can make, can clear you in my Belief. He then repeated the Letter, which was too deeply engrav'd in his Mind for him to omit one Word,—told her the Way it came into his Hands, and where he had left it for her. The more he said, the more her Consternation encreas'd; but, as she had no other Proofs how much she was wrong'd than her own Tears, and Imprecations, they were so far from gaining Credit with him, that they only serv'd to destroy in him all Pity for her Fate, and he revil'd her in the most gross Terms his Rage cou'd furnish him with. Well, cry'd she, with a Sweet-ness which might have soften'd the most savage Heart, I have this Comfort in my Death, to know 'tis not your Hate, but your mistaken Jealousy has given it.—Appearances, indeed, are strong against me, and I re-joice they are so, since they afford you an Excuse for what you have done, which will, I hope, meet with the same Forgiveness from Heaven, which it unfeign-edly receives from me.—All I request of you is, That you wou'd banish all Thoughts of laying vin-
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lent Hands upon yourself.—Live, I conjure you Time may rectify this fatal Error; and when you shall be happily convinc'd of your *Constantia's* Innocence you will lament her Death and love her Memory. These Words, pronounc'd with a Sweetness which Guilt never could assume, a little stagger'd *Clyamon* assur'd, as he had thought himself; but he conceal'd it, and still insisted, sometimes by harsh Language, and sometimes by Entreaties, on her confessing the Truth. As she knew nothing, so she could say nothing more than what she had already said; and the Drug beginning to take Effect, render'd her in a few Minutes so delirious to make any coherent Answer to what he mention'd. Her bosom heav'd with strange convulsive Strugglings, her lovely Eyes roll'd wildly round, yet had no Object in View:—A cold, death Damp overspread her Face: All the Symptoms of approaching Dissolution appear'd in her whole Frame.—*Clyamon* look'd stedfastly upon her, and cou'd not see what was once so dear to him in Agonies of his own Inflicting without feeling very near the same.—He was beginning to repent of what he had done, when the Sound of a great many Feet coming up Stairs, made him turn hastily about, and presently saw six or seven Men who rushing into the Room, one of them cry'd out, There, there is the Murderer.—Some seiz'd his Sword while the others laid hold of him, and, without staying to hear what he said, drag'd him out of the House to the next Justice of the Peace, who happen'd to be his own Father.

The Sight of an only Son, whom he had heard nothing of for some Time, now brought before him as a Delinquent, very much startled him: But he forbore taking any Notice of him, and turn'd to the Person who he found was the Accuser.

This was an intimate Friend of *Rodophil's*, who happen'd to pass that Way, in company with another, saw part of the Combat at a Distance, but, with all the Speed they made, could not come up with those that fought till after *Rodophil* was fallen, and *Clyamon* was turn'd away: One of them follow'd him first to the

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apothecary's, and then home; and, being inform'd by the People of the House, that he liv'd there, immediately got a proper Officer, with some Assistants, to apprehend him.—The Friend of *Rodophil* ran to get a Chair, in which the wounded Man was carry'd home, and left by him under the Care of the Surgeons, while he came to *Ellwald* to corroborate the Evidence already given by the other.—The Depositions were made, the Commitment sign'd, and the unfortunate Son of *Ellwald*, who all the Time had not open'd his Lips, was just going to be carry'd to Prison, when *Rodophil*, supported by two Servants, came into the Room. While his Wounds were dressing, he had been inform'd that it was *Clyamon*, who had marry'd *Constantia*, with whom he had fought; and, having his own Reasons for seeing into the Motives, would not be hinder'd from following him to *Ellwald's*. I come not, Sir, said he to that Gentleman, to accuse, but to clear your Son: It is true, he has reduc'd me to the Condition you see me in; but the Provocation he thought I had given him for it, makes him stand excus'd in the Eyes of all Men of Honour.—In fine, Sir, a Letter, wrote by me to a Lady, whose Name I unhappily disguis'd under that of *Constantia*, must doubtless have fallen into the Hands of *Clyamon*: Some Expressions in it might also confirm him in the Opinion it was intended for his Wife; therefore I freely forgive the Hurts I have receiv'd, even were they mortal, and hope the same from him.—Never, never, reply'd *Clyamon*; if what you say be Truth, I am the most accurs'd of all that yet ever had the Name of Man.

If the Company were surpris'd at *Rodophil's* Behaviour, they were much more so at hearing *Clyamon* speak in this Manner, not being able to comprehend wherefore the Clearing the Innocence of a belov'd Wife should render him accurs'd; but he soon eas'd them of this Suspence, by crying out, in the extreamest Agony, O *Constantia*! *Constantia*! dear murder'd Innocence! As he utter'd this Exclamation, the Person he had mention'd came running into the Room, her Hair dishevell'd, her Garments torn, and all the Marks of
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the most violent Grief upon her Face.—Where is my *Clyamon*, shriek'd she out? To whatever Prison you have hurry'd him, permit me at least to share it with him;—even your Cruelty, Sir, said she to *Ellwald*, nor that of my own Father, will sure deny me that.

The Distraction she was in prevented her from seeing him she enquired after, and the unutterable Surprise of finding her living, whom he believ'd he had left breathing her last, gave him not the Power of answering on going towards her: *Ellwald* sat like one transfix'd with Thunder, wholly unable to comprehend the Meaning of any thing he either heard or saw, till *Rodophil* having prevail'd upon him to clear the Room of all but himself, *Clyamon* and *Constantia*, who were now got into each others Arms with Raptures of Joy, adequate to those they had lately felt of Grief, began to unravel the whole Mystery; but first entreated *Clyamon*, to tell him whether a Letter directed to *Constantia* had not been the Occasion of his Jealousy, which he answering in the Affirmative, he went on in this manner. Sir, said he, to *Ellwald*, you know you were once pleas'd to encourage my Addresses to your lovely Daughter, on which she gave me her Promise never to be but mine:—Yet after this, compell'd by your Authority, was wedded to another: The Cruelty with which he treated her, the Moment after she became a Bride, oblig'd her to think of seeking a Remedy at Law, as well she might, being married to one who cou'd not be a Husband.—This her Modesty wou'd doubtless have conceal'd, had he behav'd to her in other Respects with common Civility, but having confess'd it to some Female Relations of mine, they inform'd me of it, which in Part restoring my lost Hopes, I press'd her incessantly to acquaint you with every thing relating to this unhappy Circumstance, not doubting but you would do her Right; I was a long Time before I cou'd prevail, but at last she consented, and I suppose you are not now to learn the Baseness of that unworthy Husband.

Here *Rodophil* stopt expecting his Reply, but he only gave a Nod of Assent, on which the other went on.

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As she sometimes did me the Favour of conversing with me by Letter, she bad me always direct for her by the Name of *Constantia*, to prevent any Plea this wicked Husband might have against her, in Case some Accident shou'd occasion my Letters being intercepted; and it was that which I sent last, which I perceive had like to have been fatal to more than one of us.

Rodophil said no more, being interrupted from making those Compliments to *Constantia*, he was about to do, by her Husband asking, by what Miracle she had been preserv'd.

By none, reply'd she, with a most engaging Smile, the Apothecary of whom you bought the Drug, intended for my Bane, gave you a Composition of a different Nature; and which would only create a short Confusion in the Vitals, and then go off.—He follow'd you Home, and was Witness of your being soon after carry'd away, on Suspicion of having kill'd that Gentleman, finding the Condition I was in, doubted not, if I had been the Person who had taken the Potion, on which he gave me something that recover'd me sooner than I should else have been: On my hearing the dreadful News of your being seiz'd, I flew directly hither, and have now Cause to bless my return of Life, since it restores me you, and kind.—Here they embrac'd again, but then remembring what was owing to *Ellwald*, severe as he had been, they both fell at his Feet, entreating his Blessing and Forgiveness. The Scene he had been Witness of, had too much soften'd his Heart, to be able to retain any of its former Sentiments, and seeing the Miseries of a forc'd Marriage in his Daughter's Fate, he thank'd Heaven for having given one of his Children Resolution enough to disobey him in this Point; however disagreeable it once had seem'd to him, and taking *Clyamon* and *Constantia* in his Arms by Turns, told them their Love had conquer'd him, and that all they had suffer'd by his Cruelty, should amply be aton'd for by his future Kindness.

Thus did they triumph over all the Efforts of their ill Stars, Providence having ordain'd it so, that what in all appearance must be their Ruin, serv'd to con-

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them to a Happiness they had long ceas'd to hope. *Ellwald* was a little displeas'd with *Emeline*, for having carried on any Correspondence with *Rodophil*, while she remain'd in her Husband's House ; but soon forgave it, and took such proper Methods, that she soon obtain'd a Divorce, and was afterwards married to *Rodophil*. *Oakely* was lying sick of a Distemper, which in a short time ended his Days, when these Accidents fell out ; but being inform'd of all the Particulars, alter'd his Will that Moment, and bequeath'd *Constantia*, instead of none, a double Portion.—He also sent for her and *Clyamon*, gave them all the Marks they could wish of his entire Pardon ; and to compleat their Happiness before his Death, was reconcil'd to *Ellwald*.

The admirable *Ethelinda* having done reading, every Body return'd those Thanks so agreeable an Entertainment merited. I think, said that Lady, there is something extreamly tender and touching in the Circumstances of this Story ; but I read it chiefly with a View of proving there is no Necessity for a Woman to forfeit her Virtue, or a Man his Fidelity, to render both unfortunate in being possess'd of too violent a Passion : And methinks, where there is Innocence on the one Side, and perfect Honour on the other, the Woes they suffer have a better Title to our Compassion.

Doubtless, Madam, answer'd *Philetus*, and I have but one thing to object against this Story, which is, that it has extended itself to the Hour, in which Decency requires us to retire, and leave you to that Repose, which it is necessary you shou'd take before you venture on the Fatigue of so long a Journey.

All the Company rose up that instant, and each having made the Compliments usual on such Occasions, quitted the Apartment of *Ethelinda*, to pay those Respects to *Alario*, which his high Birth and more exalted Merit, claim'd from all who had the Honour of knowing him,

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